

AUGUST

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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(Formerly "Business")

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XIV

AUGUST 1907

No 4

Railroads Race to the North

By Aubrey Follen in Technical World

THE mushers and the huskies have been driven back to the wilderness, and very soon they will be done out of even that. What was wilderness five years ago is now a harvest land, and what is wilderness now will shortly be as all the rest is. The railroads are doing it.

In the days of the old fur-trading the dog-trains came to Detroit and St. Paul; twenty years ago one was only occasionally seen at Winnipeg; not long since they stopped coming to Edmonton, three hundred and fifty miles north of the boundary, and now it is only in the country that we call the north land that they are to be seen at all.

But even the north is being narrowed. The railroads are reaching up and up, and the mushers and dog-trains are being driven back to the side trails where railroads will never be.

There never was so much and so ambitious railway enterprise in the Northwest as there is at this moment. Five thousand miles of road are under contract in the country between the Great Lakes and the Rockies, on the Canadian side of the border. It is within easy memory when this en-

tire region was trackless, a virgin reach of unused land, and now it is being networked by new main lines and branch lines that will soon leave no part of it out of reach. This represents the activity of four great railway systems already in operation or fully organized. Smaller and more local undertakings are in project in the same territory by a number of embryo companies, and some daring schemes are shaping also in the far north, toward the Arctic Circle. The pathfinder and pioneer in one is to-day the railway surveyor.

The largest single enterprise now under way by any railroad interests in America is the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific right across Canada. A new transcontinental highway that will add 3,600 miles to a nation's railway mileage means brain and brawn. The eastern section of this road—that is, the half east of Winnipeg, which is being constructed as a national road by the Canadian Government—will cost \$30,000 a mile and will include such engineering feats as the crossing of the St. Lawrence River at Quebec with the largest single-span bridge in the world, and the overthrow by a tunnel of dyna-

nite of a mountain-side at La Tuque, in the northern Quebec wilderness. Nine hundred miles of this section are now under contract, one-fourth of which has been awarded to the Grand Trunk Pacific itself, whose right to tender was provided by the terms of charter.

The picturesque part of the new transcontinental, however, is its prairie and mountain mileage, west of Winnipeg, all of which the company is building on its own responsibility but with Government guarantee of its bonds. Truck-laying is already under way in the section between Winnipeg and Edmonton, and 1907 harvest-freight will be moved over it to meet the lake boats at Port Arthur.

In terms of human interest the building of this prairie section means one hundred new towns to be begun within a year; for there is to be a railway station every seven miles, and wherever there is a railway station there will be a town. It means that in this northern hinterland there is shortly to be, as being even now, enacted the great drama that has already made the plains to the south, and forty years ago the Western States, a man's land instead of a no-man's land. The coming of the people is the sequel to the laying of the steel.

The course of the new transcontinental across the prairie was pretty well decided on two years ago, the entire route from the Atlantic coast being chosen through new and as yet undeveloped country; but the mountain section, west of Edmonton, was until only a few months ago a puzzle. A second hunt for the Northwest Passage—a land-hunt instead of water—had as its object to find where the road could most easily cross the Rockies.

There are in all some ten or twelve points where the Canadian Rockies can be crossed. Nature cut these passes through the mountains at fairly regular intervals; two have already been used for railway routes in the southern part of the range and others equally suitable are spread along the mountain line to the north. A choice of four or five was before the Grand

Trunk Pacific, and this narrowed down, after its engineers had examined them all and had run their surveys through every feasible or possible route, to a choice of two. It was to be either the Pine River or the Yellowhead.

The hunt for the mountain passage became exciting; it turned out to be a race, for another road with transcontinental ambitions headed at the same time and in the same direction and with the same end in view. It was a quiet, dogged, yet spectacular race, as surveyors' races always are. The Grand Trunk Pacific won, and in November last filed at Ottawa complete plans of a route through the Yellowhead, from Edmonton to a point some fifteen miles on the other side of the Rockies.

The situation of a terminus on the coast was a matter of almost as much deliberation as that of the route through the Rockies. The original choice was Port Simpson, an old Hudson's Bay Company trading post well up to the Alaska boundary; but a much better end-of-the-line will be the point now definitely selected at Kaien Island, somewhat to the south and about half-way between Vancouver and Skagway. Nature has provided admirable terminal facilities here for both railway and steamship lines, and the work of building a town, which will be the great new port of the north and to which the name of Prince Rupert has been given, has already begun.

Between the Prince Rupert that is to be and the Yellowhead, through which the transcontinental crosses the Rockies, is a tangled wilderness as yet unsuited to settlement. It has been thoroughly surveyed, however, and in February preliminary plans were filed for the Pacific grade of the railway route. On the map the new Grand Trunk Pacific will show an almost straight line from Winnipeg save for its deflection on entering the Pass, where it turns slightly to the south, crosses the mountains, and then goes north again toward the Fraser River and the coast terminus. The

road is under contract to build across British Columbia in four years.

But the Yellowhead is the objective point of two other roads now building across the prairies. The race which the Grand Trunk Pacific won by reaching that point first was with the Canadian Northern, whose line is already built and running between the head of the Lakes and Edmonton. It is aiming at the coast and has filed plans for a route through the Rockies. At the eastern end of this future system, which is the outcome of the dogged persistence of two men, Mackenzie and Mann, a line from Toronto to Sudbury, in northern Ontario, is built and there lacks only the link between that point and Port Arthur to give a third road covering more than half the continent.

Apparently with the intention of going into every field touched by its rival lines, the Canadian Pacific, first of Canadian transcontinentals, is now building a new main line northwest from Winnipeg, the logical motive of which is an extension to and across the Rockies to the coast by way of the Yellowhead, the pass first proposed by the Canadian Pacific twenty-eight years ago, but then abandoned in favor of the southern route. For the time has come when all the railways must tap the north. There seems to be very good reason why the way of the Yellowhead should be chosen in the fact that it is the lowest of the passes across the continental divide, being only 4,290 feet in place of 5,000, and that it is for almost its entire distance a grade of three-tenths of one per cent., with only a few miles at one per cent.

More like pioneer farming than engineering is another railway enterprise that is being undertaken by the Canadian Pacific on Vancouver Island, but its proportions entitle it to a place with the rest. It is the largest land-clearing contract in western America. A tract of 150,000 acres of railway land, which now is forests and stumps and dreary emptiness, is to be cleared and made into farms at the rate of 10,000 acres a year, and at a total cost of \$15,000,000. A

stump-jerking campaign of much the same order as those by which parts of Washington State have been cleared will be under way for the next fifteen years, and the result will be a new industrial territory on the very edge of the continent. This reclamation enterprise is the second undertaken by the Canadian Pacific, its irrigation works in southern Alberta having begun some years ago.

By purchasing and uniting numerous short lines already built, by the filling in the gaps with new road of their own, the Hill, or Great Northern, interests are building up a through route from Winnipeg to the coast, connecting along the way with the eleven branch lines with which this far-reaching system already taps the Canadian wheat fields from the south. The apparent purpose of such a road is to carry a portion of the Canadian harvest by an American route, Mr. Hill claiming that the development of the northern country will give to all prospective lines as much business as they can handle and that the diversion of a part of it to the American route will be a relief. To carry out this plan 1,000 miles of road are being built.

The prairie of the last frontier is being gridironed west and north and northwest by railroad lines that, as soon as the last spike is driven, will bring in people and take out wheat. It is the taking out of wheat, the problem of the transportation of future harvests, that has given rise to numerous propositions of railway undertaking in another direction—toward Hudson Bay. A seaboard on the great inland water that has hitherto been unused and useless is an attractive possibility, and the fact that it is altogether feasible explains why Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, said in Parliament recently that the matter of a government-aided railroad to the Bay was under consideration, and intimated that some definite action soon was not unlikely. A company was incorporated at the last session of Parliament with power to build from Edmonton to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, a distance of a thousand

mines. The Canadian Northern is known to have similar ambitions and, in fact, has a section of road already under construction that looks like the The Manitoba Government, it has been reported, is entertaining plans to finance a road to the Bay of Winnipeg. Surveys have been made for a line from James Bay, the southern inlet of Hudson Bay, to Chicago, chiefly as a fish-carrying road. Out of these numerous projects, or out of others that will follow, there is pretty sure to materialize, and that soon, a railroad from some part of the settled West to some new port on the northern sea. It is in the tall-stage at present, but great railway systems begin to take.

But the path of the steel is reaching farther still. Into the region until just now given quite over to the fur trader and the Indians is going the transistion, and his going means something doing a few years hence. The Athabasca Railway Company is a new name that will in time be seen on the north-bound freight cars. A charter has been given for 500 miles of road from Edmonton to Fort Smith, on the Slave River, and the chances are that construction straight into the heart of the north land will not be long delayed.

Yet farther north, in the upper left-hand corner of the continent, is the line of a railway that runs from Skagway, an Alaskan seaport, to Whitehorse, in Canada's Yukon country. The distance is 110 miles, over which trains have been running regularly since July, 1900, and for two-thirds of that distance the road was the most costly to build in America. The first fifteen miles rise to a height of nearly 3,000 feet, and the construction of a winding, twisting road-bed through the Skagway Valley, and along the side of sheer walls of mountain rock, represents engineering that cost millions. There were other problems to overcome. Up in the high places was a good-sized lake that must be crossed, but the railway-builder of the north is ingenious, and instead of bridging the lake, well nigh an impossibility, he cut a new outlet for it,

drained it dry, and built his road over the clay bed.

This is the White Pass and Yukon Railway. It is a narrow-gauge, and is operated under the disadvantage of terrific storms in the winter months; but it paid the whole cost of construction in its first year, and three years ago earned \$991,000, of which \$640,000 was profit. Twelve thousand passengers a year are carried, and they pay twenty cents a mile, while freight rates are proportionately high. Its traffic is almost entirely that of miners going and coming between the camps and the outside.

The northernmost railway on the American continent is that running south from Dawson, in the Yukon. It holds another record, too, as probably the most crooked road in America, winding in and out of the mountain gulches after the style of a rail fence, with a curvature approximating in places to twenty-eight degrees and a grade of three and five-tenths per cent. The Klondike Mines Railway has been in operation for only a year or two, but it has proved so acceptable a substitute for dog-trains and pack-horses, reducing the freight rates from forty to one and one-half cents a pound, that an extension of its thirty-one miles is planned for the present season. Ultimately it will be extended into, and through the new mining country to the south, to connect either with the White Pass road at Whitehorse, giving a direct route to the coast, or with the Grand Trunk Pacific branch going north from Edmonton, link the Yukon directly with the western railway centres. One or the other of these plans will, it is almost certain, be carried into effect within the next few years.

Both the Klondike Mines and the White Pass railways are miners' roads existing because of and for the sake of the numerous gold-mining camps of the Yukon country, but tourist travel is being encouraged, and in the summer months an increasing number of sight-seers are doing the far north via the rail.

Diagonally across the Northwest, cutting the great new land on the bias,

will go a line now under project, whose ambitious purpose is to connect Dawson and Winnipeg. Survey parties have been quietly at work, and a goodly portion of the total 1,700 miles is said to be already routed. Such a line, traversing the northern prairies, the Peace River district, and the Yukon mining country, would hold an unique place among the railroads of the continent, and would involve, at its northern end, some tremendous engineering problems. The interests behind this project have been kept somewhat secret, but it is believed that they are American and associated with the Northern Pacific.

Another road to the Yukon has filed its plans with the Canadian railway commission, involving a straight-north route along the coast from Vancouver to Dawson. The surveys through British Columbia territory show immense cuttings and tunnels, with heavy bridging. It is altogether likely that when this road is built it will be by or for the Grand Trunk Pacific, in whose interest is thought to be a bill introduced this year at Washington authorizing the construction of a road from Skagway, in Alaska, to a point at or near to Prince Rupert, the Grand Trunk Pacific terminus.

For a year past survey work has been under way on two roads from the south-western coast of Alaska to the copper district of the interior. One was being financed by London capitalists, representing the same interests as those behind the White Pass and Yukon Railway, and the other by the Guggenheims and J. P. Morgan. The two routes were such as would closely parallel each other and while entailing immense double expense would open up practically the same country.

The promoters have therefore consolidated, under Guggenheim control, and one road is now to be built instead of two. It will probably run from Castella, a seaport with good terminal facilities, into the heart of the White River copper country and possibly into the Canadian Yukon. About 400 miles of the road will be built this year, and the same man who built the White Pass and Yukon road is engineering it.

One more railway enterprise comes from the top corner of the continent, and it exceeds them all in spectacular bigness and daring. It goes by the name of the Trans-Alaska-Siberia Railway, a phrasing that at once explains its route and indicates the immensity of its undertaking. In the first week of the present year a survey party, with dog-teams drawing their supplies, left Dawson for White River, and a fortnight later began the initial work of mapping out a railway route. The general route to be followed is along the White River and down the Tanana Valley, picking up the incidental traffic of the existing mining camps and heading toward Bering Strait. The plan of the men behind this project is to establish a route from Alaska to Siberia, across the Strait, and to build an extension connecting with the great Russian system. If the project ever gets so far, the American, Canadian, and Russian Governments will be called upon to lend a hand. It is a bold scheme, but whether the Siberian end of it is ever carried out or not it is practically certain that some portion of the Alaskan section will be built shortly, opening up a mining region of unknown riches and another great section to settler and trader.

The Next Craze

By Chas. Bittel Lewis in Century

THERE is very little doubt that the airship is an accomplished fact. What boots a year or two when time is flying as swiftly as it does nowadays.

But has any one considered the new dangers that will follow in the wake of the new machines? Does any one imagine that life for him will be the old, care-free existence that it has been for most of us; that when the air is filled with iron and steel and wood, man will go his way, unheeding upper ether as of old?

Of course, in the very nature of things, the first to equip themselves with aerial motors will be the reckless devils who now run gasoline juggernauts on our highways.

It is not easy to imagine what they will do when they get up in the air? Will life on the surface of the earth have any semblance of safety while "white eagles" and "red hawks" are careering in upper air, spilling out tools, and now and then an occupant?

In these pleasant days, if a man is walking about New York, all he has to think of are the trolleys, the motor cycles, the ordinary wheels, the automobiles, the dear old horse-cars, and the other horse-drawn vehicles, including the fire engines and the ambulances. If he is alert and spry, his chance of life is as good as that of a soldier in a secondary skirmish. His adversaries are all on the level, so to speak, and he can see what is coming without raising his eyes to heaven, a thing that mankind fell out of the habit of doing ages ago.

But with the upper air full of ships, and the ships full of people, and many of the people full of the intoxication born of free life in the wild, why, I would not write any pedestrian insurance without charging a prohibitive premium.

Let us suppose two irresponsibles in an air ship.

"Hand me that wrench, Bill. There's something the matter with this nut, and I want to take it off. Look out! Gee you just missed hitting that chimney. Can't you steer? Oh, you careless idiot! What did you drop that wrench for? It struck the north light in that studio building. Let's get away, quick. I'll bet that you've killed the artist at work—to say nothing of losing the only wrench we have. Hello, did you see that? An old chap fell out of that pink machine, and I'm blamed if he didn't grab the spire of Grace Church, and there he is!"

"Shall we rescue him?"

"Rescue nothing. What's the matter with his own people doing it?"

"Well, I'm going down after that wrench. I don't see any commotion around that studio building. Guess we didn't kill any one."

The air ship turns, goes back, drops until it is about five feet above the ground-glass north light, and then the man who dropped the wrench, making a cone of his hands, calls out:

"Say, you artist below there, did you hear anything drop?"

A moment later a sky-light is opened, and an excited man in a blue blouse makes his appearance.

"Did you drop that wrench?"

"Yes, awfully sorry. Did you find it?"

"I came near finding it on my head, and if you were in a balloon, instead of an air ship, I'd put you out of commission. Confound you all! Life isn't worth living since you left the highways."

"Let's have the wrench, that's a good fellow. Hello! Look out there!"

This is said to the driver of an electric air ship that is diving in a reckless sort of way straight for the air ship hovering over the studio. The oncoming machine veers a little,

misses the other vessel, but plunges into the studio, which it wrecks.

During the excitement, the first-comers get their wrench, and depart in the irresponsible way peculiar to their kind whether they be on earth or in the sky, and the poor artist makes up his mind to set up a studio in a cellar and light it by artificial means.

And we must remember that in the course of a few years air-fliers will get so dexterous that they will be able to swoop down to earth and up again like horn hawks.

Then a millionaire with a beautiful child may be driving up Fifth Avenue in his carriage.

Perhaps a friendly proletarian will throw a note into his carriage. At first he thinks it is a bomb; but he soon sees that it is only a note, and, opening it, he finds that it is a message that tells him to beware of kidnappers. He laughs easily, strokes the little one's head, and looks to the right and to the left. Nothing but fellow-philocrats. He looks up for a moment, and sees the usual stream of party-colored air ships and balloons. Their occupants have taken advantage of the lovely day to make little runs from Quebec to Washington or from Boston to New York. Some fly past so swiftly that they appear only as streaks of vivid color. Others—those from Philadelphia, for instance—are content with forty or fifty miles an hour, while some are merely wandering about in the lower strata, perhaps in hired machines from Central Park.

Suddenly, from out of an upper division—the place where only the swiftest are allowed—darts a trim machine, in appearance much like a swallow. It swoops concavely down, and the usual shriek is heard from nervous women who have not yet become used to the new-style casualties, and who expect to see a man damage a fruiterer's awning in his dash to death.

But in that swift machine sits a cool kidnapper, with deep-laid plans to compel the philocrat to separate himself from some of his wealth.

He has marked the progress of the

carriage up Fifth Avenue; he has known just when to swoop—there where the slowly moving line is becoming blocked at Forty-second Street—and as he drops toward earth, his confederate lies flat, with arms outstretched.

He pauses for a second over the carriage. The father looks up again, but too late. The child is clutched by the human hawk, the ship lifts itself into the air, and then shoots off of New York and into parts unknown in so short a space of time that before the father quite realizes what has happened, his daughter is gone forever—or until he hands over a mere bagatelle of half a million, or perhaps even his week's salary as life insurance president.

But it is not alone tragedies that will be enacted. Think of the minor vexations that are sure to come; droppings of oil on afternoon and evening gowns, the spilling of German aeromats into Irish parades, the demolishing of chimneys and plate glass windows of fellows learning to fly, the obscuring of light by vast crowds collected over ball-grounds in order to see the national game for nothing.

Properly undertaken, and carried out with regard for the rights of others, air-sailing is a noble sport, but it will not do to let beginners and scorchers, and family parties, and mail ships, occupy the same level. There will need to be pathways plainly marked by aerial buoys.

High above all, the trans-aerial liners should have the right of way. When the great Southern Mail, running from London to New Zealand by way of New York (dropping her mail in a parachute) sweeps over the metropolis at about nine of a summer's night, her lights will be so high in the air that they might well be mistaken for stars. Her steady, resolute, awe-inspiring rush through space will be watched for nightly, and he would be a foolish chap indeed who went up to her level to learn how to fly.

And strictly enforced laws should prevent "scorchers" from moving in

any current save the one marked out for them and their reckless, unreckoned escapades.

It is certain that after dark no one who values his life will stir abroad on foot, because he will never know what hit him, and something is sure to hit him with every one and his wife up in the air, infected by a craze beside which motoring and golf and ping-pong were mere aberrations of a moment.

Indeed, I am not sure that great

cities will be forced to put up life-nets extending over their entire area.

Just how accountants will be able to make their ascensions within the city limits, if the nets are put up, I leave for them to determine.

The age of comparative safety is at an end. Look to your lives, fellow-mortals, and if you would be perfectly safe, voyage perpetually in mail-ships. They will be manned by experts, and they will have the height of way.



These scenes are the progress of society. When they are over, the horse will be left.

This is a story without a tree or a green field or a bit of blue sky in it, the tale of a man and an idea worked out in the fever-heats of a sordid city and through great smoking towns of furnaces, roaring machinery and men stripped for rough toil.

The man is George Walbridge Perkins, the brilliant and much-reviled young partner of John Pierpont Morgan, "dean of American finance," and the idea is the United States Steel Corporation's method of dividing profits with its more than two hundred thousand employees—a shadow of the economic bridge over which, it is said, humanity is about to pass from the age of competition to the age of co-operation.

It is not the horned and hoofed Mr. Perkins, haled into court by the newspapers in a glow of mephitic red fire, but another Mr. Perkins, a tremendous worker with a genius for organization, a man of practical imagination, who, looking at things from the very centre of financial and industrial power, sees a peaceful partnership between the stock owners of great corporations and their employees, as the outcome of the present worldwide movement toward the elimination of waste by concentration in business.

The one Mr. Perkins is the creature of over-heated journalism and inveterate politics. The other Mr. Perkins is a citizen whose zeal and intelligent industry along large lines of constructive business have won for him, at the age of forty-five years, a recognition so general that the grand jury which indicted him for a purely technical offence, in his effort to save the policy-holders of the New York Life Insurance Company from a great financial loss, was compelled to explain that he had no selfish or corrupt motive in what he did.

"The profit-sharing plan of the United States Steel Corporation,"

The Other Mr. Perkins

By James Coolahan in *Person's Magazine*

said Mr. Perkins, "is an attempt to induce a vast army of men of various talents and temperaments, scattered all over the country, to work heartily together by making them partners of the stockholders who own the means of production. An experience of nearly five years in the largest private business organization the world has ever seen shows that this form of partnership between labor and capital is a moral as well as material success. It goes well with the idea of complete publicity which is one of the main policies of the Steel Corporation. These two ideas have practically converted this organization into a semi-public enterprise.

"As I said of a somewhat similar scheme in the relations of the New York Life Insurance Company to its agents, this is socialism in the highest, best, most ideal sense, a socialism that makes partners of employer and employe, yet preserves the right of private property; retaining the capitalist's incentive to enterprise, while giving the workers a new inspiration for effort; humanizing the contact of a mighty organization with its thinkers and doers; promoting good will and industrial peace."

Mr. Perkins's brown eyes burned with enthusiasm and he gripped the arms of his chair tightly as he spoke of the great design.

"It was this thought that brought the profit-sharing plan into operation in the Steel Corporation," he continued. "It was believed that in this way ugly competition would be eliminated and co-operation substituted, which, under the corporation's offers, would produce just as keen a personal incentive to success as the old stimulation of competition had inspired.

"Competition, after all, means, as a rule, one man's success and another man's failure. It means that, in the end, one man will be on top and the

other man underneath. But co-operation means the success of all.

"Many have thought that competition was necessary to bring out the best there was in man, that the incentives necessary to us all were to be found only in competition. But the success of these profit-sharing plans of the Steel Corporation, worked out in the greatest sphere of practical action known to private enterprise, has proven that something can be substituted for competition, and that something is co-operation, which brings far greater success and, best of all, success to everybody."

It was no irresponsible dreamer who spoke, no pale idealist mooning helplessly among the stubborn realities of a civilization absorbed in construction and money-making, but a hard-headed, experienced financier and organizer, the trusted partner of the greatest financial organizer and leader of the age, the very man who, as chairman of the finance committees of both the Steel Corporation and the New York Life Insurance Company, proposed and applied the principle of profit-sharing.

The place in which Mr. Perkins sat as he spoke was the centre of the financial nerve-plexus of the Western Hemisphere, the white marble corner of Wall and Broad Streets, where for a generation Mr. Morgan—man of unbroken word—has advised the agents of kings, governments, churches and banks how to invest their money, arranged international loans, combined and adjusted interests involving billions of dollars, presided over conclaves of money monarchs and piled up fortune on fortune for others as for himself by acting on the theory that the future of America would be greater than its past.

Here was organized the United States Steel Corporation, which employs more than two hundred thousand men, pays out about a hundred and forty-seven million dollars a year in salaries and wages, and does an annual business of more than six hundred and ninety-six million dollars, with bonds and stocks aggregating

fourteen hundred and thirty-two million dollars.

Not a dim and curtained chamber of gorgeousness, this throne-room of American finance, but a long, high-ceilinged room, with five or six big desks; a plain place without a note of pomp or ornament, a row of large windows on one side and on the other side an immense glass partition through which the clerks and visitors may see Mr. Morgan and his partners at work.

Mr. Perkins's place is close beside the desk where his partner, Mr. Morgan, commonly sits with a big black cigar in his mouth, the master of the scene.

At a first glance Mr. Perkins gives one an impression of almost jaunty youth, light, alert, simple. Then you notice the deep furrow in his forehead, the fine wrinkles about his eyes, the firm set of his mouth and an almost pathetic air of nervous tension. It is not so long since his gay, boyish manner and light-hearted smile gave him a look of immaturity that made his prominence in the gray-haired world of finance a matter for wonder. The persistent attacks of newspapers and politicians have changed all that.

The straight wide forehead that thrusts out above Mr. Perkins's large brown eyes is full to the temples and very high. It is the forehead of a man who can gather facts and make use of them with great rapidity. The power to observe details and the ability to reason them out to a conclusion are developed and balanced to an extraordinary in that best brow.

You mark the wide, well-curved jaws, the strong, round chin; the small, fine ears; the short, straight nose, wide at the nostrils; the smooth, round cheeks; the crisp brown hair, of almost feminine delicacy; the suggestion of immaturity in the great wide-set eyes—bet your glance always returns to that tremendous compact and aggressive forehead, the portent of energy, ambition and intelligence.

It is interesting to study such a head and countenance, for Mr. Per-

kins has risen by a genius peculiarly American to a business position never before commanded by a man of his age, and, whatever criticism may be made of mistakes due largely to zeal and an impatience of roundabout methods, he has, in spite of cruel misrepresentations, been a pioneer in the effort to humanize and harmonize the relations of the three giant corporations whose financial policies he has executed to their employees, and has been a constructive force.

The great profit-sharing plan by which millions of dollars have already been distributed among the officers, managers and workmen of the Steel Corporation is no more remarkable and was, perhaps, easier of contrivance, than the "Nytic" fund, so greatly attacked in the insurance investigation, which Mr. Perkins created in the New York Life Insurance Company—both schemes being conceived for the purpose of changing the material contact and moral attitude of employer and employee by substituting co-operation for competition, partnership for the raw wage system.

There is something fascinating in the story of this wonderful American boy, who, in twenty-two years, rose from the work of an office boy at less than six dollars a week to a salary of \$75,000 a year, who was sought out to be the partner of the foremost American financier, and of whom Andrew Carnegie said, "This young man actually sweetened sordid business dealings by the amiability of his manners."

Mr. Perkins was born in Chicago forty-five years ago. He is of English stock. His father was an able agent of the New York Life Insurance Company, a solid, cheery man, born in New York State, who went to Chicago and distinguished himself by his philanthropic work. The elder Perkins opened soup-houses for the poor and organized mission Sunday schools. He founded a railroad man's Sunday school in a box car and it afterward became the biggest thing of its kind in all the west. He worked side by side with Dwight L.

Moody, the evangelist. He organized the Young Men's Christian Association in Buffalo, and in later years his son erected a building in memory of that fact.

The youth, whose powers were yet to astonish the hardest heads in Wall Street, got his education in the Chicago public schools. At the age of seventeen years his father procured him a position as office boy in the Chicago establishment of the New York Life Insurance Company. Presently he went to Cleveland as clerk to his father, who became assistant superintendent of agencies in Ohio. He was advanced to the position of cashier.

His father died in 1886, leaving a widow, two sons and a daughter.

George W. Perkins was then twenty-four years old, a pink-faced strapping fellow looked younger than his age. He has since confessed that when he came home from his father's funeral he stood at the gate and, looking at the house in which his mother and sister and younger brother lived, he said to himself, "That's up to me. It's my problem."

He had been an indifferent student at school, but when there was a baseball team to be organized or any practical work that called for organization and energy he was always the leader, the planner, the doer.

Suddenly bereft of his father and business chief, the young cashier threw himself into his father's work. No one was appointed in his father's place. He was simply the cashier of the office and had no authority beyond his work; yet it is a sign of his surprising enterprise that he cleared up his father's unfinished business, reported the situation to President Beers in New York, his salary was increased to \$1,000 a year, and, without further instruction, or suggestion of promotion, he promptly hired an assistant to aid him in getting new business for the company.

His industry and persistence were astonishing. The agents of the company followed his leadership enthusiastically, asking no questions as to his right to lead. He dashed about

here and there, in Cleveland and out among the country districts, expounding life insurance and winning success by sheer persuasion.

One night he went to a country flour mill. It was snowing hard. The miller and his brother and son would not venture out in the storm. They could not escape from the young agent with the snapping brown eyes and hypnotizing smile. By offering to take their notes in payment for premiums he managed to insure all three. Then he rubbed his hands and recalled the fact that earlier in the evening he had noticed his victims putting away money in the safe. He understood human nature. In a few minutes' talk he persuaded the men that they could make money by discounting their own notes on the spot, and closed the transaction by pocketing their money.

As Mr. Perkins started for the door he was called back.

"Young man," said the miller, "do you understand what a stroke of business you have done here to-night?"

"I think so," said the young agent modestly.

"Well, by God, I'd like to see you when you are forty!"

At the end of a year Mr. Perkins had outstripped his father's business record with the company. Mr. Vismann was appointed general agent for Ohio, and he offered to employ Mr. Perkins at a salary of \$9,500 a year. But the youth was too shrewd to allow another man to get credit with the company for his work, and he put away the tempting bribe to accept the agency in Indiana at \$5,500 a year. That was the turning point in his business life. He avoided the error which young men too often commit, and sacrificed the present for the sake of the future.

Before attempting his work in Indiana he went to the west to settle his father's private affairs. He found a great life insurance field neglected, and in Kansas City, Wichita and other places he began to write policies. He went to Denver, and continued to write policies. He hired agents to

assist him. He paid no attention to the repeated calls for his presence in Indiana, but went right along building up new business. At the end of the year the company owed him \$15,500. He was then not quite twenty-six years old.

Then President Beers, overcome by what the young agent had accomplished on his own initiative in a little more than two years, made him inspector of agencies for the west at a salary of \$15,000 a year, with a contract for five years. He roamed about for a year, and then he settled down at Chicago in full charge of everything west of that city, north or south.

He overthrew the general agents, who had been like petty princes, ruling jealously in their several territories and refusing to allow interference. In their places he established branch offices controlled by the company.

Business increased by leaps and bounds under the new system. The army of the company's agents in the west grew rapidly, and Mr. Perkins was its inspiration. He issued a weekly publication for the benefit of the agents, and by stimulating a spirit of rivalry and working up a sort of hurrahing enthusiasm he made the west one of the most profitable fields of the company.

Those who saw him in those days say that he seemed never to rest, that nothing could daunt him, that business was like a religion to him, that he had the spirit of a fanatic.

Then came a crisis. The Beers administration was attacked and overthrown. Mr. Perkins came to New York and fought for President Beers like a wildcat. Even when the white-haired president was overthrown Mr. Perkins remained his friend and went to his deathbed to comfort him, even as he was afterward to stand by the deathbed of President McCall, the broken-hearted.

When Mr. McCall became president of the New York Life Insurance Company, Mr. Perkins was made third vice-president, with full power for a year over all the agencies, with a salary of \$30,000 a year, which later

on was increased to \$85,000. He was now twenty-nine years old.

During the great insurance investigation Mr. Perkins, who was a witness, insisted on standing up while testifying. He was asked to sit down. "I can't sit down," he said. "Well, try," urged the inquirer. "I can't do it; I work on my feet," was the answer.

So it was in the tremendous campaign which he urged among the agents of the New York Life Insurance Company. He abolished the general agents in every direction and substituted branch offices, and soon he piled up such a volume of new business as to stir rival companies to jealous anger.

Mr. Perkins does not drink intoxicants or smoke. He does not believe in working on stimulants. As a life insurance agent he refused to use wine in his business, believing that a man who made a contract in cold blood would probably stick to it, while the man who was persuaded under the influence of wine was likely to relapse when his enthusiasm cooled off.

When he proposed to omit wine from one of the great agency banquets in New York he was laughed at. But he persisted in his plan and the feast was a great success. Thereafter wine was left out of similar functions, and the former habit of turning business into a series of convivial orgies became unpopular with the agents.

The story of his successful fight to have the New York Life Insurance Company permitted to do business in Germany, Switzerland and Austria reads like a romance. The company had used every conceivable means of winning over the German Government. It had sent an old schoolmaster of the Emperor to Berlin. It had used ambassadors. It had spent freely.

Then Mr. Perkins went to Berlin armed with introductions to the principal ministers. But he ignored the imperial graces, threw away his letters and went straight at the fierce-eyed, hairy bureau chief whose report had caused the company to be shut out of Germany and who had persistently

declared that it could only be readmitted over his dead body. And, incredible as it may seem, in a few months he had converted his raging foe, and it was this very man who, in a transport of enthusiasm, announced that the rights of the company had been restored in Germany.

"No man in the world but Perkins would have done it in that way," said an admiring rival.

But the triumph of his life insurance career was the creation of the "Nylie" system, a profit-sharing plan which so stimulated the work of the agents, while cutting down expenses, that in eight or nine years the volume of the company's business rose from \$125,000,000 a year to \$347,000,000.

The Nylie idea—so-called by combining the initial letters of the company's name—began with an attempt to add honors and degrees to mere wages as an incentive to long service. Buttons and badges, with ultimate pensions, were introduced. Everything was based on length of service and the amount of business done.

This caught the imagination and human nature of the agents and a new esprit de corps was developed. The agents ceased to drift from company to company.

One of the most vital reforms aimed at was the eradication of misrepresentation by agents, who were tempted to lie for the sake of the enormous profits and prestige of new policies.

The necessity of continuous service as a part of the profit-sharing plan made an agent think more of his future, and persuaded him to be conscientious in his dealings with the public. Soon the volume of complaints of agents' tricks lessened, and presently such accusations became rare. The co-operative feeling did it.

This great co-operative plan, which piled up a fund of more than \$2,000,000, preserved the working organization of the company against the bribes of its rivals and made the agency directors and their subordinates feel that they were, in a sense, partners of the company, was wholly the creation of Mr. Perkins. And all before he was thirty-six years old.

Mr. Perkins was afraid of Wall Street. But he became a director in the City National Bank. Then Governor Roosevelt made him president of a commission to save the noble Palisades of the Hudson River from destruction by greedy quarrymen, and he went to see J. Pierpont Morgan to raise money for that purpose. The commission hoped to get \$125,000 by private subscription. The legislature would be asked to give the rest.

"I'll give \$25,000," said Mr. Morgan, promptly.

Mr. Perkins expressed his gratitude.

"I'll give the whole \$125,000 if you'll do something for me," he added, with a significant look.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Morgan?"

"You can take that desk over there and go to work," pointing to the very desk at which Mr. Perkins now sits. "I've had my eye on you for a long time and I want you to come with me."

It was then that the New York Life Insurance Company raised Mr. Perkins's salary to \$75,000 a year and he declined Mr. Morgan's proposal.

Mr. Perkins struggled for months against the temptation to accept Mr. Morgan's renewed offer.

"It is a matter of money, name your own income and terms," said Mr. Morgan in the large way that has won over so many men.

"It is not money that is worrying me," said Mr. Perkins. "It is a question of my duty."

Mr. Perkins went to Washington and laid the matter before President McKinley, who was his close friend. "Don't go to Wall Street, Mr. Perkins," said the President. "Don't let them break your heart down there."

He was only thirty-nine years old and to be Mr. Morgan's partner meant much. Mr. McKinley read the tempest in his eyes.

"Stay where you are," he urged. "They'll take the humanity out of you in Wall Street. Be careful or they will break your heart."

Mr. Morgan's offer was declined, but the master of American finance

was not to be put off and he continually renewed his invitation.

Then the New York Life Insurance Company, whose officers saw an advantage in having a partner of Mr. Morgan at the head of its finance committee, agreed to divide his services with the banking firm. Thereupon Mr. Perkins insisted on reducing his salary as vice-president of the company from \$75,000 to \$25,000.

But it is a well-known fact that Mr. Morgan himself was bitterly opposed to the continued service of his new partner in the affairs of the New York Life Insurance Company. Mr. Perkins felt, however, that the moneys of the company were accumulating so stupendously that the company needed to be in touch with some world-wide financial experience.

During the great life insurance investigation he was severely criticized for being at the same time an officer of the company and a member of a firm that sold to and bought from it, but it was shown that Mr. Perkins had always refused to touch any profit made on business with his company. He has freely admitted the justice of this criticism, and his friends say that he foresaw it from the first, but he insists that the double connection turned out to be a good thing for the policy-holders.

After serving as chairman of the New York Life Insurance Company's finance committee for five years, Mr. Perkins retired. In that time his committee had offered to it securities amounting to \$1,365,047,671, examined them all and bought, in five hundred and fifty transactions, \$484,505,384 of bonds. By shrewd buying and selling the committee made a total profit for the policy-holders in five years of \$60,010,000. And these facts were placed on the record on the day Mr. Perkins resigned.

One of the most dramatic incidents of the insurance investigation which damned so many names and blighted so many careers occurred when Mr. Perkins, white-faced and roared to a pitch of great emotion, insisted on reading a letter in which his father once bade him always to tell the truth,

and declared that to be the charter of his life. The newspapers worked up on the subject cynically and stirred up a national guffaw of laughter. Yet there was no more candid witness in that mocking scene.

But we have wandered away from Mr. Perkins sitting before his desk at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets, his countenance shining with enthusiasm over the progress of the Steel Corporation's profit-sharing plan.

That mightiest business enterprise ever contrived by the human brain was a sort of monster at first. The immensity of its proportions, the wide range of its operations, the scale of its finances and the diversity of its properties and markets, dwarfed individuals. There were moments when all save Mr. Morgan were dismayed when they surveyed the gigantic creature he had brought into being.

How to humanize the Steel Corporation; how to give the monster a heart as well as a brain, to take the place of the many hearts and brains of the proprietors it had succeeded; how to make the members of the tremendous army of labor, the officers as well as the rank and file, feel the impulse of co-operation! The moral problem of the age of concentration had arrived.

It was not only that the earnings of the largest corporation in the world and the leadership of America in the steel industry, were involved, but the peace and happiness of great multitudes of men serving in the smoke and glare and noise of mills and foundries must be considered.

The formation of the Steel Corporation marked the supreme point of corporate combination, the very frontier of concentration in business. Its success or failure would profoundly influence the future course of corporate organization.

Had the limit of size been reached? Was it possible to animate business concentrated on such a scale, with the spirit that made its original owners successful? Could men on salaries or wages carry on the basic industry of civilization, directed by other men on

salaries, with no proprietor above them but the public?

Mr. Perkins had come from the life insurance world, where business was based on domestic sentiment and where self-sacrifice was preached. The whole structure of life insurance was based upon mutuality of interest. As chairman of the Steel Corporation finance committee, with the approval of his associates, he worked out a plan on the principle of co-operation, which he says must ultimately supplant the principle of competition in business.

"Great as the value of the Steel Corporation's plants were, the organization was equally valuable," said Mr. Perkins. "We all recognized the importance of men as compared with machinery. An organized force working together continuously is as vital as capital, raw material or tools."

"The problem to be solved was how to perfect an organization covering so many outlying points, where the work was actually being done, in such a way that the management in New York would feel that the organization would, automatically and under all changing conditions of men and times, give to the stockholders service equal to that which comes from the individual management of owners."

"Every one knows that in any business, great or small, the organization is the great vital thing to succeed. If a man has a corner grocery store and two or three clerks working for him, much of his success depends on their interest and zeal in the store."

"So long as the owner of the store is working right with them every hour of the day he can largely control things; but when a business is scattered through a number of cities and a vast territory, in the hands of thousands of men, the personal direction and control of one man becomes impossible."

"If great corporations are to succeed, not for a day, but for all time, some method must be found to make each man, wherever his duties, responsibilities and work may be, feel that he is a necessary factor in the organization; that on his own efforts,

in his own sphere, depends a certain measure of the success of the corporation, and that he will be rewarded with advancement, with recognition and with compensation according to his success and the success of his corporation as a whole.

"We found that the thousands of men employed in the corporation were divided substantially into two classes: Those who worked with their brains, and those who worked with their brains and their hands.

"The responsibility for general net results rested largely with the former class; the responsibility for the practical, every-day handling of the machinery and the manual labor rested largely with the second class. But it had been found that while the responsibility of the first class of men was, of course, very great, the opportunities of the second class might be of almost equal importance, because, in the practical, every-day working of the thousands of little and big machines and in the general handling of material, the man who is actually doing it, if his mind is centered on his work, can, with surprising frequency, suggest this, that, and the other improvement which reduces cost and increases output.

"The problem, therefore, was how to arrive at some method of compensating the officers of the subsidiary companies for successful management, and, at the same time, the actual operators in the plants.

"It finally seemed as though the basis must be one by which the organization of the subsidiary companies in the Steel Corporation would, on a substantial and permanent basis, and according to their places in the organization, share with the stockholders any success that might be arrived at from year to year.

Mr. Perkins stood up and paced the floor, his brows knitted and a forefinger on his lip, an odd habit when he is thinking hard.

"You see," he continued, "the finance committee, or, rather, the board of directors, stands like a judge between the stock-owning public, which is the proprietor, and the two hundred

thousand employees. It has no motive for being unfair to either. That is not the case with individual proprietorships.

"It was found that it took about eighty million dollars to pay the interest on bonds, the dividend on the preferred stock, and some dividend on the common stock, and set aside a fund for replacements and improvements. After this had been done, it would be to the advantage of the stockholders to have the organization step in at that point and share the profits, over and above that sum, with the stockholders.

"It was believed that this would be for the distinct pecuniary advantage of the stockholders and for the distinct benefit of the organization if it could be done on some basis that really would prove an incentive to the organization. As a result two offers were made:

"One offer gave an opportunity to purchase preferred stock, which was extended to the entire organization, from the officers of the Steel Corporation itself down through the officers of the subsidiary companies to the laboring men, clerks and office boys everywhere; but this was done by classification, using salaries as a standard in such a way that the laboring men with the smaller salaries were given the first opportunity to purchase, and the basis of purchasing stock was made exceedingly attractive to them.

"For instance, a man having a salary of \$800 per year or less was sure that in any offer of stock the corporation made he could get the amount he subscribed for, whether or not the manager of his department, the vice-president or the president of his company got any.

"The stock was offered to him at \$2 to \$3 less than the then market value. He was told that he could pay for it in monthly installments; that he could have as long a time as he wanted, up to three years, in which to pay for it; that he would be charged five per cent. interest on his deferred payments and, at the same time, be credited with seven per cent.

dividends on the par value of the stock he was buying.

"He was told that if he would go into this matter seriously, with the idea of not only becoming a partner through stock ownership, but determining in his own mind that he was going to remain with the corporation, that he was not going to be a transient employee, that he was going to take up the work as his life work, so far as he could see, and that if he would keep his stock as he was paying for it and not sell it out, he would receive a credit, to use in helping him to pay for his stock, of \$5 a year per share for five years. This is where he shared in the profits.

"The first stock offer was made at \$82.50 a share. If a man subscribed for a share of stock and kept gradually paying for it and held it continuously for five years, these \$5 a year payments would, in themselves, mark the stock down, until at the end of five years it would only have cost him \$57.50.

"In addition to this he would receive a credit of a considerable sum in the difference between the five per cent. interest charged him on his deferred payments and the seven per cent. dividend paid on the stock.

"It was further agreed that these \$5 payments made yearly for five years, would be paid whether or not the subscriber continued to pay for and finally took up his stock, and that such payments as were then left in the fund by men who failed to continue to pay for their stock, would be divided at the end of five years among those who persisted in their payments and remained in the corporation's employ continuously for five years.

"It was thought that there would be a certain amount of what might be called speculation and speculation in this unknown factor that would interest a great many men. It was only fair to increase in this way the reward of the men who, through thick and thin, good times and bad, in periods of depression and discouragement, stuck by this company; for, after all, it is to this kind of manhood

that the company must look for its protection in times of sore need.

"While at first glance this may seem to be a complicated offer, at second glance it will be seen to appeal to a good many sides of a man. In the first place, it gave him an investment that would pay him a handsome interest on his money. Thousands of these men might have no way of investing their funds.

"Whatever might come to the Steel Corporation because of fluctuating conditions, the \$5 per share per year, credited as above described, would do several things:

"First: It would be a great incentive to the man to go into the purchase of the stock because it would mark it down so cheap.

"Second: It would be a great inducement to him to stay with the Steel Corporation through thick and thin, for at least five years.

"Third: It would be an assurance that in times of depression his share of stock, for which he started out to pay \$82.50, could hardly fall below \$57.50, to which in the course of five years it would be marked down by these \$5 a year payments.

"Besides, the corporation guaranteed that the selling price of the stock would, at the end of the five years, be at least equal to the price at which he bought it.

"Fourth: The \$5 a year payment was another way of sharing profits with the working man, with whom to share profits on the basis of any percentage of yearly earnings was found to be very difficult, and so this \$5 per year payment to him, out of the earnings of the Steel Corporation, was a guarantee that he should share in whatever profits were made, whether they were large or small, he only having to show that he was a permanent stockholder and permanently in the company's employ; it being the opinion of the finance committee that the average man who settles himself down to becoming a stockholder and remaining permanently in the company's employ, must be a faithful employee, with ability and energy

enough to be retained, in season and out, by the management.

"The question then arose as to how to prevent a man from selling his stock to an outside party, or taking more than he himself could pay for and having some one help him carry it. It will be noticed that the man is required to keep the certificate in his own name continually; to produce it yearly to the treasurer of his company, with a letter from his superior officer showing continuous service to the company for the preceding year. He cannot borrow on it.

"It will be noticed that he is only allowed to pay for it in monthly installments, to be deducted from the salary or wages he receives; that he can do this in such monthly amounts as he may wish, but not to exceed twenty-five per cent. of any one month's salary or wages.

"It was thought that this would prevent a man from subscribing for more stock than he could naturally pay for, he having been put up to do it by some outside party who would help to carry it for him.

"These conditions were in no way onerous for the man himself and, happily, they have practically eliminated any speculation with any outside parties, and have had all the effect, and even more, than was expected, in holding the best men in the employ of the company steadily."

Under the plan described by Mr. Perkins for the first time, 17,000 of the Steel Corporation's 75,000 stockholders are its own employees. A new offer of preferred stock is made each year.

In the first year, 1903, 27,379 employees subscribed for 48,983 shares. Of these 12,694 dropped out in that year, 5,091 in the second year and 86 in the third. Those whose stock was cancelled lost their right to the \$5 a year added by the company and to the difference between the five per cent. interest charged and the seven per cent. dividend paid by the corporation.

The extraordinary result is that those who took stock in the first year already have more than \$70 a share

to their credit, having got everything lost by others, and will get their stock at the end of the five years for almost nothing.

In 1904 exactly 10,262 employees subscribed for 32,385 shares of stock. Of these, 2,344 dropped out in the same year, 474 in the second year, and 27 in the third year.

"Now," said Mr. Perkins, "the other branch of the profit-sharing plan was aimed to interest and properly remunerate the officers and managing men, those who by their brains and ability made possible the broad success of the company.

"When the various subsidiary companies came together it was found that the officers of these companies who, almost without exception, were exceedingly able and enthusiastic men, and were devoted to their own particular company, in many cases had been fighting one another for years in the great business world of steel and iron. In some cases they were hardly on speaking terms, so bitterly had they fought.

"Competition to a considerable extent was, therefore, about to be eliminated. A steel company in City A, which had fought a steel company in City B, was expected to co-operate with B. If the officers of the company A could, in any way, help company B, they were expected to do it.

"But they were a long way from the headquarters of the Steel Corporation in New York. How could this successfully be brought about—not for to-day, but for the future? The officers of the companies, who then were big, head-garred, able, men, might do it; but what about their successors of the years to come?

"Something must be done that would, automatically, so to speak, work this out; that would provide a condition where the officer of company A would be just as glad to see the officer of company B succeed as to meet with success himself; that if he hit on a good idea, in place of keeping it quietly to himself, he would pass it along the line to all others.

"To put out a profit-sharing plan

that would reward the men of each particular company for the success of their company would have worked to make the men in each company labor for that company to the exclusion of co-operation with the other companies; yet strict attention to each subsidiary company's business was certainly most desirable.

"Finally an offer was made to all men of executive position, so to speak.

"They were told that after the Steel Corporation, as a whole, had earned the eighty million dollars I have already referred to, they would come in and share the profits of the entire corporation, on the basis outlined in the circular.

"They were told that these profits would be divided into part cash and part preferred stock, and that the preferred stock would be held for them, subject to their remaining in the company's service a certain number of years.

"They were also allowed to subscribe for preferred stock on the same basis that the working men in their mills could subscribe for it, but they were not allowed to subscribe for any more than they could pay for out of twenty-five per cent. of their monthly salaries. This stock they could not get, provided the working men had first subscribed for all of it. In this connection, the fact that the president of a subsidiary company and the laborer in his mill were both subscribing for the same sort of stock on substantially the same basis. It was thought, would weld the entire organization more or less together.

"The sharing through cash at the end of each year, in the cash profits of the Steel Corporation, after eighty million dollars had been earned, put the officers of the subsidiary companies and the officers of the Steel Corporation on the broad plane of considering everybody's success, and it was believed that after this had work-

ed a year or two the officers of company A would be just as keen to see company B succeed as they had been previously to see that company B failed and they succeeded.

"The finance committee allots each officer's or manager's share of the profits according to what he has done, in its judgment, to advance the interests of the Steel Corporation as a whole. No one is overlooked. No service is forgotten."

Mr. Perkins pointed out figures showing the enormous increase in the Steel Corporation's efficiency and success. He recalled the years of unbroken peace with its employees, whom it has made partners. He described the great \$90,000,000 steel plant which the corporation's success enables it to build at Gary, Indiana.

"This principle of co-operation has been adopted by other corporations," he said. "I believe that co-operation, with proper supervision and regulation, will solve many problems that have puzzled us in this era of changing and confusing industrial methods."

Another great corporation to which Mr. Perkins has applied the profit-sharing plan is the International Harvester Company, which he organized. This powerful corporation has a capitalization of \$120,000,000 and employs in all seventy thousand persons. The letters received in answer to this company's first distribution of profits to its employees—letters full of gratitude, but more remarkable for pride, interest and loyalty expressed—furnish solid proof that the co-operative idea strikes its roots deep and draws strength from the best and most enduring elements of human nature.

"It is the sure, safe path of the future," said Mr. Perkins. "Competition is no longer the life of trade. It must yield to the higher, broader principle of co-operation."

The Personal Factor in the Labor Problem

By Hays Robbins in Atlantic Monthly

We are often reminded that the relations between employer and employee to-day are not directly between the head of the corporation and every individual workman; and that in the main is true. But this seems to be regarded as fatal to the whole idea of personal relations; and that, emphatically, is not true. A personal relation of some sort necessarily exists between every workman and some official next above him, at whatever point in the service; it may be the dirt shoveler and the gang boss; it may be the shoe worker and the shop foreman; it may be the local manager and the general manager. Personal contact has not been abolished, it cannot be; but the point of contact has been changed. Where it was formerly directly between master and man, now it is usually between the workman and his foreman. This means that the foreman question is to-day one of the most vital points in our whole scheme of industrial relations.

But the foreman, too often, has been drilled in the idea that all that is expected of him is to extract from his machinery and operatives the maximum output at minimum cost; that is the test of his efficiency. The system of cross-checking, setting off one workroom or division of the business against another, has intensified this pursuit of one special kind of results. Not many officers of large corporations, it is safe to say, often think of the superintendent or foreman as the man who has taken the place of the old-system employer in his direct contact with the wage-earner. Still fewer realize the significance of the fact. If it could be understood, and become the regular corporation practice, that it is as much a part of what is expected of the foreman that he get along on a just and friendly basis with the men under him, and that a good record in this respect will count to the credit of his department as

well as his tally sheet of immediate profits, we might see a very impressive difference in the general state of feeling between the employing and the labor groups in this country.

This is by no means simply a question of sentiment. Permanently good relations with the labor force are in the long run more economical—better policy from a strictly business standpoint—than an ordinary spurt of profits in some department for a few successive periods, followed by a growing indifference and studied "soldiering" on the part of the men, or perhaps a disastrous strike, wiping out all that has been gained, or more. The foreman is the key to this situation, but the employer selects the foreman and shapes the general policy.

In other words, the duty of the executive head to-day, where he cannot meet the whole force individually and continuously, must be to impress his own wise and broadminded policy—assuming it to be such—upon those in positions of delegated authority, who have now come to occupy the immediate relation to the mass of the workers.

The president of a large concern manufacturing a certain kind of metal fixtures told me, at the close of a recent conference with a labor committee, that in one of his western factories he had employed at one time a foreman whose invariable greeting to the men, as he went about overseeing the work, was a string of abusive profanity. Whenever he came in sight, the operatives worked at top speed; as soon as he was gone they systematically and cheerfully loafed. Later, a new foreman was put in—a quiet, practical man, of decision and firmness, but by nature a leader rather than driver of men. Since his advent a product has been coming from that factory ranging from a quarter to even a half larger than it was possible to squeeze out under his blatheristic

predicament. The gain represented the economic value of a different personality. Specific instances of similar experience might be multiplied.

The notion is quite too prevalent that the workman is primarily an "economic problem"; that he ought to realize this and conduct himself with mechanical regularity and impersonal uniformity as a fractional unit of labor power. We shall never make any headway under that doctrine. The workman is first of all a human being. The purchase of his labor is only in a limited sense to be compared to the purchase of a commodity, and cannot be treated in the same way. As Dr. Abbott has suggested, in the sale of sugar or flour the personal relation of mutual confidence need enter only once, at the time of the exchange; but where you are buying labor the laborer goes with the labor, and the personal relation of confidence and responsibility must be there all the time, from day to day and week to week, or somebody is cheated. Therefore, whatever method of getting along together is adopted, it must count with personal qualities as an essential part of the relation.

When it first became a part of my duty to come in constant and direct contact with employers and trade-union men, it was with little comprehension of the intensely human elements that persist, however the industrial environment changes. For example, it was a cause of much surprise to hear a very active business agent—"walking delegate" if you like—in telling the story of a labor trouble he had been handling and upon which a good deal depended, remark that he couldn't follow it up, on a certain day, because it was his last chance to buy Christmas presents for the babies. Previously looked upon as a sort of impersonal economic automaton, he suddenly became understandable in the light of what he really is—simply an honest, somewhat narrow, tender-hearted, pragmatic, jolly good fellow.

I have seen a prominent officer of one of the most ironclad labor organizations in the country walk the floor,

during one of many conversations, and outline with an eloquence of the heart, depth of conviction, and earnestness approaching tears, his alarm over—what? The irresistible domination of soulless capital? Not at all. The deadly menace of the socialist propaganda to the cause of religion, as he saw it operating in his own craft.

The undercurrent of instincts and aspirations of which these are but chance illustrations, needing not to be multiplied because so common, runs deep and strong through the lives of us all, whatever our status in the industrial scale; and it suggests this further fact: The things that divide us are seen, but are temporal; the things that unite us may often be unseen, but are eternal.

One interesting illustration, with which I happen to be somewhat familiar, of the personal factor in practical operation, is the labor policy of the Boston and Maine Railroad. It presents no sensational or artificial features, and rarely comes into public notice—a fact which of itself is more convincing to the seeker after employment methods of solid and universal value than the spectacular advertising sometimes given to a certain type of paternalistic "social betterment" experiments, successful perhaps under peculiar conditions, but of limited significance with reference to the industrial problem as a whole.

The secret of the long-standing good relations with labor on the railroad referred to is the influence, conscious or unconscious, or personality, beginning at the top, and working itself out in policies which distinctly reckon with the personal factor all along the line. Lucius Tuttle is of the type of industrial manager, happily becoming more numerous, whose characteristic attitude is that of frank and cordial recognition of the contribution made by the employees to the prosperity of the enterprise. Asking and expecting the confidence of the rank-and-file, the established policy is to show confidence in return, whether in the routine of management or in the discussion of working conditions with

committees representing the men. Results justify the belief that, whether employers or wage-earners, men wish to be trusted, and in the great majority of cases will respond loyally under a relationship based on that principle.

The responsibility of superintendents and foremen for good relations with the employes is emphasized and reinforced by a well-understood right of appeal, under reasonable specified conditions. Injured employes, on numerous occasions, have been granted ample leaves of absence, with pay, and given suitable employment when able to work again, instead of being ignored until legal steps were taken, compelling some kind of settlement.

The feeling is very general among the twenty-five thousand employes that every man has a "friend at the top." And the moral effect of this feeling is not confined to the railroad world. It is a common remark among leading labor men in many other trades, "If all employers were like that, there would be mighty little trouble."

This opinion on their part does not spring from any notion that the corporation in question invariably grants whatever demands are made. Not at all. It is the result of well-verified conviction, based on year-in and year-out experience, that the disposition is to treat all fairly, to do the best that business conditions will reasonably permit, to give free and unprejudiced hearing to requests and grievances, and to discuss these matters, whether presented directly by the men concerned or by their chosen representatives, in a businesslike way, respecting the rights and feelings of the other party.

This is not an isolated illustration; but it is a very good practical example of the pervasive power of the personal factor, as a radiating force, vitalizing and humanizing the employment relations with a great army of workmen, under the very conditions, be it noted, which we are asked to believe render the possibility of anything of the kind mythical and visionary.

It should be remembered that the personal factor can be made as powerful for harm as for good. Cases have

come to my knowledge where labor leaders who have fought down strike resolutions in their unions, in favor of first seeking conferences with the employer, have gone into such conferences when arranged, and returned the strongest advocates of the strike they originally opposed; this because of the humiliation they had been compelled to undergo in the manner of their reception by the employer concerned. The factors of pride or self-respect, in the one case, of boorish intolerance in the other—purely personal elements—played a larger part in the result than the industrial issues involved.

On the other hand, similar testimony could be borne with respect to certain employers—and I have no reason to suppose them isolated examples—men of the broadest sympathies, distinctly just-minded and humane, who have grown into a well-nigh settled distrust and dislike of trade unions, not by reason of preconceived prejudice or theoretical objection to organization of workmen, or to the principles of economic and social improvement for which the labor movement stands, but chiefly through the cumulative effect of a succession of exasperating experiences with arbitrary policies, sometimes brutal methods, and offensively demeaning individuals appearing in behalf of labor in various controversies coming up for adjustment.

Could there be any greater indication of the importance of looking out for the right kind of personal qualities, whether in the selection of leaders by the unions, or in the choice of industrial managers on the part of capital? Could the need be clearer of considering in either case the ability to meet and deal tactfully, intelligently, and reasonably with men, as men, and not as abstract representatives of blind forces?

That the tendency in this respect is improving there can be no doubt, and one of the signs of it, on the labor side, is the growing determination of union officials to compel obedience to their contracts with employers. This was confirmed by the printing

pressmen when the strike of the typographical union began, in January, 1906; and John Mitchell's refusal to let the soft-coal miners join the great strike of 1902, because their agreements with the operators had not expired, is not yet ancient history. The action of the locomotive engineers and street railway employes, in repudiating their local unions in New York for violation of contracts, in the subway strike of 1906, was followed only last summer by that of the trainmen's organization in ordering its striking "local" switchmen in New Haven to return to work, on penalty of having their places filled by the Brotherhood itself. In the shoe trade, if a local union breaks its contract, it is the policy of the national body to fill the places of the strikers.

But here, again, is the point. Contracts amount to nothing without men, of the necessary courage and honor to enforce them. Whatever of business stability and property may be at stake in the case hangs upon the extent to which these personal qualities stand behind the bond.

There is an unfortunate policy into which some employers have been led, at times, partly as an unconscious result of the notion that personal relations are a thing of the past, partly for more purely practical reasons. A grievance arises in a factory where would not be feasible for the entire force to appear at headquarters in person, and therefore one of the number, or perhaps a committee, waits on the foreman or proprietor. A little later these committeemen find themselves discharged; their services have suddenly become unsatisfactory. In other cases, perhaps, when the employe or his representative seeks an interview, he is either refused outright or told that the matter is in the hands of Mr. So-and-So, who has full charge of his department, and cannot be interfered with by good discipline be undermined. Mr. So-and-So, in turn, announces that he is carrying out the general policy of the company and has no power to make special exceptions.

These practices are not so common

to-day as a few years ago, but they have helped breed among many workmen the notion that a corporation is a kind of economic shell-game, the trick being to find the man higher up or farther down—now you see him and now you don't! Such methods, however, are not an essential part of the corporate form of organization in any sense; they indicate either lack of good executive management in fixing real responsibility, or, in some cases perhaps, an express intention of using the machinery of the corporation to shift that responsibility.

But this possibility of discharge, as a result of presenting a complaint, is one of the chief reasons why labor unions have made so much of the right to send in their business agents—somebody not in the employer's power—to make appeal in their behalf. It is their device for opening up a new channel of personal contact when the old is virtually closed.

As a matter of fact, most of the severest labor difficulties throughout the country to-day are settled, when settled at all, through the efforts of men on the labor side who are not employes of the firms or companies affected. The district or national leaders of the labor bodies involved are usually men of larger calibre and experience than those directly concerned in the contest, and have too much at stake to assume unnecessary risks. They are often the best able to handle a troublesome situation intelligently and reasonably, yet their efforts would be useless if all employes took the position of refusing to meet or discuss the matters at issue with any except strictly their own employes.

For example, the threatened teamsters' strike in Boston in 1906, which had passed entirely beyond the control of the teamsters' own representatives, was finally prevented by the efforts of a cigarmaker and a horse-shoer. The longshoremen's strike, later in the year, was settled by a freight handler, a horse-shoer, and a furniture mover, one longshoreman serving with them, but taking little or no active part. Had the employers

refused to see these men, who happened to be entrusted with authority to negotiate for the workmen concerned, possessed their confidence, and were especially well qualified by temperament and experience for the difficult and delicate task in hand, situations would have developed, without the least doubt, full of the most serious consequences to the commercial interests of the city.

In fact, if an attitude of non-communication with any except employees were logically carried out and adhered to by employers as a whole, it would nullify and render useless any and all efforts, public or private, of conciliation boards, citizens' committees, business acquaintances or associates, or of any outside interests whatever, to assist in preventing or settling industrial contests, no matter how seriously the public convenience or welfare might be affected, and no matter how much to the advantage of the employer himself such efforts might prove to be.

Unless the privilege of stating complaints and discussing the possibilities of improvement is accorded to workmen, directly or by representatives of their own choosing, no recourse is left them for making an impression upon employing interests but the strike, boycott, or similar arbitrary measures. This right of conference is the safety valve whereby the labor steam inside the capitalist boiler finds its necessary vent without blowing up the boiler.

Very likely this may suggest the criticism: "But here is no final solution; you may have all the personal conferences and discussion you please, but how are you going to abolish the points at issue themselves?"

I would disclaim any intention of leading up to a "grand panacea." The universal cure-all idea has been very much overworked. It may be that to abolish all possible grounds of disagreement between people would mean the end of all progress. Up to a certain point, differences are our salvation from deadly monotony and stagnation. They have been known to occur even in the sacred precincts of the family, in the church, in social

life, and in our civic relations; yet all these institutions most unreasonably survive and jog along. There will always be crabs in the sea; but the sea rolls on. The business world is not in a hopelessly doomed class by itself, by reason of being subject to jark, and having its own peculiar conflicts of interests and desires. It is but one part of the common experience of life. Because progress still involves too much friction, and perfection is remote, it is no sign that everything is going to smash. As Graham Taylor pitifully states it, if the industrial classes cannot get along together, neither can they get along apart. The high church of Economic Law allows no such divorce.

Strikes and lockouts will hardly disappear this year or this generation. As methods of doing business change, as the general wealth production of the community varies from decade to decade, there must come times of readjustment of the portions of that product which go to the various factors that create it. As men's ideas of living change, the terms and conditions upon which they will work for wages or employ others for wages must inevitably change also. These things are all a part of the advance of civilization, and the differences they imply are such as change and betterment always compel, in whatever department of life. But if we can more and more bring the personal equation to bear—the influences of good will, fairness, and willingness to discuss frankly the facts and reasons for positions taken, on either side—we shall have gone very far to reduce, perhaps almost remove, the really serious friction of this process.

That it is vitally important to bring just these influences to bear, let no serious thinker on present-day social economic conditions doubt. There is, in fact, a larger aspect of this whole matter than simply the settling of labor troubles peacefully. Many observers have been much disturbed in recent years by the frequent signs of a spirit of bitterness, distrust, and resentment among workmen. It is regarded as the foreboding of

stormy weather in our industrial and political affairs, and, whether the alarm has adequate cause in all respects or not, it would be folly to ignore the grave possibilities. Most often these tendencies are charged to underlying envy among the millions of the poor, intense resentment over the idiotic waste of wealth by some of the idle rich, and the too frequent exhibitions of greed and dishonor in high places.

All these things have their influence, and it is likely to be an increasing influence so long as these evils persist; but there is something else. A tremendous part is played by certain factors, much less spectacular, but also much closer to the daily lives of the great wage-earning group. It may be surprising at first, but not so after working close to the facts for a time, how much the question of what consideration workmen receive as men, under the general policy of those employing them, has to do with their general state of mind, the opinions they hold, their general outlook upon life. For it is this that fills up the major part of a workman's life. It is a narrow life at best; and the immediate conditions and environments of toil, and general relations with his own employer, convey to the average wage-earner's mind a concrete impression of the justice or injustice of the industrial order under which he lives. The nature of these relations, as a rule, counts more with him than the question whether his employer is a wealthy officer of a corporation, a small shop-

keeper, or a petty contractor with a dozen hands.

A more intelligent and far-sighted appreciation of these facts, in practice, is perhaps the most effective safeguard against a series of radical socialistic experiments, which, if they do come, will spring quite as much from a rankling personal sense of injustice and desire for retaliation as from any reasoned-out conviction of the economic merits of the various nostrums proposed. Workmen are not greatly impressed by lectures, tracts, editorials, and elaborate statistics showing the folly of this or that radical scheme. If they favor the radical scheme, it is very often as a club to compel attention to their demand for things nearer home, that they really want and intimately know about. They are interested in a general way, some pro and some con, in the discussion of radical propositions, as citizens; but they are directly and intensely interested in the labor and wages phase of their situation, in a specific way, as employees.

Let it be practically demonstrated that the door to reasonable progress, and just, businesslike personal relations between employers and employees, or those representing them at the various points of contact, is not closed under our modern system, and one of the most embittering motives of agitation for social and industrial disruption in very greatly lessened. In other words, our need is not so much to discover brand new patented "systems," or guaranteed panaceas, as it is to rediscover each other.



The Seven Kings in Mexico

By Charles Edward Russell in Compostela

THAT old mountebank and tinsel charlatan, Napoleon the Third, Napoleon the Little, Napoleon the hero of shabby exploits and reactionary dreams, wrought in his lurid day infinite evil and, unconsciously and unintentionally, some fragments of good. He set up the Mexican empire and for the time being crushed the republic. But when, freed from the distractions of our civil war, we had chased him from the scene of his pet folly, and his little empire had fallen, let us give thanks, on his own head, the surge of reawakened patriotism made Mexico a nation and started it upon the road to greatness—as surely as we were pointed thither when we broke from the mold and fustian of monarchy.

One other good thing was brought by the short-lived French occupation. It established in Mexico some of the best institutions of French laws, and one of them was the French idea of controlling corporations instead of being controlled by them, an excellent device, and one that ought to have keen interest for us—by way of contrast.

For instance, railroads.

Here is a curious matter. If a man having broken his leg should refuse the services of a surgeon and insist upon treating his hurt with Mother Smith's Soothing Salve, we should not think much of that man's intelligence; but a course that in our personal affairs we should deem foolish we are quite content to follow in the affairs of the nation. Being afflicted with the dangerous power, the lawlessness, arrogance, and dishonesty of great railroad corporations, we are willing to ignore the cause of the trouble and to busy ourselves in dosing the symptoms—with flabby rate bills, infantile inspection bills, and boneless public utility bills.

This seems strange, but it is not half so strange as something else.

Nearly all other nations have made thorough tests of all these nostrums and having proved by experience that they are worse than useless, have thrown them away. At the tail of the procession come we, painfully and laboriously resurrecting from the world's rubbish heap the discarded bottles, and with much eclat we apply the old remedies.

Meanwhile, wasting good and precious time, as we should know by our own experience. Twenty-one years ago, after eight years of agitation, we set out with an interstate-commerce law to "regulate" our railroad troubles. It took us twenty years to become convinced that this law was not worth the paper it was written on, that while we were fooling with it the robberies continued, protected by the very law that pretended to suppress them. Whereupon we betook ourselves anew to the old problem and attacked it with another interstate-commerce law just as invertebrate and jellied as the first. We have made faces at the corporation in politics, shaken our fists at the insurance exploiters, told the railroad companies to be good, used incantations on the traction thieves, muttered spells against the gas monopolies, and gone into a trance against the discredited meat swindlers. Now in our hearts we begin to feel that none of these things is of the least avail, while with our voices we cry aloud against the surgeon and for further experiments with incantations, making faces, and muttering spells.

In other countries when they have demonstrated that a quick remedy is worthless they know it is worthless. Enough for them is enough. Then they try something else.

This has been the record in Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and Japan, as these nations have dealt with their railroad problems. Lately there has been the same kind of demonstration

in Mexico. The other cases are well known; very little has been said about Mexico. I commend it to the attention of all those that still think spell-muttering is the thing.

Mexico once went infinitely farther in the way of railroad regulation than we have ever dreamed of going, and the Mexican railroad regulations were regarded by high authority as the most perfect that had ever been framed by man. In fifty or sixty years, at the present rate of progress, we may reach a state of "regulation" as radical and severe as that Mexico has now abandoned; and since we have elected to follow this road we might well see wither it has led in the experience of another nation.

No question is raised anywhere about the wisdom or the extremely radical nature of railroad regulation as practised in Mexico. It was wont to be commended to us as the model of that kind of statesmanship. With a full and perfect knowledge of the troubles that beset us it was devised for the purpose of preventing them and nothing better for that purpose has ever been found. It was the perfection of "regulation."

To give examples:

Many of our difficulties have arisen from the fact that with us the normal function of a railroad as a public highway has been totally obscured and the railroad has come to be looked upon as a piece of private property operated solely for private profits. The old-world principle has always been that a public highway cannot be alienated for private uses. In this country we have tolerated the doctrine that when we have condemned a right of way and allowed a railroad to use it the highway thus established becomes the exclusive and sacred possession of the railroad company and over it the company alone has jurisdiction. On the contrary the railroad laws of Mexico were founded expressly on the broad proposition that railroads are public utilities, that they do not exist solely for private gain, that they are operated only by public permission, that over a public highway the public has inalienable rights. Hence

at the beginning there was a notable difference in the purposes of the legislation of the two countries.

To build and operate a railroad in Mexico it was necessary to obtain from the federal government a concession, and the power to regulate centred about this concession.

It was provided:

First: That no concession should be granted for a longer term than sixty-nine years. At the end of the term, whenever it might be, the railroad clear of encumbrances and debts, should become the property of the nation. For buildings, machines, and rolling-stock owned by the company the nation must pay an appraised price. Everything else owned by the company should pass without compensation into public ownership.

Second: To keep the railroad companies in order while they were yet in control of the properties were iron-clad laws to be obeyed.

Every company when it applied for a concession was obliged to deposit with the government a sum in government bonds varying (according to the nature of the line) from fifty to two hundred dollars for each kilometer of the track it proposed to construct. This deposit the government could declare forfeited whenever the company failed to obey the government regulations.

Also, the concession (or charter) could be annulled at any time for cause.

Thus, if the company failed to carry out the terms of the concession, or if it allowed a total or partial interruption of the public service, or if, without the consent of the government, it sold its concession, or any part thereof, the concession could be taken away, the deposit was forfeited, and the government took possession of the road.

Therefore the power of the government over the railroad companies was direct, perfect, and absolute. It was a power buttressed, also, by many ingenious devices.

The government appointed its inspectors of maintenance and inspectors of administration, as many of each

as it saw fit, and fixed their salaries; but these salaries and all the expenses involved were charged upon the companies.

One body of inspectors supervised the operation of the railroads, all matters connected with maintenance, safety, tracks, rolling-stock, buildings, switches, motive power, and the make-up and speed of trains. To these inspectors the railroad companies were obliged to give all required information on all subjects pertinent to the physical condition of the roads. The inspectors investigated all accidents, great or small, and made duplicate reports thereon to the national Department of Communications and Public Works and to the court of the district in which an accident occurred.

The administrative inspectors examined all agreements made between company and company, kept track of the business transacted, noted the earnings and disbursements, inspected the companies' rules, received complaints, and reported deficiencies. To them the companies must show all books, documents, and records, and give free access to all property. They attended all meetings of directors, executive boards, voting trusts, and all other bodies connected with the railroad, passed upon all matters transacted at such meetings, and any statements of their making must be entered upon the minutes of the company.

Both classes of inspectors made to the Department of Communications and Public Works minute reports on their observations. Hence the government was at all times perfectly informed about the railroads, and holding over them always the tremendous sword of confiscation could enforce any legislation it might choose to make, or instantly change any policy of which it did not approve. The administrative inspectors practically sat on and dominated the directorates; the maintenance inspectors kept the service up to the public needs.

To give a concrete illustration of what this would mean in our country, turn to those regions in the west and

northwest that last winter were weeks together without freight or passenger service because the companies did not care to operate the roads. If we had the Mexican system of regulation reasonably enforced, Mr. Hill would have found himself long since dispossessed of many choice pieces of his railroad, deprived of his deposit and, of his charter and franchise, while the government would be running his trains for its profit and the relief of the public. This, doubtless, would have caused much pain to Mr. Hill, but it would have ended the tortures of the people that burned their fences and outhouses to keep warm and ground wheat in coffee mills to keep from starving. On the whole this would seem to be an end rather better than furthering Mr. Hill's prestidigitation on the stock market.

But what I have related is only the beginning of the Mexican system. Besides the force of inspectors the government erected many other safeguards.

All rates were subject to the approval of the national authority, which had full power to make in the tariffs whatever changes it might choose to make. Rates were calculated upon the one basis of so much a mile and nothing else, and no variations were allowed from that standard.

Thus at once Mexico was freed from the whole occult, marvelous, mysterious, and awe-compelling science of rate-making as practiced in our happy land. Here we believe that a rate tariff is a tablet from Sinai, mystic, obscure, and made by what awful perturbations of inspired intellect fancy fancies to think of. In Mexico, any person, however common and ordinary, could figure his rates. So many kilograms—so much. That was all. And the government not only regulated the rates, it made them. And still it escaped the wrath of heaven, no panics followed, no disturbances, no disasters, no ruin of glorious prosperity.

In this country we fiddled away a quarter of a century in a dawdling debate as to whether the government

might go so far as to forbid a railroad company to gouge a greater sum for hauling one hundred pounds one hundred miles than it gouges for hauling one hundred pounds one thousand miles, and after all the fiddling the Supreme Court decided that the government could not do that simple thing. In Mexico the government merely went straightforward and did it and never fiddled at all.

It prohibited greater charges for short hauls than for long hauls; it prohibited every form of discrimination, trick device, scheme, or secret contract to advantage one shipper over another; it expressly declared that every shipper must have exactly the same treatment as every other shipper as to rates, conveniences afforded, cars, transit. It utterly prohibited every kind of rebate. It prohibited the refunding of any charge in any case, whether for carrying passengers or freight and whether in whole or in part. It recognized two classifications: car-load lots and less than car-load lots. To provide for the greater expense of handling small packages, car-load lots took a slightly smaller rate than less than car-load lots, but a familiar swindle by American railroads was obviated by reserving to the government the right to fix the minimum weight constituting a car-load lot. Within these classifications no variation of rate was allowed; a man shipping one car a year was to have exactly the same rates, the same facilities, the same treatment, and the same despatch as a man that shipped ten thousand cars a month.

Even this was not all. Besides the incessant watching of the inspectors the government had still other means of enforcing its control. The companies were obliged to make to the Department of Communications and Public Works periodic reports of all rates charged, so that the government could see for itself that the laws had not been violated; and penalties for rebating and discrimination were provided against the companies and the executives and the agents thereof. Moreover, the company was obliged

to pay, in every case of rebating or discrimination, to all persons that for two months before and for two months after the offense had shipped merchandise between the same two points, twice the difference between the legal rate and the rate charged to the favored shipper—probably the most ingenious and promising device ever used against rebating.

Also, severe penalties were provided for any attempt by false entries to conceal or alter any rebating or illegal charges. Underbidding was absolutely prohibited. So was ticket-scalping.

In March of every year every railroad company was obliged to present to the government a report showing the amount of all kinds of stocks and bonds it had issued, the dividends paid and the number of shareholders, its indebtedness of all kinds, a description of the road and statement of its original cost, present value of the property, franchises, and equipment (with detailed items), the improvements made, the cost thereof, earnings from passenger traffic, earnings from freight traffic, expenses, net earnings, and a detailed statement of its finances.

Every railroad was obliged to transport free of charge all government inspectors and customs officers in discharge of their duties.

Still more important, the railroads were obliged to carry free of charge, the government mails.

Reflect for a moment upon what such an arrangement would mean in America, where the monstrous charges of the railroads for transporting the mails prevent our government from giving to its citizens such postal facilities and service as are provided by the smallest nation in the postal union, and where annually the fraudulent mail contracts enable the railroads to rob the government of not less than fifteen million dollars!

Again, the general spirit governing these laws was to be seen in the explicit declaration that nothing contained in them was to be construed as establishing for the railroad companies anything in the nature of acquired

rights, but every feature of the law was subject to modification and repeal at any time and at the government's pleasure.

This, of course, abolished forever in Mexico that other gross specter of modern life, the vested right. Railroad companies in Mexico could have no vested rights about anything. It was never asserted for them that because they had been violating a law for sixteen years they had the privilege to continue forevermore to violate it. It was never asserted for them that because for a generation they had been killing people on a grade crossing they had an inalienable right to maintain that kind of a slaughter-house. The position taken by these laws and steadfastly maintained was that the railroad companies existed by the permission of the state and only on condition that they performed certain public duties and that the privileges whereby they were allowed to do business were never surrendered to them but merely lent by the state during good behavior.

At the same time all needed protection was provided for the stockholder and innocent investor. Even when for cause the government confiscated a concession the stockholder did not lose everything. The deposit made with the government at the outset of the undertaking was lost irrevocably, but the stockholder stood a fair chance to recover the greater part of his investment. The government was not empowered to seize the railroad out of hand and without any compensation. It offered the property first at public auction; if no bidder appeared the government purchased the road at two-thirds of its valuation, and in either case the stockholders received the proceeds less the judicial and other expenses of the government. When the government seized a railroad for insufficient service the property was returned if within a year the company submitted satisfactory evidence that it could furnish adequate service. It was also allowed in its defense to offer evidence that the interruption of service was due to causes beyond human control; but such evidence must be

absolute and unquestionable to avoid the seizing of the road.

Against these sweeping and extreme regulations the railroads had no appeal. They could not go to the courts, they could not resort to injunctions, stays, demurrers, traverses, precedents, appeals, rejoinders, quibbles, hair-splitting, or word-wandering. They could not secure delays nor by wearing out the patience of a mal-treated public induce it to submit to bad service rather than to submit to the weariness of unending litigation. A railroad company sentenced to confiscation of its property could do nothing but yield up its charter, wind up its affairs, and cease to exist. This is a general outline of the laws passed in many quarters as wise, just, efficient, and needful. As to their practical results, some assertions, at least, may be made with certainty. They bore no hardship upon railroad operation, they were no check to railroad development, they were no hindrance to investment, because under them the railroad mileage in Mexico, as I shall show in a moment, rapidly increased and the amount of capital invested in Mexican railroads mounted year by year with almost unprecedented rapidity. For many years together Mexico built annually more miles of railroad than any other country in Latin America. As to the result upon the public interests, that seems to have been eminently satisfactory. Surprisingly little complaint was made by shippers over Mexican railroads. The minimum of rebating and discrimination seemed to have been assumed. There were competing railroads and some sharp practices to get shipments. Also, there was some rebating and refunding; to have privately owned railroads without these appendages is beyond the ingenuity of man. There was probably some little juggling of rates (as the sky), for that likewise is an integral part of private ownership. But the total amount of all such transgressions was infinitesimal compared with those in our experience. The risk was too great. In our country a railroad company granting rebates has nothing

to fear except that if caught in the act it may perhaps some day in the remote future be obliged to pay a fine amounting to one-fiftieth of its profits for a day. In Mexico a railroad company faced the loss of its existence, as well as fines and imprisonment for guilty officers. That had a tendency to make rebating unpopular, a condition enormously helped by the fact that the courts could not interfere.

As a rule, therefore, the shippers fared exceedingly well in Mexico. They always knew what the tariff was, and they knew that it was fairly calculated on a mileage basis and that one of them was not likely to have any advantage over another. The public fared well because the railroad companies did not attempt to interfere with government, nor give campaign subscriptions, nor control elections, nor nominate candidates, nor emasculate laws, nor bribe legislators, nor operate secret news bureaus, nor own newspapers, nor deal with vote-brokers, nor pad the registration lists. And capital fared well because it was assured against adverse legislation and the enormous expenses of buying votes, controlling conventions, financing campaigns, hiring candidates, and rotting the heart of public morals. So the plan seems to have been very happy all around, and the country thrived amazingly.

In 1903 a London newspaper estimated that private capital had invested \$854,555,067 (Mexican) in the railroads of Mexico and gave the following details of some of the principal investments:

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------|--------------|
| Mexican Central Railroad | 1901-1903 | \$50,732,473 |
| Mexican National | 1901-1903 | 75,448,203 |
| International of Mexico | 1901-1903 | 38,948,203 |
| Western Railroad | 1901-1903 | 38,751,700 |
| Guaymas | 1901-1903 | 25,742,600 |
| Mexican Southern | 1901-1903 | 25,742,600 |
| Texas Gulf & Pacific | 1901-1903 | 10,000,000 |
| Chihuahua & Pacific | 1901-1903 | 7,000,000 |
| Sierra Railroad | 1901-1903 | 4,474,010 |
| El Grande, Sierra Madre & Pacific | 1901-1903 | 3,178,300 |
| Sierra Southern | 1901-1903 | 1,200,000 |
| Panama to Tampico | 1901-1903 | 1,200,000 |
| Kansas City, Mexico & Orient | 1901-1903 | 46,223 |

I call attention to two facts: Of these great investments the greater part was American capital. Most of the American capital was

furnished by the men that in this country strenuously and bitterly oppose the governmental regulation of railroads.

That is the truth. The identical men that sound the loud alarm and terrify us with prophetic visions of the evils to follow a little regulation went cheerfully to Mexico and risked their millions in a country where there was a great deal of regulation. To prevent rebates in the United States would ruin our railroads and bring on the soup-kitchen; to prevent rebates in Mexico created for railroads a wholesome and inviting condition. To prevent extortionate rates in the United States would destroy our great railroad industry and beggar the vast number of widows and orphans supported thereby; but in Mexico the government might not only limit, it might fix all the rates and no ruin and no starvation would follow. In the United States at the mere suggestion that the railroads were not supreme in our affairs those delicate and sensitive institutions were threatened with collapse; in Mexico the government with great heartiness kicked them all about the lot and the owners merely sent more money to invest.

Such are the facts. You may explain them as you see fit. Rockefeller, Morgan, Harriman, Gould, nearly all, in fact, of the seven kings of the American railroad system, were heavily interested in Mexican railroads and continually adding to their holdings. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe had invested heavily and wisely. Mr. Harriman had a concession and was building an western Mexico an important extension of his lines. The Gould interests were deep in Mexican National. The Mexican Central, the greatest railroad in the country, was conceived in Boston, organized with Boston capital, and was largely owned by John D. Rockefeller. The International was floated in Connecticut. Many a man that professes horror at the idea of a railroad system without graft and without stock-rigging gladly put his dollars into exactly such a system and wished he had more

there. When it was suggested to Mr. Hill that really he ought not to so operate his Northern Pacific, that people froze or starved, he responded with tart rejoinders of gloomy forecasts of evil days. But there was a country where he would have lost his railroad for doing such things with it, and men of his class not only endured the "governmental tyranny" but threw under it. The railroads subjected to such tyranny not only did business but with profit, the gross receipts of the Mexican Central being about twenty-five million dollars annually, of the National more than eleven million dollars, of the International more than seven million dollars. In ten years the gross receipts of the leading Mexican railroads, excluding the National, showed an average increase of three hundred per cent.—under the severest system of governmental supervision and regulation known among nations. What say you, gentlemen?

At the end of 1905 Mexico had 16,387 kilometers (10,240 miles) of railroad. In 1876, when she began this system of "tyranny," she had 567 kilometers. In 1876 she had six railroad companies; in 1905, ninety. In 1876 all her railroads transported 4,961,337 persons; in 1905, about 60,000,000. In 1876 the gross receipts of the Mexican railroads were \$2,564,870 63; in 1905, about \$85,000,000. Somehow the deadly blight of governmental interference fails to be discernible in these figures.

The principal systems have the following lengths in kilometers:

| | |
|------------------|--------|
| Mexican Central | 10,240 |
| Western Railroad | 2,017 |
| International | 1,634 |
| Inter-oceanic | 1,000 |
| National | 850 |
| Yucatan | 450 |

Beyond doubt the Mexican plan was the most admirable, comprehensive, efficient scheme of regulation that has ever been devised. It gave to the government perfect control over rates and services. It placed in the government's hands a tangible weapon against discrimination and relating.

It insured to the public full and constant facilities. It obviated the chance of car shortages. It provided safety. It met almost every grievance that we have against our railroad service. And yet it failed, and most needs be abandoned.

It could do many things; one thing, the most desirable of all, it could not do. It could not prevent the railroad from becoming a great, perilous, overshadowing power in the nation.

The seven kings of our railroad system looked down to Mexico and it found favor in their sight. They said it was a good thing and they would push it along. They owned shares in many lines; they were building and planning many others. Here was Mr. Rockefeller with his Mexican Central Railroad and Mr. Gould with his Mexican National and Mr. Harriman with his new line to the Mexican Pacific coast. How fine it would be if they were to combine their interests and possess all the country! And here also came opportunely upon the scene the great Black Hand of the railroad business, the power that controls the Rock Island. This extraordinary group of financial bandits that in ten years, without investment or legitimate capital, have put together the greatest railroad system in the world and loaded it with all this colossal and menacing pile of fictitious bonds and watered stocks, they were also in line for a slice of Mexico. The Rock Island planned to carry its system southward from El Paso through Mexico to the Pacific Coast, to the Isthmus of Panama, to regions beyond. It was a gigantic scheme and certain to have a glorious success.

Maps were made showing how Mexico would be parcelled out by the harmonious combination of the kings. The Rockefeller lines reached here and the Harriman lines there and the Morgan lines over yonder, and when the combination had been effected there would be nothing left for anybody else and nothing for the combining gentlemen to do but exploit the people and draw dividends. It was a grand conception. From time to time in the summer of 1906 the American

newspapers reported its cherry progress. Everything was going well indeed; the interests were being brought together, the necessary controls were being secured, and in a few months the combination would be perfected and fully launched to do the Mexicans good and run their affairs for them.

Many details of the combination were given. One seems to have been overlooked—Porfirio Diaz, president of the Mexican republic. The oversight may be thought to have been rather important. Early in December, 1906, it was sorrowfully announced that there would be no consolidation of the Rockefeller, Morgan, and Harriman interests in Mexico because the Mexican Government held a majority of the stock in each of the railroads these gentlemen thought they owned. While the gentlemen had been going about forming a happy combination to exploit the inferior Mexicans, the inferior Mexicans had been making some moves on their own poor account. In ways so carefully concealed that the seven kings never heard of the matter. Mr. Diaz had been buying stocks. Embarassingly had moved noiselessly around France, Belgium, Germany, England, and the United States, picking up what they could find. When they had found enough the inferior Mexicans showed their hand and the seven kings beat a retreat—hardly, I regret to say, with the grace and dignity that becomes royalty.

The Mexican Government, giving no sign, had understood very well what game was afoot and what therefrom impended. It knew what the railroads were in the United States. It had long determined that no such power should gain domination over Mexico. Against the menace of the railroad trust regulation was nothing.

The enormous mass of millions behind the American railroads had been too strong for the United States. Then what chance against it would Mexico have, a country of population and resources so much smaller? So the government had thrown up the only efficient defense. Following the example set by Minister von Maybach when he got possession of the Prus-

sian railroads, the Mexican Government had merely bought enough of the stock of each principal railroad to secure its control. It had not bothered with the bonds nor with any other phase of railroad values. Then it voted the stock it owned and puts its agents on the boards of directors. That was all. The operation of the roads proceeds as before. The stockholders keep their stock and will get their dividends.

Minister of Finance, Limantour, broke the news to the Mexican congress on December 13th. He said that the government had been driven to the step by the growing danger that the Mexican railroads would be absorbed by the American railroad trust and referred significantly to the difficulties we were experiencing in enforcing the laws upon great corporations. It was, in fact, no wholly new step by the government. The seven kings might have been warned. Mexico had always held a certain considerable interest in properties that railroad royalty was managing so confidently. She had but to increase her holdings and out went the kings. The policy chosen by the dandy and able gentlemen that directs Mexican affairs might easily have been discerned by the astute. In 1902 he had purchased a controlling interest in the important Tehuantepec Inter-oceanic Railroad, obtaining the bonds in the market at 90 1-8 and paying for them from the reserve funds in the treasury. At that time the announcement was made that the government had not sought to make a profitable investment but to prevent profits and trusts it felt it could not regulate nor control. That was the motive in its later and greater acquisition. No sanction by congress was necessary, the Mexican executive being authorized to take such steps when needed for the general welfare. The prices paid for the stocks are not made public, but the government has the roads, hard and fast, about nine thousand miles of them, including the lines once happily controlled by the seven kings. Some small properties are still to be acquired in the government's own good time.

How to Use a Doctor

By Luther H. Gulick in *Wald's Work*

EVERY large modern corporation employs a lawyer and pays him an annual salary. Its purpose in this is not merely to institute or defend lawsuits; it is to prevent them. Such corporations want the best men there are, for their advice may be worth millions.

No great company would think of entering into an important contract or of taking any step which would be likely to involve them in liability, without first submitting the matter to their counsel. It is the business of the corporation lawyer to know the law thoroughly; to know his corporation, its make-up, and all its scheme of operations; and to see that the corporation and the law do not interfere with each other. It takes an expert to do that; the work he performs is high-grade service, and it commands a high price.

What a well-trained lawyer is able to do for a corporation, a well-trained specialist should be able to do for an individual. In some families now the children are sent regularly to the dentist—not so much to have cavities filled, as to prevent them. Some people also submit periodically to an examination of the eyes, in order that any damage may be detected early and may be corrected before it has gone far. And there are some men who have the good sense to retain a physician upon exactly the basis upon which the lawyer is kept: not primarily to help them out of trouble, but to keep them from needing to be helped out. It will be his duty, of course, to undertake his client's case, if by infringing some of Nature's laws, he has made himself liable for damages; but the physician's main responsibility will be preventive—he will give his client expert assistance in keeping out of trouble. He will give warning when he is running under too little headway; he will prime him for an

emergency; he will tell him when he is making a risky deal.

He must be even more of a specialist in the laws of health than in those of disease; for his business is to show his client how to run his complex, highly organized, physical corporation so as to get the "biggest results"—maximum efficiency—with the least danger. Entanglements with disease are costly.

The physician and surgeon are of much use in sickness; but they are of far more use when they succeed in preventing sickness. Prevention is worth more than cure. Its cash value is greater. It is good economy: it saves time, money, energy, opportunity.

Unless he has some decisive warning, unless there is some creek worse than usual in his physical machinery, the average man does not see a doctor professionally from decade to decade. What does he lose? What does the engine lose if no one but the coal stoker looks it over for a month, or a year? Perhaps the engine will run without mishap 364 days, and on the 365th day the boiler will burst. For 364 days the owner of the engine did not lose anything by his neglect to employ the skilled engineer. On the 365th day he lost enough to make the wages of the skilled engineer a mere bagatelle in comparison. Nor is it wholly true to say that the owner of the same engine lost nothing in the 364 days. Under the management of the skilled engineer, the engine would probably have developed a fraction of a horse-power more every day; the total difference during the year might have been appreciable.

The analogy is obvious. The man who goes along twenty years without expert supervision over his physical machine may do very well for twenty years; but it would have been better to consult a physician every month for twenty years and in the twenty-first be saved from going to "smash," than it

would be to go without his advice for twenty years and go to pieces in the twenty-first. To consult a physician regularly is life insurance of a far more vital type than the financial kind.

The lawyer that is valuable to a corporation is the lawyer that has been with it for years and knows its most intricate characteristics. Corporations differ no more than human beings differ. Jones & Company could not call in even Daniel Webster and expect him to give them the best advice on a knotty problem after twenty minutes' consultation. The man who expects to get expert counsel with reference to health and the conduct of life by spending twenty minutes in the office of a doctor who has never seen him before, is no more reasonable. It is more true of the individual than of the corporation that many essential elements can be discovered only through long acquaintance, no matter how skillful the physician.

It is just as necessary to go to a physician who has specialized in this department of constructive medicine, as it is to go to an oculist when one wishes most expert work done for the eyes. As yet, relatively few physicians are specialists upon hygiene, and the reason is not far to seek: the public does not demand such specialists. It prefers to take pills on "snap" diagnoses, or to submit to occasional surgical operations when the case has gone far. As a result of this lack of public demand, the financial compensations for this branch of medicine are small.

In order to be acquainted with the whole range of preventive medicine, a man has fully as large a scientific territory to explore and keep in touch with as has any other specialist. My own impression is that he has a larger field than any other specialist. In a measure, his field must include a general survey of all others. He must be an expert diagnostician. To discover the trouble is a far more difficult thing to do than to select the measures that shall make for cure.

The large fee and the large place in the community are to-day given to the

man who can perform a surgical operation with skill. And yet, it is of more importance to get that advice which shall make the surgical operation unnecessary. To give such advice demands no lesser degree of skill, training and natural acumen than does the most difficult surgical operation. Still, a man will gladly pay \$500 to be operated on successfully for appendicitis, when he would grumble mightily at paying \$50 for a two hours' discussion with a man equally trained, who will advise him with reference to his personal health and habits. It is the dramatic service of the physician which at the present time commands public admiration—that service which is given in extreme and critical cases, when the physician is called in to aid Nature to stem the current of forces making for death and to emphasize those making for life.

I am dwelling on this point because it is basic. I am sure there are many persons in the community who will secure the services and physicians as I have mentioned, but they cannot expect the highest grade of service without giving that which corresponds to the fee paid for other lines of medical service.

The doctor no more cures the disease than the engineer pulls the train. The doctor is far less important than is the engineer. A better illustration is that of the pilot on a steamboat. Knowing where the vessel is to go, the pilot can guide it to that port by the shortest, safest route. If it is necessary to take a channel where there are rocks, he will know what the chances are and how to take these chances to the best advantage. If the vessel strikes a rock, he will know about the tides, the probable winds, available help, and so on.

All this the doctor can do. In a case of typhoid fever, where the danger is that the temperature may become so high as to interfere with vital operations, he can by means of cold baths, or other treatment reduce the temperature, thus permitting Nature to do her own work more favorably. In the case of a broken bone, he can

see that the two ends are against each other and that the bone is straight; then Nature will do the rest. So one might discuss disorders of vision, with all their reflex effects—disorders of digestion, and the conduct of the person under various conditions of disease.

The doctor can guide, although he does not cure. I would myself no more think of going without the constant counsel of some other physician—although this is my specialty—than I would attempt to form a corporation involving questions of law without the advice of a lawyer, or sail my little yacht into a strange port without a pilot.

The chief service of the physician is to the man that is well; and it consists not in curing him when sick, but in keeping him well.

A new type of sanitarium is surely coming. The old sanitarium or hospital—and, indeed, the present one—has for its main object the cure of disease. This is good, and there must always be such hospitals and sanitariums. But the great thing is not to cure, but to teach people higher habits of living.

It is not so fine a thing as at first glance it appears to take a broken-down man or woman and restore the patient to health. He goes back under the same old conditions, and, as shown by cases on record, it is probable that he will break down again. The really great thing to do is, to take these people and not merely restore them to conditions of health and efficiency, but so to reconstruct their daily lives and habits that thereafter they will live normally.

To accomplish such results, the patient must be under the direction of the physician far longer than the custom is at present. The supervision that is needed for health education could be carried out in this way:

Within an hour of the centre of New York City there should be built a thoroughly equipped, modern home, hospital and sanitarium combined. There should be a large expanse of rolling country land around it. The

house should be so arranged that they room would have sunlight. It should be beautiful, cheerful, and thoroughly comfortable. There should be reading rooms and libraries, gymnasiums, bowling alleys, music-rooms, workshops, skating rink, golf links, and swimming pools. There should exist opportunities for boating, canoeing, and sailing.

All this should be under expert counsel. The proportion of physicians to patients should be something like one to twelve. Every person should be put upon a course of work designed to restore him to health, and he should be put upon this work as soon as it was feasible for him to begin. These periods of work should be steadily lengthened day by day, until the time arrived when the man or woman was doing full work again, but living at the institution under the daily observation of a physician. The patient should not return to his home life until correct habits as to hours of work, exercise, sleep, bathing, recreation, and so on, have been worked out satisfactorily and have become thoroughly established.

We individuals all differ; no two persons are alike. Individual equations in each one of these cases should be solved, and then habits thoroughly established. It is not a thing that can be done suddenly. It needs long observation on the part of a physician specially trained for such work. It involves a consideration of the mental states, the emotional states, the methods of work, the temperament of the individual, his education and experience, his age, and his financial resources.

His health education having once been thoroughly done, there should not arise the necessity for it to be done again. It should mean a large increase of power throughout all the subsequent life of the individual. If his stomach is weak, he should discover how to handle it most wisely. Has he a weak heart? He should learn to work so as to get the most out of himself with the least danger. Has he a nervous system that is apt to play him false in times of great

pressure? He must learn how to get the very best work out of this defective piece of machinery, unless indeed it be possible to remove the cause within the nervous system itself, so that the weakness no longer exists and he shall not look after it.

To know one's limitations is the first step to success. To know how far one can venture with safety is to be able to charge right up to the danger line with the confidence and audacity that win out.

Transplanting a City's Poor

By Elizabeth A. Hester in *World's Work*

In 1869 an English political economist, Sir Frederick Young, had been watching his gardener transplanting the rank growth of seedlings from the greenhouse to the field. Suddenly he saw in that greenhouse a picture of the modern city, with its crowded population, and in the wide fields all those thousands of acres which still may be found lying idle, even in England. From that year dates the cry, "Back to the land." Men began to see that the solution of one of the world's great problems lay in "transplanting humanity." But how could this be done? The Salvation Army is answering the question.

Some twenty years later, General Booth began to give the question consideration. In 1890, he made an experiment with a "back-to-the-land" colony at Hadleigh, near London. In 1898, colonies were established at Fort Rome, Cal., and at Fort Amity, Col. The sum of the instruction furnished by these three transplantations amounted to this: Save for rare exceptions, the habitual pauper cannot be made to support himself, even on a treadmill. But the man who is honestly willing, despite all inexperience, can support himself several times over when given his chance on the land. The question was how best could he be given the chance.

The "Army's" Transportation Department watched its experiments for five years longer and then decided that it had found out. It could not, perhaps, transfer the man-willing-to-work directly to the land, but it could transfer him to a country where

there was land by the million acres to be had. In 1903, it began to move selected emigrants from England to Canada. By the end of 1905, it had brought over and found positions—for the most part as farm help—for some 7,000. In 1906, it did as much for nearly 13,000. In the spring months of the present year, it transplanted more than 30,000. And the Transportation Department states that, as a matter of course, these figures will themselves seem small when compared with what will be accomplished in the five years to come.

First, as to the receiving end of the Transportation Department. In the London headquarters is a staff of 100 officers whose business it is to see that assistance shall go only to those who deserve it. There is no lack of material to choose from. In 1906, when 13,000 were taken, 112,000 asked to be "emigrated"; and at the present time, applications are coming in at the rate of 1,000 per day. But the applicant must fill out certain blank forms, the statements of which become the basis of a searching investigation. The best evidence of this lies in the fact that of a total of 20,000 so far brought to Canada, only nineteen have proved "undesirables," and these were deported at the instance of the "Army" itself. Applicants are not expected to be or become "Salvationists." Catholics and Protestants are equally welcome. The character of the individual is the great consideration. After that, the preference is given to the man with some farming experience. Married men are advised

to experiment upon themselves, and send later for the wife and little ones.

In the London headquarters there is also a complete bureau of information. Questions are answered by word of mouth, by letter, and through the columns of two new "Army" periodicals—The Emigration Gazette and The New Settler. The whole organization throughout Canada supplies the information upon which these answers are based. It is impressed upon every would-be emigrant that there are no poorhouses in Canada, and that he must seek either to work or starve. The "Army" will not allow itself to be made the means for supplying "scab" labor in the case of strikes and lockouts.

Where the emigrant has money, he is "personally conducted." In the language of the Transportation Department, he is "self-directed, protected"—and when settled in Canada his welfare is "inspected." But he is not otherwise assisted. In the case of that great majority of emigrants who are assisted, the amount of the assistance varies considerably. After advancing the cost of the passage money and transportation to whatever Canadian centre to which a man may be "booked," the "Army" lends him from \$5 to \$15. The unmarried man is expected to return the amount within one year; the married man is allowed three years. Of the money so advanced and which has come due to date, no less than 95 per cent. has been refunded.

In the actual matter of transportation, steamers are taken in their entirety wherever possible. Three large liners were chartered for the present year. In addition to this, every individual unbooked passage on the Canadian boats up to the end of June was engaged. When the whole boat is taken, a bureau of advice is opened on board. The advice is apt to be honestly and to the point.

And here the "Army's" machinery has shown itself astonishingly efficient. Using the various Canadian headquarters as bases, central farm help and information bureaux have been estab-

lished in St. John, Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, Brandon, and Vancouver. Each bureau makes it its business to keep a complete list of all situations vacant in its territory. In 1904, 60 per cent. of these emigrants were taken before they could pass through Ontario. There were situations offered for 15,000—or 2000 more than were available.

In the case of young women emigrants a servants' hotel has been opened in Toronto. From it as a distributing centre, much is being done to solve the great domestic problem in Canada. And the Province of Ontario, in recognition of the fact that the "Army's" emigrants "have cost the Government less, man for man and woman for woman, and proved more satisfactory than the emigrants from any other source," has purchased a small Toronto hotel where the family of an emigrant brought over by the "Army" may stay while the husband is establishing himself. In connection with this, the various central bureaux have been carrying on a campaign of education to show the Canadian farmer that his wife needs help no less than he does himself, and that it will pay him in the end to take the married emigrant, family and all. It means that the farmer must build a tenant house, but it has been shown to give a vastly more permanent form of labor. Four years ago, only a per cent. of the applications were for married men; the proportion has already risen to 25 per cent. as a result of this campaign.

After the experiments at Hadleigh, Fort Ronie, and Fort Assiny, no attempt has been made in Canada to "colonize," in the common acceptance of the term, for two reasons. First, the lack of money; though a man may be brought to the Canadian Northwest for \$50, at least \$500 is required to give him a fair start as a "homesteader." Second, the great majority of colonizing enterprises on a large scale have failed hitherto because of the inexperience of the colonist. Hence the policy of letting the emigrant get his experience as a "hired

man" in the more thickly populated Eastern Provinces. And though the hired man's lot has never been regarded as easy, it is significant that no "Army" emigrant has asked to be returned to England.

But the movement was essentially to be a transplanting to the wide fields, and in the present year it has been given the opportunity to take full course in that direction. Large donations of money are coming to the "Army," and both the Dominion and the Provincial Government of Ontario have decided to do their part in the matter of providing the land.

In the case of Fort Ronie, a committee of the chamber of commerce of San Francisco co-operated with the "Army" in the purchase of the land. In the case of Fort Assiny, it had to be bought. But, in addition, there were many other initial expenses. To start the colonist with an honest chance of success, he was provided with a twenty-acre holding, a team of horses, a cow, seed, implements, etc., for which he gave a chattel mortgage. And to build his house, he was loaned \$300 in cash. Only \$25 of this was to be spent for actual labor; each man was expected to build for himself, or to realize the advantage of co-operation. For every five colonists ignorant of farming work—and in the case of Fort Assiny they had been drawn from the tenements and had been carpenters, turners, tailors, canvassers, street railway conductors, and the like—a "pace-setter," a man of experience from whom the other five might learn, was given a central holding. This proved an excellent idea.

The "Army" has practically been given the refusal of two great tracts of land in Canada, amounting to nearly 500,000 acres, at a cost of almost nothing. The first proposes the settlement by the "Army" of two townships—from 230,000 to 250,000 acres—in the northern Ontario clay belt, along the line of the new Transcontinental Railway. The clay belt consists of some of the finest agricultural land in Canada and enjoys a climate much milder than the wheat lands of

Manitoba and Saskatchewan. The Ontario Government has not as yet given out its final statement, but its attitude in the matter is sufficiently guaranteed by the large grants of money and other assistance which it has already made to this unofficial immigration department. It is understood that the colonization agreement to be entered into between the province and the "Army" is about as follows:

The "Army" will obtain the land at somewhat less than the fifty cents an acre usually charged settlers in these districts; and the payments will also be extended over a term of years, probably ten, without interest. Such a price merely covers the necessary township surveys. The "Army" agrees to settle emigrants of the best selected class upon allotments of 160 acres. The Government will appoint a number of experienced men to assist members of the "Army" staff in locating the settlers, building suitable homes, clearing the land, and teaching the rudiments of agriculture. The settlement will be gradual; there is no idea of bringing in thousands of people to live in tents or rough shacks. As a further aid to settlers, there will be an experimental farm in Ontario, which will be a sort of agricultural headquarters for settlers.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's offer in the name of the Dominion Government was of 240,000 acres in the Northwest Provinces, on condition that the British Government should stand behind the movement. That condition will probably be removed. On the occasion of General Booth's visit to Ottawa in March of the present year, both Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Earl Grey, the Governor-General, foreshadowed in their speeches, an "Army" colonization scheme upon a gigantic scale with Dominion support.

The movement has already begun to spread in other directions. A private land company in Rhodesia has offered the "Army" a homestead grant of 1,000,000 acres free. The Governor of British East Africa has set aside large

tracts of agricultural land along the line of the Mombasa and Victoria-Nyansa Railroad. In South Africa and the Transvaal, the "Army" is

regarded by the Imperialist Progressives as the power that may yet reverse the present pro-Dutch racial balance.

Patented

By Edwin L. Salts in *Good Housekeeping*

THE man—he was such a nice old man, Robert; he reminded me so much of your father, and, really, it was charity to help him—said that the use of these pots will revolutionize the coffee drinking of the world!" declared Zulette, solemnly.

We have since decided that she only misconstrued his meaning.

The pot was peculiarly oval in shape, and straight up and down, instead of being round and tapering toward the top. It had been presented for inspection, at the door, by the nice old man; and I being absent, Zulette of course bought it; especially as the old man said that it was a waffle iron, and therefore she might have it for ninety-seven cents, the regular price being a dollar and a quarter. Still, Zulette might have taken it, anyway, had I been there. Because we are married is no reason why we should settle back and not keep up with the procession in this age of industrial progress.

The pot (it was a coffee pot) appeared to have more good points than a porcupine, and the nice old man had explained each, and Zulette repeated, proudly, for me her husband. It was a "percolator" pot (percolator, I trust, is correct; or should I say perambulator?), percolating when desired, but alterable into straight boiler, on demand. It was constructed of a new preparation of metal, non-corrosive, quickly heating and heat retaining. But the handle was warranted to keep cool. Besides the percolating (perambulating?) arrangement within, there were other "in-ards," one being to facilitate the addition of the white of an egg, at the proper moment, and another being a receptacle

wherein cream might be heated, and mixed right with the coffee in bulk—a distinct advance, Zulette insisted, on authority of the nice old man. We neither of us take cream in our coffee, but the nice old man did not know that. The pot was jointless, and it was patented. A patent on anything seems to give it tone—a sort of commercial Who's Who. This is the way the matter strikes Zulette, who accepts "patented" as approval straight from Washington.

That evening, when came coffee-time—we always drink our coffee to wind up with—Zulette, with a flushed little smile of anticipation (a flushed smile certainly expresses it, but possibly I should say flushful smile), arose and withdrew into the kitchen. I followed, and hand in hand we stood and surveyed the patent coffee pot there upon the range.

"Hear it bubble!" whispered Zulette—as if afraid that an ordinary tone of voice would stop it. "It is percolating!" (Yes, I am sure that she said "percolating"). "The cream is in it, and so is the egg. I thought we would try cream, dear; the man says that cream, used this way, is not injurious with coffee." She pulled a little slide. "There—the egg is fixed! And there—the cream is fixed. It is all fixed, Bobbie—and not a particle of the aroma has been wasted, as it would be if I had raised the lid."

We waited a moment, while I digested her explanations and announcement.

"May I carry it in?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, no," protested Zulette. "The man said that it was made very light (you noticed, didn't you?), so that

even a child could carry it. And the handle, you know, does not get hot, as in most coffee pots." She tentatively touched the appendage, remarked upon. Then she uttered a tiny exclamation, and examined her finger. Zulette's skin is so tender. "It is a little warm," she said, with enforced calmness; "but not very." She wrapped her hand in a dishcloth, and proceeded to lift the pot.

We never, to this day, have definitely established which occurred first; but, at any rate, that unheatable handle immediately detached (melted off, we found), and that jointless bottom immediately fell out, accompanied by the pot's internals, the coffee, the cream and the egg—all dumped unceremoniously upon the gas burner, extinguishing the flame.

Well—the patent coffee pot makes a lovely flower pot, anyway, according to Zulette. She has buried it in the garden, and planted a geranium in it, and regularly pours water into its nose, thereby, she claims, "percolating" to the roots without disturbing the surface.

The coffee pot was not a distinct total failure, you see; and we—Zulette, in particular—had high hopes of another article, patented, supplied to Zulette by a young man who was earning money to take him through college. It was a waffle iron, said to be made of aluminum, much lighter than the old irons, and requiring no grease! One had only to pour in the batter, without preliminary smearing, clap the top down upon the bottom, lock with the patent lock (the lock was a prize feature) and place the iron upon the fire. The halves fitted very tightly, and cooking would be accomplished with the utmost dispatch. As it was near lunch time, Zulette tried to persuade the young college man to stay and eat waffles with us. But he was unable. It really seemed that a person selling waffle iron ought sometimes to eat the waffles.

Fortunately, I was in the kitchen, in the morning (we postponed the waffles until breakfast) when Zulette put the iron to the test. She poured

in the creamy batter (Zulette's waffles are morsels to conjure with) without any greasing, closed down the top, locked with the patent lock, and placed the iron upon the blaze.

"It will cook very quickly, he said," murmured Zulette, her hand stealing into mine. Even as she spoke, there was a tremendous explosion. The waffle iron burst like a bombshell. We think that the halves fitted too tightly, and that the patent lock was too effective; and that the steam generated by the batter got out as best it could. Bits of waffle were stuck all over the ceiling, spotting the kalsomine; and a piece of the cover went through the window.

However, the bottom was intact, and being up by a red cord, with the smooth side out and gilded, it makes a splendid gong for the dining-room.

It seemed to us—in particular to Zulette—that the government expert upon culinary utensils must be someone singularly deficient in thoroughness. Zulette thought of writing to the patent department and telling it that its good name was suffering. But in the meantime a poor woman, trying to make a living for herself and sick husband and five children, came around selling patent curling combs. They were electric tongs—a brilliant idea (no word-play intended). The user simply applied them to the hair; gripping the handle and closing the spin tubular end upon the tress started up the electric current, which heated the tubular end instantly, and curled the tress. Could anything cleaner and more convenient be imagined in the way of a curling iron?

I was shaving that evening, and Zulette was proceeding about her toilet also, for we were invited out. From Zulette's quarter issued a dreadful shriek, causing me to cut myself severely; and the poor girl came rushing to me with four inches of tress in one hand and the patent tongs in the other. She was accompanied by an acrid odor of burning.

"They wouldn't let go!" she moaned, frantically.

"But the hair did, didn't it!" I sooth-

ed. It appeared that Zulette was crimping her hair, in spots, "just a little; it was so horrid and straight," when those pesky tongs, having taken hold, refused to open. The electricity kept right on heating, and my poor girl lost four inches of glory, burned from the right center, over the temple.

Of course, she was in no condition, mentally or artistically, to attend the Simpkins' card party, and we stayed at home. Four inches of coiffure is not to be recouped in a jiffy.

I gingerly bore the tongs out of doors (they certainly were dangerous) and buried them; within a couple of days they had sized themselves into innocuous desuetude, and now they make a fine cleaning rod for a forty-five Colt's six-shooter, with which I occasionally practice. They exactly fit.

I was sorry for Zulette—very sorry. She decided not to write to the president, or even to the patent officials; she would wait until the persons who had sold her the articles came back, and she would make them refund the money. However, they did not come; and by thus refraining they evaded, if not federal prosecution, at least a good scolding.

It was solely out of my compassion for my Zulette, I maintain, that I purchased a patent umbrella from a struggling, worthy man, formerly janitor of our office building. Upon pressing a spring, it opened; and upon

pressing another, it shut; thus one could manage it with one hand, a long-felt requirement, as anybody will testify. It worked perfectly, in the office and in the house, and Zulette and I actually anticipated the next rainy day or evening.

The rain proved to be for an evening; it came on when we were in the car, returning from a call; but we had the umbrella and were untroubled. I stepped off the car, ahead, and as Zulette descended, after, I pressed the spring. But the umbrella refused to open. The car went on, Zulette stood beside me, and still the umbrella would not open. The spring did not operate.

All the way to the house—four blocks—with the rain pouring and Zulette imploring (sounds like poetry, but there was no poetry about that) I fought with the patent umbrella. Just as we mounted the porch, it opened, violently, one point striking me in the mouth, and another knocking Zulette's hat over the side railing, necessitating that I grope about, below, in the dark and mud.

Once open, that confounded umbrella declined to shut. We left it on the porch, the vestibule being too small to accommodate it in its expansive condition. The umbrella never was shut! But Zulette has painted it in gay colors, and suspended over our cosy corner, it looks much like something Japanese.

There is one sort of man that there is no place for in the universe, and that is the whittler, the man on the fence, who never knows where he stands, who is always slipping about, dreaming, speculating, never daring to take a firm stand on anything. Everybody despises him. He is a weakling. Better a thousand times have the reputation of being ascetic, peculiar and cranky even, than never to stand for anything.

Common Sense in Common Schools

By E. G. Cuskey, Superintendent Chicago Public Schools
Saturday Evening Post

WHAT is the trouble with our public schools? Thoughtful parents all over the land are asking this question with increasing persistency. They are entitled to a fair and frank answer, for they do not raise the issue in the spirit of the hypocritical public busybody pursuing the vocation of professional reform and fitting from one crusade to another, as the limelight of popular sentiment may chance to shift. They are anxious and sincere inquirers whose deepest concern is the welfare of their children, and it may as well be confessed, at the start, that there is cause for their anxiety.

For one thing, the trouble with our common schools is that they are not common enough. Of late the educational atmosphere has been clamorous with the cry: "Democratize the common schools!" While I may differ in my definition of the phrase from those who use it most, I am heartily in accord with the doctrine itself, as I understand it. To me this phrase means making the common schools more common; bringing them closer to the common people, adapting them more practically to the needs of the great body of pupils; bringing them into truer range with the life-work of the average boy and girl educated in them.

Some educators may see in this statement a lowering of ideals. The gunner who sends his shots high above the head of the enemy may have exalted ideals of patriotism, but he would do his country greater service if he would lower his aim to a point where his shots take effect.

There is no denying that our public schools are doing too much overhead shooting. This may have a sensational, almost heretical, ring, but I believe that the soundest educators in the country will confess to its truthfulness.

The great Huxley declared that

"The educational ladder should have one end in the gutter and the other in the university—and so it should. But that does not qualify the statement that our high schools, for example, have been closer to the colleges than to the people—nor does it render the fact less unfortunate. Probably this tendency to overshooting in our public school educational system shows more plainly in our high schools than elsewhere. What is a common school education for, unless it be to fit the mass of pupils for the practical duties of life? And if the high school leaves its pupils with only a preparation for college instead of a preparation for life, when most of its pupils cannot go on into college, does it not score a lamentable failure in efficiency and overshoot the educational mark?"

I am profoundly convinced that great harm comes to public school education in this country through the almost universal tendency to make a fetish of graduation. Instead of making the high school the people's college, the tendency of those who frame the curriculum is to make it merely a feeder to the university. And this false viewpoint is inevitably reflected by the great body of pupils. Any high-school principal will verify the statement that it is common to hear pupils say: "I can't graduate, so it isn't worth while to finish the course." Hundreds of thousands of pupils in this country cut short their schooling and drop out of the ranks, every year, for this reason and no other. In a word, they act from the standpoint that they are in the high school to graduate rather than to learn, and they voluntarily sacrifice the year or two years of instruction which should do most to equip them for the hard and practical struggle of life. Would they hold this false and foolish notion which tricks them into cheating themselves, if the architects of the public

educational system had not been incalculated with the same idea?

The effect of treating the high school as a college feeder rather than a people's college is felt all along down the line of the elementary grades. The course of study in the lower grades is made subservient to the idea of high-school graduation in the same way that the high-school course is framed to fit the idea of the college or university. The grades of pupils are put through studies which no reasonable human being would assign them on any supposition other than that of graduating from high-school and passing on to the college. And yet it is a certainty that only a small percentage of grade pupils enter the high-school, to say nothing of being graduated from it, while the percentage of those who reach college is almost infinitesimal.

But concrete example is far more effective than abstract statement. Let me give an instance of our present high-school training, which is so typical that its truthfulness will be recognized and admitted by any principal of a large city school. Recently I became interested in a bright boy who was graduated from one of our high-schools and whose circumstances made a college training impossible. On inquiry I found he was leaving the high-school to go into a factory. What sort of preparation, I asked, had his schooling given him for the life upon which he was entering? His mother had helped him to get his education by "taking in washing." Such a sacrifice was worthy of rich and practical results. And those results were—four years of Latin, two years of Greek, two years of German, one year of French, two years of mathematics, a minimum of English and history, and no civic or political economy! And the trouble was not with the boy—he had been placed at the educational feast and had eaten what was set before him, "asking no questions for conscience sake." The curriculum, the whole educational scheme of the grade and high-school, was responsible for his educational misfit. He had a good start for college and

a professional career, but his equipment for making his way in a factory was about as deficient as the imagination could well suggest. And those who go the way of the factory, the store, the shop and the streets, are thousands to the tens who persevere to the university class-room.

From the fact that a great body of pupils drop out of the grades of the city school when the demands of the compulsory education laws have been satisfied, the importance of another defect in our schools may be realized. I refer to the tendency to put the best teachers in the higher grades of the high school. This results in placing the instruction of the younger pupils—the greatest in numbers—in the hands of the teachers who are least "interesting," who are least capable of investing study with a charm and attraction that will arouse the interest and ambition of the pupils and lure them to continuing in school beyond the point of compulsion. If this defect in our common-school system were generally remedied, I cannot doubt that the ranks of those who "drop out" would be substantially diminished.

Only a slight review of the army of the boys who "drop out" of the schools of a large city is necessary to reveal two startling facts: first, that they assign as a reason for their indifference the fact that "there's no use going any more, because they can't graduate anyway"; second, that large numbers of them, as soon as this conclusion is reached, use the school as a blind to escape work and spend their time "loafing"—a technical term used to cover truancy and a "good time" ranging the streets and, generally, "shooting craps" in alleys and acquiring a comprehensive education in vice and degeneracy. This they can do with much greater facility when they are above the age covered by the compulsory education statutes. While it is impossible to give statistics on this matter, it is true that a very large proportion of pupils start upon this course of systematic truancy at the point where they become convinced

ed that they are not elected to graduation.

I cannot escape the conviction that there is too much of a tendency, so far as our common schools are concerned, to educate the mass of our boys out of touch with their social and vocational needs—too much of a tendency to make prizes of them and to give them a dislike for any calling which will not allow them to wear nice clothes and keep their hands unsoiled. All honor to the boy who feels that he is called by his own natural gifts to do what his condition in life fits him for.

The educational system which stimulates the boy to rise above his environment and go higher in the vocational and social scale is a good system so long as it actually accomplishes this result in a fair percentage of cases; but it is not desirable when it achieves this at the cost of making a high percentage of educational misfits in order to elevate a few into the intellectual or professional pursuits.

Common-school training should be a common-sense training adjusted to bear directly upon the reasonable expectations of the mass of pupils, upon the needs of the community and the needs of the individual in his relation to his community. Probably many sons and mothers who have done washing and other manual labor as a means of livelihood have become professional men—lawyers, doctors, ministers, teachers and college professors; but I submit that, in the instance which I have just cited, a more sensible education for the boy in question would have been a solid grounding in the elemental and vocational studies—mathematics, English, manual training, physics and business subjects, instead of Latin, Greek, French and German. And those whose condition and prospects in life correspond to those of this boy are legion and form the great majority of the pupils of the public schools in the larger cities.

After all, utility should be the supreme test in education. And this standard should be especially applied in shaping the course of study in the

common schools. The statement that the curriculum of the public schools will not generally stand this test may be a surprise to many parents; but such is the lamentable fact. Until very recently it has taken a courageous educator to come out into the open and squarely defend the utilitarian theory of education and fight for vocational studies for their own sake. On the other hand, there has been no lack of champions for the leisure-class theory of education. It has been fashionable to contend for those lines of study whose advantages must be mainly collateral rather than direct, for general mental discipline and a broad liberation and harmonious development of the faculties, as contrasted with a training calculated to fit the pupil for the successful pursuit of a vocation—although, perhaps, a humble one. Those who have had the hardihood to contend for the so-called "fads"—such as drawing, chemistry, manual training and household arts—seem to have often felt it necessary to make their defense along the line of the leisure-class theory of training by arguing that these studies should be pursued because they liberate the faculties, put an edge on the powers of observation and elevate the mind into the altitude of clear and logical thinking. For one, I have no hesitation in saying that the men who make the curriculums of our public schools put the emphasis on the elemental and the vocational studies because a majority of the pupils cannot hope to enter professional life, and should, therefore, be trained by the shortest and most direct cut to fit themselves for the life of labor in shops, stores and offices.

One of the most important developments of modern education is the recognition that all pupils are not alike; that some are of the practical, executive type, while others are of a receptive and scholarly bent of mind. Under the old theory of education the receptive boy made a good showing in his school career, while the boy of the practical and executive turn had a poor standing as a pupil. But keen observers of educational currents

could not escape the fact that a high percentage of the boys who scored little short of a failure in school quickly outdistanced the "studious" and "scholarly" boys in the serious and responsible struggle of practical affairs.

Certainly the facts have taught us that the restless, driving, executive kind of boy is as of sound and valuable timber as the docile, studious and receptive boys, that he is as likely to cut as wide a swathe in the world's affairs as the lad who "stands higher" in class rank, and that he is as well worth educating as the "natural scholar." And we are coming, too, to recognize that he is as much entitled to a training which fits his special temperament and endowments as is the scholarly boy.

In spite of the pessimists recent years have seen a remarkable expansion of our democratic institutions; our industrial and commercial institutions have not only expanded and multiplied marvelously, but they have grown more varied and complete. This means that the call for new workers of the practical and executive type has increased and is increasing in a ratio that we can scarcely comprehend. Boys of practical and "motor" tendencies hear the call for action early and with increasing urgency.

What is the result? If they are not held in school by a line of instruction which appeals to their instincts they will quit the schoolroom long before they should and miss these studies which would naturally give them their best and richest equipment for the activities of industry, commerce and politics—studies which come in the high-school course when

the high-school is even approximately the people's college, instead of a feeder to the university, where the fetish of graduation is the central shrine to which all eyes are directed.

If I were to indulge in a word of prophecy I would say that the high-school of the future will be closer to the people than to the college; that its curriculum will do more for the children of the plain people; that it will make a broader and stronger appeal to, and a better provision for, the boy who has small interest in college, but feels he must "quit and go to work"; that its course will smack less of those studies which tradition holds to be divinely appointed agencies for "mental discipline"; that it will have less of the cast-iron program and will less and less attempt to mould all pupils to the same pattern; that it will give culture to those who seek culture and help all to strike straight for the goal dictated by their own natural impulses, whether that be a business or a profession.

More than that, it will increasingly put up to the pupil himself the selection of his course and the responsibility of its faithful pursuit. And there is nothing better for the development of character than driving at a fixed purpose with a clear sense of responsibility.

Our public schools will not be common in the truest sense of the word until these conditions are measurably realized, and until the ability of the pupil to build a gas-engine, construct a dynamo or make a difficult chemical analysis is as highly recognized as the ability to translate Virgil or Homer or demonstrate a tough proposition in geometry.

Poverty Boon to Boys

By Dr. Melissa C. Peters in Chicago Tribune

THE cottage has contributed more than the castle in the making of manhood, the country has given birth to more great men than the city, and the university of hard knocks has graduated the best scholars.

Poverty, instead of pinching, dwarfing, and shutting a man up, enlarges and embosoms him and sets him free.

The best dowry for a boy is a childhood spent outdoors. Eighty per cent of the college students come from the farm. The country and the common people have always given to the world its seers and sages. Call the roll of the great and glorious in life and death—they were born in mansions of poverty and cradled in obscurity. Fully 85 per cent of the possessors of palaces in America were born in poverty and brought up in the country. Genius has rocked her biggest children in the cradle of hardship. One of the winning forces in life consists in being handicapped. Columbus, discoverer of peerless, untraveled, unapproached, and unapproachable America, was the son of a weaver and a weaver himself; Homer was the son of a small farmer, and

Seven cities claim him—dead—

Through whose streets he begged for bread

Mohammed, founder of a new religion and who changed the face of empires, was an orphan at 8 and afterwards a camel driver; Copernicus, who introduced the modern system of astronomy, was a baker's son; Stephenson, inventor of the locomotive, and Watt, perfecter of the steam engine, were both of poor and humble origin; Shakespeare, to whose far reaching, all embracing genius all the world does honor, was the son of a wool carder; Robert Burns, who has taken his place in the galaxy of British poets as an immortal, a star of the first magnitude, whose light glows brighter in the flight of time, was a plowman; Daniel Webster, the most versatile

statesman America has produced, worked on a farm as a boy, and when a student at Dartmouth a friend sent him a recipe to grease his boots, he sent back word: "But my boots need other doctoring; they admit water and even gravel stones"; Henry Clay, whose passionate appeals and fervid periods placed him first among American orators, was "the millboy of the slashes," his widowed mother being so poor that she could not send him to school, but conscious of his oratorical abilities, he began to speak in a barn with only a horse and a cow for an audience.

Stephen Girard, the second richest man in his day, came to America as a cabin boy on a vessel, and commenced life in the new world with a sixpence, but he made the world his best school and his industry his best capital. Cornelius Vanderbilt laid the foundation of his great fortune with \$50 his mother gave him of her savings to buy a small sailboat, with which he transported garden truck from Staten Island to New York City. When the wind was unfavorable he pushed the boat along by poles, and got his freight to market in season. After a while he began to run and build steamboats, pitting his savings into railroads, which then were being constructed rapidly. John Jacob Astor bear furs for Hayman Levy at a dollar a day. Nicholas Low, ancestor of Seth Low, laid the foundation of his fortune in a hoghead of rum purchased from the same employer.

Young man, don't say that you can do nothing because you are poor or because you can have no one to help you. Take down any encyclopedia or biography, or, better still, look around your city or town and you will see that your distinguished men were rocked in the cradles of lowly cottages and buffeted the billows of fate, depending on their own energy.



You have no right to be discouraged on account of adverse circumstances or even feeble abilities, for every giant oak in the forest was once an acorn, licked about by the feet of passing swine. Look about you for proof of what I say and you can easily corroborate my statements. The most successful men in business and professional life began the world in their shirt-sleeves. It seems that an essential condition of success is the necessity of working hard and faring meanly. Those who begin with fortunes generally lose them; those who begin life on crutches will always limp. Necessity is the stimulus to industry, hence the blessing of labor, which is the root of all pro-

gress in the individual as well as in civilization and in nations.

Don't dream of some Hercules coming to give you a lift. All rich men's sons are not fools, no more than are poor children all wise, but the heaviest curse on a child, as a rule, is inherited wealth. Many a father is his children's worst enemy when he accumulates riches for them to squander. Beethoven said of Rossini that he had the stuff in him to make a good musician; if he had only been well flogged when a boy; he was spoiled by the ease with which he composed.

Many a man has been spoiled by the ease with which he began life. Success is chiefly due to one's own ability, determination, courage, and will.

Window Glass Making

New York Commercial

In the different towns in the gas belt of Kansas there are great factories where window glass is made. It is an interesting process. Great bins of sand, carbon and lime mixed together in a fine powder are ready to be dumped by a swinging crane, about pounds at a time, into the crucible or "tank" of melting glass near by. At hand also are heaps of broken glass—the trimmings and debris of the factory. These are also melted up and used again. The furnace fire, fed by gas, glows to a brilliant white.

The crucibles of baked clay are bathed in this heat of 2,800 degrees. Into these crucibles a placed Belgian loads from time to time the mixture of sand, carbon and lime until when melted it makes 600 tons of molten glass. It is this molten glass at the other end of the furnace that the blowers take out on their blow pipes to use. The Belgian wears smoked glasses to protect his eyes from the fiery light.

The dozen furnaces throw a brilliant light across the floor, but cast strange bobbing and crouching

shadows up among the dark rafters. There is no talk—breath is precious where it is used to make window glass. Scantly dressed men hurry here and there, carrying great wads of soft glass so white as to throw out a slight violet glow.

Each man is a clear-cut rosy silhouette against a dark background, if you see the furnace side of him, or a sharp, black silhouette against a light background if he stands between you and the furnace.

Possibly the most picturesque part of it all is the place where the blower takes the lump of glass with its cavity possibly 18 inches long, and skillfully increases that cavity by further inflating it with his breath until it is fully as large as himself.

He stands before the open door of a furnace. A swinging screen is between him and the fire. The screen is notched on which he may rest his blowpipe with its long glass weight at the end.

Resting the cylinder so he may push it into the fiery furnace if it has

grown slightly hard, or at a movement, draw it out again.

The melted glass is taken by a man called a "gatherer," on the end of a blowpipe, that is a hollow crowbar-like instrument. The mass of soft glass to be worked weighs perhaps 50 or 60 pounds. The blower injects air by blowing through his pipe into the middle of it to inflate it like a balloon, except that the hollow glass is much longer than wide, and looks a monstrous bottle five feet long dangling by its neck from the end of the blowpipe.

In manipulating the glass the blower must keep the huge bottle suspended and moving almost constantly, and for this a long opening into the basement is made in the floor before him. Here he swings back and forth his great six-foot blowpipe with six feet more of glass at the end. Now and then he twirls it gaily upward and resting it on the screen swings it lightly into the fire, blows a little perhaps and before you know it has it back down in the opening in the floor, swinging it skillfully back and forth, twirling it lightly as though it did not weigh, blowpipe and all, something like 70 pounds.

Just before the glass becomes too hard to manage, the blower, by one of those simple twists, which he is paid good wages for knowing how to do, manages to cause a helle to appear in the bottom of the bottle, and it widens and widens for a minute or two until there is no bottom to the bottle. A helper then takes the blowpipe with the now hard bottomless bottle and carefully breaks off the one from the other.

Along comes the "snapper" who winds a little string of soft red hot glass around our big bottle at just the point where the sides begin to narrow toward the neck. A little rap on the glass and the neck drops off cleaving away in a perfect line just where the red hot glass touched. We now have left a great perfect cylinder of glass five feet long and 14 or 18 inches in diameter and weighing about 60 pounds blowpipe and all.

As it lies on the table another man

reaches into it with a red hot iron looking like a poker. He traces with this red hot point a straight line on the side of the cylinder from end to end and at once the glass splits on that line. Now you have a cylinder with a crack down one side, and you can readily see that if the cylinder can be persuaded to flatten out it will be a nearly square sheet.

Here comes a reckless boy with a spring pushcart. He loads ten of these cylinders on, placing each in a festoon of two leather straps which are strung on springs, and away he goes full gallop down a slight incline to the "flattening room." There our cylinder will be coaxed out flat by a gentle heating, great enough to soften, but not enough to melt the glass.

A great low oven is the flattening place. A boy lifts into the oven onto a traveling table one of the huge cylinders. You remember it has been cooled, so now the end of the oven at which it enters is not very warm, but it is moved along by hidden machinery through greater and greater heat until it finally rests on a smooth stone table in a section of the oven so hot that the glass grows slightly soft, and limp enough so that a man by reaching into the oven with a long-handled scraper, can easily smooth it out flat.

When this has been successfully done, the great revolving stone table on which it has been lying while flattening, wheels it around to a cooler part of the oven.

It is given a little push and slides off on an iron frame which travels slowly through the sections of the oven growing gradually cooler and cooler. At the last end 60 feet away it is cool enough to be handled by a man with gloves, who stands the sheet of glass in a frame which dips it by machinery into a bath of boiling water and muriatic and nitric acids in the basement. This thoroughly cleans the glass.

Glass blowers are strong men. Like the village blacksmith, their "muscles are strong as iron bands."

The glass blower is proud of his work. He chases it when a boy; he

expects to stay with it while he lives. He is proud that his father before him and his grandfather, yes, and often his great-grandfather before him

were blowers, and he hopes and believes that his family to come for generations more will also be blowers of glass.

The Forester and His Work

By Allen H. Holston in Overland Monthly

THE early forests of America were the result of nature's unaided forces for working countless ages. Their grandeur and magnitude were unsurpassed by any other country. This condition did not last, however, for with the coming of the early pioneers, whose only thought about trees was to cut them down, there began a gradual destruction of the forests. The indifference of the past Americans toward the preservation of the forests for the benefit of future generations is being realized. The great business and forest interests of the nation have been joined together. The American people have at last begun to value their timbered regions, and desire their protection. Forests reserves have been established, and the necessity of preserving the public forests permanently is leading to a national policy concerning them.

The needs of the nation demand that the forests should thrive and flourish, for the many national industries are directly and indirectly dependent upon them. The rainfall is increased, floods are held back, soil is kept in place and the flow of rivers equalized because of the forests, and were they destroyed the wild game could not live. These uses, in addition to many others, show the value of the forests to a country and its advancement. Since more wood is used in our own land at the present time than ever before, a timber famine is inevitable unless the present rate of forest destruction in America is checked. The cutting of timber, for whatever purpose, should be under the most careful supervision. Not only should the older forests be protected, but new ones started and cared

for. The accomplishment of all this great work of saving the forests lies in the hands of the forester, and it is he who is and will continue to be one of the great influences ensuring the prosperity of this and of the future ages.

The forester of to-day is highly educated, not only along one line, but along several. He understands botany, geology, physical geography, chemistry, hydrography, as well as technical civil engineering, and is able to handle all business dealings with lumber. It is for him to help the forest render its best service to man, in such a way as to increase rather than to diminish its usefulness in the future. The demands which mankind have made upon the forest must be met steadily and permanently; therefore, it is the prime object of the forester to make the forest produce wood of the best kind continually. The essential condition for the best health and productiveness of timbered sections is the timely removal of mature trees, and it is the forester who knows just when certain trees are ready to be cut down, and how to cut them. Although the forester works from an economic point of view—in fact, he wishes to secure the greatest amount of the most useful material in the shortest time—he accomplishes his purpose by a wise use of the forest, and in no other way.

All life in the forest is under the forester's care—the game, insects, fungi and trees. As a botanist, in order to rear and protect trees, he knows all about their life and habits; he understands the requirements of each particular variety from the time that the seed falls to the ground and

germinates, through its various stages until in old age it dies, decays and falls to the ground. He is familiar not only with their lives individually but collectively, as most of his problems are connected not with single trees, but with great forests. For this reason the forester must be conversant with many of the laws of nature. The great struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest, are among the most important of these laws. To combine these and learn to make them bring forth the best possible results, is the art of science. It is also the art of the forester. Directly associated with his knowledge of botany, is the forester's knowledge of chemistry; especially as it is applied to the composition of wood and the transpiration of plants and trees. The forester looks after the reproduction of his crops systematically. He knows what trees are undesirable and removes them in order to make room for the useful ones. Artificial replanting of a forest is sometimes necessary but natural regeneration is nearly always possible. In the reproduction of a forest, it is very important that the forester should know all about the various means of seed distribution, and how to transplant young trees. The tasks involved in the reforestation of sand-dunes and barren mountain sides are hard ones, and the forester who is able to successfully accomplish them possesses a marked degree of skill in his work.

Possessing a good working knowledge of physical geography; geology and hydrography, the forester is able to meet and conquer many difficulties. He knows the relation the mountains and streams have to the forest, and is able to note the influence the forest has upon the atmosphere and climate of a locality. He discovers in what way it affects the rainfall and evaporation, and can determine how the various earth and rock formations and constituents of the soil may increase or retard the growth of the forests. The forester understands and is able to use all of the instruments for measuring the temperature and evaporation of water, and can describe

or form maps of streams and lakes, showing, not only their geographical position, but their position with reference to the climatic conditions and forest growth, from which many valuable and interesting problems can be drawn.

As an engineer, the forester has much to do. If thoroughly competent, he is able to make line surveys, as well as topographical maps of forest property. Engineering ability is required in building roads, railroads, flumes and other permanent means of transportation. To get the forest products transported as cheaply, but as efficiently, as possible, is the forester's aim as an engineer.

The forester, as a practical man of business and executive ability, knows his forest thoroughly, and is capable of managing all work done by his subordinates in the field. He knows the lumbering business from beginning to end, and is fully competent to take charge of the saw mills and lumbering camps in the forests under his control. It is his duty to select sites for camps and to make working plans for the proper cutting of the timber. He does not allow valuable timber to be used in wasteful ways, such as putting it in skidways, and he also takes care that the trees are not cut too high. After the timber is cut, the forester knows how much per thousand feet it will cost to get it converted into lumber.

The work required of the forester of private, State or national property calls for practically the same amount of education and experience along the lines mentioned. Having sufficient knowledge of all the necessary subjects that come in his work, the forester is ready for business. After making a preliminary cruise of the land he is to take charge of, the first thing to be done is to make an estimate of the actual amount of useful timber upon it. The forester accomplishes this by conducting valuation surveys, which perhaps is the most important part of all this work.

The next important thing in the management of a forest is the analyzing of the stems or trunks of

various kinds and sizes of useful trees. This work is done by parties of from five to ten men, and is exceedingly interesting, as well as instructive work for beginners in forestry. The condition of each tree, whether sound or not, the soundness of its trunk, and the length of the logs into which it could best be sawed, is recorded. It is the forester's object to find the average rate of growth and then compute how long it will take a tree, under certain conditions, to realize a desired diameter. The age of a tree is learned by counting the number of annual rings of growth at its stump. All points in the history of a tree are definitely found out and their characteristics learned.

The final success of a forester is largely dependent upon his knowledge of silviculture, which is nearly as important as the data gathered from the surveys and stem analyses. As a part of that knowledge, he knows under just what conditions the seeds of trees will best germinate and grow. Unless all of the forester's specifications concerning timber are upheld by a thorough knowledge of silviculture, they are not likely to prove of value.

After the field season is over, the forester still has much office work, and from the conclusion he draws, a working plan is made for the lumbering of the forest. He also writes recommendations concerning the prevention of soil erosion, the best means of preventing and overcoming forest fires, which, by the way, is his greatest obstacle, and ways of fighting the many other enemies of the forest, such as insects and certain kinds of fungi. In addition, he also determines the methods for the grazing of stock, of various kinds, and at what seasons, it will be most profitable and cause the least amount of damage. With all the data he has collected, he makes

maps representing the rise in height of trees with their increase in diameter, and also their rise in height with the increase in age. All this work is done before the real facts of the field survey can be determined. When this has been accomplished, the true results of the management of the particular tract or forest claim under his care is known.

The development of such practical forestry is universally a national question, and few governments are without a permanent forest commission. The benefits derived from the application of proper forestry principles, under the management of trained foresters in the Government service, is constantly leading private timber owners to seek the help of efficient men to take charge of their forests. Forest management, therefore, has opened a wide field for the employment of men of strong character and ability—men who are not afraid to meet difficulties and endure hardships.

Although the life of a forester is not an easy one, and requires constant mental activity, there is something about it that appeals to the nobler, finer self of every man. Not every one has the privilege of that enjoyment of the wild, which is so great a part of the routine of the forester's daily life.

There is always something new in his profession—something about the trees to discover—untrodden regions to explore. By continual association with nature and the spiritual influence and inspiration of the forest, he is made a better man—one whose life counts for something in the advancement of all humanity.

To this end his whole life is given, and there lives no one more worthy of our honor and respect or more deserving of a nation's pride and homage than the forester—the man of this and of all ages to come.

The Ransom of Red Chief

By O. Henry in Saturday Evening Post

It looked like a good thing; but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, "during a moment of temporary mental apparition"; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of a sordidness and self-satisfied class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables, and maybe, some lachrymated bloodhounds and a diatribe or two of the weekly Farmers' Budget. So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the color of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation

of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

"Hey, little boy?" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

"That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars," says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

"That boy put up a fight like a writer-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy so the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was passing court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rocks at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail-feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

"Hal cursed paleface, so you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

"He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made

him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

"I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five peeples. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed. Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tip-toe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a warwhoop that made Old Hank, the Trapper, shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

"Red Chief," says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

"Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

"Not right away," says I. "We'll stay here in the cave a while."

"All right!" says he. "That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life."

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd

run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: "Hiss! pard," in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawns, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but long toward sun-up I remembered Red Chief had said I was to be harmed at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

"What you getting up so soon for, Sam?" asked Bill.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it."

"You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. You was to be harmed at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you

think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?"

"Sure," said I. "A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dot on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoitre."

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man plowing with a don mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no counters dashed lumber and you, bringing tidings of no news to the distressed parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. "Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambskin from the fold, Heaven help the wolves!" says I, and went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cucumber.

"He put a red hot boiled potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?"

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patted up the argument. "I'll fix you," says the kid to Bill. "No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!"

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

"What's he up to now?" says Bill, anxiously. "You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?"

"No fear of it," says I. "He don't seem to be much of a home body. But

we've got to fix some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbors. Anyhow, he'll be missed to-day. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return."

Just then we heard a kind of a warwhoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying-pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: "Sam, do you know who my favorite Biblical character is?"

"Take it easy," says I. "You'll come to your senses presently."

"King Herod," says he. "You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?"

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

"If you don't behave," says I, "I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?"

"I was only fanning," says he sulkily. "I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout to-day."

"I don't know the game," says I. "That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are

sorry for hurting him, or home you go at once."

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave; and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

"You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood—in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged sky-rocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

"I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, was a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. I ain't accepting," says he, "to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me."

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter than ran this way:

Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.;

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skillful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money

to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply—as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

If you attempt any trespassing or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them on further communication will be attempted.

Two Desperate Men.

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says: "Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone."

"Play it, of course," says I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?"

"I'm the Black Scout," says Red Chief, "and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

"All right," says I. "It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages."

"What am I to do?" asks Bill, looking at the kid, suspicious.

"You are the boss," says the Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a horse?"

"You'd better keep him interested," said I, "till we get the scheme going. Loosen up."

Bill gets down on his all fours, and

a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

"How far is it to the stockade, kid?" he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

"Ninety miles," says the Black Scout. "And you have to tramp yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!"

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side. "For Heaven's sake," says Bill, "hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I'll get up and warm you good."

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post office and store, talking with the chawbacons that came in to trade. One whiskeysnake says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously, and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and raked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wobbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

"Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine predilections and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was sub-

jugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of deprecation; but there came a limit."

"What's the trouble, Bill?" I asks him.

"I was rode," says Bill, "the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black and blue from the knees down; and I've got to have two or three bites on my hump and hand cutters."

"But he's gone"—continues Bill—"gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the mad-house."

Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

"Bill," says I, "there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

"No," says Bill, "nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?"

"Then you might turn around," says I, "and have a look behind you."

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to plink aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill broadened up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to

commend itself to professional kidnappers. The tree under which the answer was to be left—and the money later on—was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But, no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up at that tree, as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road, a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence-post, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence-post, slipped the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

Two desperate men:

Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbors believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back. Very respectfully,

Elbenzer Dorset.

"Great pirates of Penance!" says I; "of all the impudences——" But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his

eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

"Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spend-thrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

"Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he-eve lamb has somewhat got on my nerves, too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom and make our get-away."

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Elbenzer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a callopie and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father pried him away gradually, like a peonias plaster.

"How long c'en you hold him?" asks Bill.

"I am not as strong as I used to be," says old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes."

"Enough," says Bill. "In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border."

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

The Sins of Simon

By Ellis Parker Butler in Cosmopolis

THE Mississippi was "up"—which means that the river was having the usual spring "rise," and that where once a dreary width of parched mud extended for a hundred yards beyond the fringe of sagging willows that lined the railroad embankment there was now a swirl of deep water—and in consequence the row of ten or twelve shanty-boats had moved in and were tied close up to the bank so that only a short plank was needed to form a landing-stage. The shanty-boats congregated a mile or two above town because there the shiftless boatmen were not obliged to pay wharfage, and to paying for anything but whiskey they had an undying aversion because the acquisition of money meant work, and work was contrary to their philosophy of life.

The shanty boatmen fished a little, both for food and for profit, and at times they added a little to their income by catching a stray log that had broken away from some raft and which they sold to the sawmill at the town below, but altogether they lived a dirty and indolent life and were looked upon with more or less suspicion by the near-by farmers and by the citizens of the town. Much of the suspicion was unjust and undeserved, for few of the shanty boatmen were vicious. The worst that could be said of them was that they were lazy and improvident and lived without asserting the inalienable right of every American to pay taxes. But such of their faults were they were permanent. The river had cast its spell over them, and once a river-rat, always a river-rat. They were mostly long, lean, and with bronze faces deeply lined by the weathering of many years. The women were slovenly and unkempt and weary-looking, acquainted with ague. The children were many. Everyone went barefoot all summer. It was a community of

equal poverty for all and of special privileges for none.

It was June, and hot. Inside the low cabins of the shanty-boats it was stifling, and the women had, as a rule, taken their potatoes to the decks at the shady ends of the boats and satolling over the paring of them, preparing dinner. The men were off fishing or up in the cool woods sleeping under the trees, and the children were playing wherever they choose.

As a rule all the doors and windows were open, but one boat had both doors closed, and on the narrower shoreward deck a girl sat with her arms around her knees and her chin buried in them. She was rocking to and fro and looking up at the hill beyond the railroad track. This was Sal Bang, only daughter of Sime Bang, whose wife had, as he said, "died on him" when Sal was six. She was fourteen now, and had been cook and mismanager of the shanty-boat for eight years. Sime was inside on his cot bed, groaning and, as far as indications went, dying a hard death. Sal was waiting to see whether he was really dying or was only drunk, but his groans increased and he called for water. When he called for water Sal felt that he must in fact be dying. She had not believed him when he told her, but the request for water was a symptom she had never met before, and it made her feel that he was actually near death. She went in and gave him a drink and then stood and watched him for a while, not knowing what else to do. Then she went out and shut the door and waited another while. The groans increased, and she stepped quickly out of the shade and crossed the sun-hot plank and hurried down the burning track bed to the next shanty-boat.

Mrs. Rufus Wallers looked up from her pan of potatoes as the girl stopped before her. "What's up, Sal?" she asked. "What ye want to hurry?"

The girl seated herself on the edge of the deck and let her brown feet dabble in the water. "I guess pa's dyin'," she said clearly. "I can't make anything else out of it, he is carryin' on so. Just no-a-groanin' all the time, and he is sure as sick as a dog. I guess maybe you had better go over; I can't seem to ease him now."

"He ain't just drunk, is he?" asked Mrs. Rufe doubtfully. "I'm mortal busy, and if it is just another of his drunks I ain't got time to bother. I been over to help your pa die, and then found it was nothin' but liquor about once more than I have got time to spare for. Don't you be foolin' me, Sal, for if he's just drunk and I go over it will be the last time I'll go."

Sally hesitated. "Well," she said, "I ain't even seen no one die, but pa says he is sure dyin' this time. I won't cross my heart on it, but that's what he says. Maybe it's liquor. I won't say but he's had some. He took some fish up to Schultz's yesterday and come back with a jug of white wine."

"Then don't tell me your pa is dyin'," said Mrs. Rufe. "I know that white wine that old Schultz makes out of his own vineyard. I had some of it and my old man he had some, once, and I know how pizen it is. I guess me and the old man had all the symptoms of dyin' too, when we had drunk a couple of glasses of that white wine of Schultz's, but we didn't know. When a person's got two glasses of that in him he don't know anything at all. I guess you had better go home and wait a bit, Sally, and see how your pa does in an hour or two."

The girl got up and started home slowly. "All right," she said indolently. "Bein' as we was neighbors I thought you'd like to see him die, if he was goin' to, but if he ain't it don't matter. I guess maybe it was the white wine, if it works that way, 'cause he hid down a lot of it. He drunk up the whole jugful."

Mrs. Rufe dropped her knife and stood upright with greater energy than she had given way to in years. "What's that?" she cried. "Your pa drunk a whole jugful of Schultz's

home-made white wine? Why didn't you say so long ago, instead of settin' there like a mummy? It's a blessing if he ain't dead already. That's sure death, that is, to drink that much of Schultz's white wine. I'd sooner be took with smallpox and carbolic acid and cholera and raw pizen than drink half that much of Schultz's white wine. I would! You skip home as fast as you can, and I'll be along 'fore you get there!"

The girl did as she was told. She ran lightly along the railroad ties and crossed the short plank, but at the door of the shanty she paused. Her father was not dead yet, in any event. He was too noisy for any dead man, even one containing too much of Schultz's home-made white wine, and his groans were mingled with words that threatened Sally with a good lashing when he got hold of her. She thought it best to wait for Mrs. Rufe Wallers to appear.

Mrs. Wallers was not so light of foot as Sally and as she crossed the plank Sime Bang heard her, and he unconsciously dropped into pure and simple groaning. I suppose we all do the same sort of thing at times. If there is any sympathy due us there is no use driving it away by unnecessary words. A groan is a good enough advertisement of our pain and is a non-committal sort of symptom. If we are really sick it expresses the pain very well, and if we are not as sick as we might be a groan is still a good thing to have handy. A person who bears a lot of pain without groaning is piling on a lot of useless style and, as like as not, does not get the reputation of being a stoic after all, no matter how much he wants that reputation. A little fresh sympathy goes farther than a great deal of indifference in causing a sufferer, and a good hearty groan is the best sympathy piller. I knew one stoic who went to a dentist. He just wasn't going to be a baby about it, no matter how much the dentist hurt him, because he was one of the silent sufferers. So the dentist got out his tools and began to operate his tortures, and the first thing he did was to jab a

raw nerve. The stoic took a harder grip on the arm of the chair and said nothing. Then the dentist gave the raw nerve a harder jab, and the stoic nearly died with pain but would not show it. The dentist looked surprised, and reached for a more deadly tool, and gave the raw nerve a poke that made the stoic's blood run cold and his hair curl, although it was naturally straight hair, but still the stoic would not utter a sound. Then the dentist did things to that raw nerve that would have made a whole race of stoics turn pale, and he kept on doing them, and at last the man in

because you knew it would be deducted from anything you said before your statement would be accepted. And you had to deduct it from anything any one said to you because you knew it was added. If a man said he had caught a ten-pound fish, you knew he had caught an eight-pound one, and not a ten-pound one, because if he had caught a ten-pound fish he would have said he had caught a thirteen-pounder, and if he said he had caught an eight-pounder you knew it was really but a six-pound fish. Once the system was understood it was easy



"The doctor diagnosed the case correctly, after he had heard the story of the jug of wine."

the chair uttered one faint little grunt, and at that the dentist stopped prodding and said, "Well, I thought I never would find that nerve." He had expected the stoic to speak up like any other man, you see, and not lie about it by keeping silent. All he wanted to do was to locate the nerve; after that he did not hurt the man at all.

Sime Bang never made that mistake. He let his pain speak up plainly. This was not exaggeration, because in the shanty-boat village everybody did the same, and it was customary to allow a certain percentage for overstatement. You had to add it

to follow. If Sime Bang, for instance, said he had had a falling out with Rufe Wallers and had "killed the long-legged cuss," you figured off the discount and knew that the two men had had a quarrel and that Sime had hit Rufe over the head with a fish pole, or that, at least, he had shaken his fist at him.

Mrs. Rufe entered the house-boat and decided that Mr. Bang was a very sick man. He groaned like one, and he looked like one, and, in fact, he was a very uncomfortable man. He was really in great pain, and he thought he was dying. He told Mrs. Rufe that he was already dead and

hurried and had a moment on him. He said he felt that way; that it was a big granite monument with "Rest in Peace" on it, and the whole thing set upon his stomach, but upside down, with the pedestal on top and the sharp point of the monument sticking into him. That was apt to be the effect of drinking Schultz's home-made white wine. Mrs. Rufe sent Sally to call the nearest doctor—who happened to be a horse-doctor that lived just at the turn of the road where he had a pasture or two in which he could let sick horses run while he was doctoring them—and herself set about doing what she could to make Sime's last moments easy. The first of these kindly acts was to go through the shanty-boat's secret places to see if there was anything worth carrying off with her when she went home again. There was not much, but she took what there was and was satisfied, for she had not expected to find much. Then she sat herself down and told Sime it served him right to be in such a fix, for anybody with good sense would know enough to let Schultz's white wine alone. This would have eased Sime considerably, no doubt, if he had been able to hear it, but he was too sick to make out the words if he could have heard them, and he was too busy groaning to hear them.

The doctor came and diagnosed the case correctly, after he had heard the story of the jug of wine. He said Sime had the worst case of colic he had ever seen. He had treated a colt once that had a case nearly as bad, but not quite. It would have become as bad as Sime's case if the colt had lived, but he gave the colt some medicine and the colt died before it got as badly off as Sime. He said he was going into town the next day, and he would get Sime some of the same medicine. Maybe it might help him some. You never can tell, he said. It might not do him any good, but it would not hurt him any because as like as not he would be dead before next day, anyway.

All that day Sime tossed and rolled and groaned, but at sundown he be-

came a little quieter, which Mrs. Rufe said was a bad sign. As she went home she told Sally that Sime would likely die at three in the morning, or maybe at a quarter after three, and that she would like to stay and see the end, but she felt her nose coming on and had to get home and to bed. She would send Rufe over to sit up with Sime.

Sally ate a bite or two—Mrs. Rufe had made a dab at getting dinner—and then sat down to wait. She had been up all the previous night while her father had been drinking for there was no sleep when he was drinking, and she was sleepy. Presently her head dropped forward and she fell fast asleep, and that was how Rufe Walters found her when he came in.

"Help me gracious!" he exclaimed, "if the poor kid ain't plumb wore out! Plumb wore out watchin' her old dad kick the bucket! Now, that's what I call dog-gone touchin', I do! With him a-dyin' and my old lady a-jawin' I don't wonder the kid is played out, and what in tarnation she will do when he is dead, I don't know. Hire out, likely."

He picked her up and carried her to her cot bed and laid her on it, and then lighted his pipe and prepared to spend the night. Sime did not need much attention. Rufe bent over him a few minutes and studied him. He seemed to be asleep, but he groaned continually, and it was hard to tell whether he was asleep or in a stupor. At any rate there was nothing to be done, and Rufe lay down on the floor.

He filled all the space that the two cot beds and the stove did not occupy. He was a little different from the average shanty boatman in that he was more cheerful. His optimism was unflinching, and his cheerfulness ever present. He was just as lank and brown and ill dressed as all the rest, but he was ever happy, while the other men were chronically discontented and complaining. His thin face was shriveled into a thousand lathery wrinkles and his hair was sunburned to a rusty tan color, but his eyes were still vividly and childishly blue, and

seemed to be looking always at a wonder-world. He saw a world that was going to yield him great things next year—always next year. The things he set his heart on were always to materialize next year, and as next year is always a year from now he was never disappointed in his hopes. To realize his plans—that never worried him a moment. What is realization, anyway, but the ending of the sweets of anticipation, and anticipation is sweeter than realization. Rufe did not even descend to anticipation. He had the still sweeter morsel—planning great plans without actual anticipation of their eventuating in anything tangible. He lived a romance of great imaginings, and so rich was he that he would plan forty great plans in an hour, and forget them as fast as he planned them.

Rufe was no mere dreamer. He did not dream, for example, of falling heir to some unexpected fortune. That sort of thing gave him no pleasure. He was too practical for that. He planned things. Laid out all the details, just as he would work them out, and the whole thing was to depend on his own exertion or on his on a wit—and then he forgot all about that plan the next minute in thinking up some new and grander plan.

He lay on the floor of Sime's boat and planned. He began by planning Sime's funeral, and forgot that in planning his own, and forgot that in planning his wife's, and forgot that in planning how to get her a new dress, and forgot that in planning how to get shoes for the children to wear when they went to school next winter, and forgot that in planning their weddings, and forgot that in planning something else, and so on until suddenly Sime sat up in bed.

In a moment Rufe was at his side. All he had to do was to stand up, and there he was! Sime looked at him a minute or two before he recognized him.

"Rufe," he said, "I'm dyin'."

"Well, I guess that's so," said Rufe, "but there ain't no use worryin' about it, Sime. I don't see no way to help it, and I guess you won't be no worse

off. Nor Sally won't be. We'll look out for Sally, so don't worry about her nose. You just go ahead and die as calm as you please, and don't harrow up your mind none."

Sime scowled. "That's all right for you to say, Rufe," he said quickly. "I could say the same if it was you that was dyin' instead of me. But it ain't you. It's me that's dyin', and I'm dyin' hard. And I ain't fit to go. No I ain't. If I was I wouldn't kick about goin', but I ain't."

"You lay down and shut up," said Rufe, gently. "You don't know what you're sayin'. If you did you wouldn't say it. You're delirious, that's what you are, Sime, and you're talkin' crazy. And I'll prove it to you, too. Because if you was in your right senses you wouldn't say but what you was as good as the best man on earth. You know you wouldn't. Tain't like you. You lay down or I'll push you down."

Sime wept weakly, but he lay down as he was bid. "Can't a man die like he wants to?" he asked peevishly. "Can't I die settin' up just as well as lyin' down, I'd like to know? You ain't got no right to boss my dyin', Rufe."

"Yes I have, too," Rufe assured him. "You ain't got anything to say about it. You are out of your head, and you ain't competent to take charge. That's what I'm here for."

"I ain't no more out of my head than you are," moaned Sime. "My head's as clear as a bell, and I know it. I'm weak, and I'm sick—dog sick—and I'm dyin', but I ain't out of my head, and when I say I ain't fit to die I mean it."

"Well, maybe you ain't," said Rufe. "Of course I don't want to say you are if you ain't, Sime, and maybe I ain't so well competent to say as you are, but you look all right to me. As near as I can figure, you are as fit to die as any man I know, and if I was you I would just go ahead and die and not worry any. We ain't none of us perfect. I ain't, and you ain't, but you'll do all right, I guess."

Sime groaned and shook his head. "No I won't," he moaned. "I won't

stand no chance at all. I can't go the way I am. I've got a heap of sins a-lyin' on my conscience that I ought to get rid of. You can't guess how many, Rufe, because you ain't had no experience that way. I wisht I had somebody handy that I could sort of confess them sins to. I hear tell that helps a man to die easy. I wisht I could try it. I ain't fittin' to die the way I am."

"I don't see how we are goin' to get no preacher out here this time of night, help me gracious if I do!" said Rufe regretfully. "I'd do it if I could to see you die satisfied. A man can't die but once, and he'd ought to have the right to die right. That's what I say. You don't reckon it would ease you any to confess what's the matter with you to me, do you, Sims?"

"Rufe," Sims groaned, "I'm a-dyin' fast, I am, and my conscience it hurts me 'most as bad as my stomach does. I've got to relieve my mind to somebody."

He lay back and the tears ran down his face. Rufe bent over him and smoothed his brow, and after a moment's hesitation, took his hand.

"Go on, Sims," he urged. "Spit it out. Tell me what's on your mind. I ain't what a preacher would be, but I'm the best that's handy."

The sick man lay silent for a minute or two, and then he spoke. "I ain't got no chance!" he said weakly. "I've been a bad one all my life, and it will count agin me. But I do feel that it will ease me to speak out, Rufe. I-I've always been a hard cussor—"

"Now, that ain't goin' to be held up agin you, Sims," Rufe assured him. "I don't know anybody that don't cuss a bit off and on I do, myself. I guess when it comes to cussin' I cuss twice to your once. Don't let that worry you, poor sufferer."

"And I ain't always told the truth—"

"Who ever did?" he asked. "And when it comes to lyin' you ain't to be compared with me. Just you make your mind easy about that lyin' busi-

ness, Sims. Don't let that disturb your peace of mind. If you had ever learned to lie like I do then you might talk, but beside me you ain't no more than a baby at it."

Sims groaned. "There's worse than that," he said. "I ain't been honest. I've stole. I stole a chicken not no more than a week ago—"

"Now, hold up!" exclaimed Rufe. "That's nothin'! Everybody slips up that way now and agin. We all do. A chicken! Why, I stole two of them just last night. And ducks—I can't tell you how many ducks and geese I have stole! Hardly a day goes by that I don't steal some. I'm always on the steal, appears to me. That ain't no sin worth talkin' about. Ain't you ever done no worse than that?"

"Yes, I have!" declared Sims, shaking his head wearily. "I run off with a man's wife, and my own lawful wife a-dyin'. That's what I done once, Rufe."

"Once!" said Rufe cheerfully. "Once! And you talk about bein' wicked! I just wisht I could say that once was all I ever ran off with a man's wife, and that one was all the wife I had livin' at the time! Why, Sims, there was never in the world a feller like me for the ladies! Daters don't cover the number of times I've run off with poor trustin' wives. Hundreds of times would come nearer to it. I had that sort of a way with me that they couldn't withstand, and that's a fact. I never could see a wife that I didn't run off with her, and there was never a wife see me that she didn't want to run off with me. I was a Don Jew-ann, all right. So don't you worry about one little run-off. That's nothin', and if that's all—"

The sick man moved uneasily on his cot bed. "You do think you're a lot, don't you?" he growled. "Well, I stabbed a man once. Stabbed him, that's what I did, and I meant to kill him, too—"

"Meant to?" said Rufe scornfully. "And didn't you?" But maybe he ran away. I remember that one of the men I tried to kill run away so fast that I couldn't catch him, though I

must say it didn't do him any good, for I had him shot so full of lead that when he came to the river and tried to swim it be sunk like a couplin'-pin, and was drowned. But I don't count that one of my murders. I never did count him. But it wasn't really necessary to count him, I had so many others. Forty-seven, that's the number in my private buryin' grounds—forty-seven. And you talk about meanin' to kill one! Sims, I'm ashamed of you!"

Sims raised himself up in bed. "Looker here, Rufe," he said angrily, "I let you hang around here to hear

make your little forty-seven look so sick—"

"I said forty-seven, did I?" asked Rufe. "Well, maybe I did. I don't recollect what I said. I spoke offhand, not waitin' to make the one poor little assault you mentioned look too pitiful, lest it might rile you, but since you want the truth, Sims, I'll own up that murder has been my leadin' occupation and amusement ever since I was old enough to walk. Forty-seven, did I say? That figger sort of come out natural because it was the number of men I killed one afternoon that was in my mind. That was my top re-



You ain't got no right to boss me dis'n', Rufe.

me confess my sins, and not to brag about what you've done! I ain't goin' to stand it! I don't say but you've a good enough right to do all the things you say, and I don't say but what you've done them, but it ain't you that's a-dyin'—it's me, and it's my time to talk and not yours. You shut up and don't be makin' little of me. I guess I can tell some things that would make all the things you say look like nothin'. You don't think I'd go and confess all I've done, do you? Not to you. I would to a preacher, but not to you. I'd tell a preacher all about the eighty or ninety men I've killed in cold blood, and I'd

cooed for one afternoon, Sims. I might have made it bigger, but I didn't start in killin' until two o'clock—"

The sick man reached over and seized Rufe by the hair. It seemed as if the two would soon be in the midst of a bloody battle, but Sims merely gave the hair one twist and then released it, and Rufe got up and rubbed his head slowly.

"Well," he said, "I guess the old woman will be lookin' for me about now. I guess if there ain't nothin' else I can do for you, Sims, I'll move along home."

Quebec—A Land Without Trusts

By Herbert N. Casson in Murray's

Is that picturesque Canadian country called Quebec there are practically no trusts. It is a land without a Carnegie, a Rockefeller, a Morgan, or a Harriman. It is the idyllic home of the small farm and the small factory. The railway octopus has peculiarly no grip on this northern Eden. In natural wealth it surpasses New England. Its hills are packed with buried treasure; and its boundless forests reach to Labrador and Hudson Bay.

Yet—such is the riddle which I am about to write—this land of freedom and equality is one of the least developed regions in the world. The mass of its people are poor. In their little independent factories they are earning, on an average, ninety cents a day; and the value of their farms—buildings, live stock, and all—was found to be only thirty dollars an acre when the last census was taken in 1901. One-half of the people of this immense land of Quebec, seven times larger than the State of New York, have been driven to seek employment in the mills and factories of trust-ridden New England.

Now that the drums of an antitrust campaign are being beaten in almost every section of the United States, and that railroads and corporations are being pilloried as the enemies of progress and prosperity, it is a striking fact that up in this strange land of Quebec the whole swing of public opinion is in the opposite direction.

"What we want," say the men of Quebec, "is more capital, more railroads, more corporations, more captains of industry. Millionaires have no terrors for us. In fact, our country has lagged behind for lack of them. If you Americans wish to do us a good turn, send us a Frick or a Gates to organize us and to develop our limitless resources, and we will show you a spectacle of prosperity that will sur-

pass the wonderful progress of Manitoba and the Northwest."

Such is the general opinion of Quebec people, rich and poor, as I have found by interviewing several scores of them—bankers, mechanics, writers, socialists, members of Parliament, and farmers. From the driver of a Montreal sleigh-cab up to the matchless Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself, premier of the Dominion, all unite in saying that the urgent need of Quebec is for capital and industrial leadership.

The inhabitants of this trustless province are, in the one matter of business, an army without generals. They are a brilliant rank and file. While they have produced artists, orators, poets, journalists, and statesmen of the highest ability, they have failed, for some inscrutable reason, to create industrial organizers and financiers. With scarcely any exceptions, the few large enterprises now in existence among them have been established either by Americans or by Montreal. The average French-Canadian clings to the old way of hand labor and small production. He is an ideal employee—quick, tractable, moral, and fond of hard work; but only in the rarest instances will he ever become an employer or promoter on his own account. There is not a lazy bone in his little body, but some one else must lay the plans, take the risk, and invest the capital.

If labor created all wealth, Quebec would be a country in which every family had a cornucopia of its own. Instead of the little half-furnished wooden cabins, there would be modern houses of brick and stone. But the French-Canadian works alone. He seldom dreams of co-ordinating a hundred of his fellows into a corporation, so that their united product shall be increased. In fact, as the thin strips of farms along the St. Lawrence show, he is far more inclined

to divide up his property than to enlarge it.

Naturally, the French-Canadian is proud of his country as it is, without the smoke of factories or the clamor of mills. Where else, he asks, is there a river as majestic as the St. Lawrence, or as impressive as the Saguenay, that stupendous chasm of water and cliff? Where is there a city like Quebec, that storehouse of American history? It was here—in this walled city of the north—that the final duel was fought between England and France. Here fell, at the same moment, Wolfe and Montcalm—the one victorious and the other vanquished. It was here that the British bugles silenced the beat of the French drums in the New World; and yet there is no other place that has remained so wholly and unalteredly French.

The French-Canadian is proud of his Montreal—the stately island city which belongs more to the British Empire than to Quebec. In Montreal, too, there are memories of the days of Cartier and Champlain, of Marquette and La Salle, or Benjamin Franklin, Washington Irving, and Thomas Moore.

Most of all, perhaps, at the present time, he is proud of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was born the son of a poor French-Canadian notary, and who is now the Premier of Canada. Sir Wilfrid is a statesman whom Great Britain has on many occasions delighted to honor. He is now a veteran of sixty-five, highly esteemed by Canadians of all nationalities.

When I met him in his Ottawa home—a comfortable brick residence given to him by the members of his party—he was recuperating from his official labors by reading an American magazine. He manifested the keenest interest in American affairs, both in relation to finance and politics. Incidentally, he called attention to the many American books in his library—"A Life of Grant," for instance, Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress," and eight biographies of Abraham Lincoln.

But though the French-Canadians are justly proud of Laurier as a states-

man, they have as yet produced no such genius in the sphere of business. They have shown little aptitude for handling large enterprises; and so, for lack of industrial leaders, the whole northern area of Quebec is still a trackless wilderness. Indeed, half of her land is still half forest—only one-twenty-fifth of it settled, and two-thirds of it unexplored. From 1871 to 1901, her increase in population averaged a little more than one per cent. a year. All told, she has only one family for every square mile of her field and forest.

The fault, if there be any fault, is not in the country itself. It is no farther north than the prosperous States of Montana and Minnesota. Apples, plums, cherries, pears, and even tobacco can be grown easily enough. The soil is fairly good; yet the number of farmers is decreasing, and the total product of the average farm is worth very little more than two dollars a day.

Within the past five years, the influx of American capital has greatly improved the general condition of the people. Farmers are now using harvesters and modern plows. But all through the nineteenth century there were thousands of them who knew no better way to escape the Harvester Trust than by using the sickle and the scythe, or to dodge the Beef Trust than by living on bread, salt pork, and pea soup. Even yet, in the back countries, a tree with jagged branches is often used as a harrow, and grain is separated from its chaff by the flapping of a palm-leaf fan.

In her Laurentian Range, Quebec has a veritable department-store of minerals; yet beyond a little pitting and scratching, nothing has been done to tear the metals from their rocky beds. The output of all her mines would scarcely give each of her people two dollars a year. Just across the boundary, in Ontario, the rich silver mines of Cobalt have recently been developed; but Quebec's buried treasures are still unexploited.

There is iron in Quebec. A recent report, made by a government surveyor, declares that the country in a

certain region is "a mass of magnetic ore," and that the rocks are red with iron rust. Yet this region is still a roadless, mindless wilderness. There is a small furnace at Three Rivers, which makes twenty-five tons of iron a day—a mere spoonful, from a Pittsburgh point of view. Although the Canadian Government gives a bounty of three dollars a ton for iron made from Canadian ore, no one has opened up the iron lands of central Quebec; and it is actually true that the rolling mills of Montreal are now importing steel billets from Belgium.

There is gold in Quebec. Eighty years ago the glint of the yellow dust was first seen; and nuggets that meant the price of a house have been picked up from time to time. But no energetic search for gold has ever been set on foot, and the undoubted wealth of the Laurentian Range still remains practically unmined, waiting for some future John W. Mackay or Adolph Suttro to bring it to light.

There is copper in Quebec, too; waiting for a Clark, a Daly, or a Guggenheim. There are others and lead and mica and petroleum and many valuable clays. There are mineral springs that might be as famous as those of Carlsbad.

"We have granite of exceptional quality," said M. Rivet, the member of Parliament for Hochelaga. "I have seen a whole mountain of it, untouched by pick or drill." In the new Bank of Montreal, designed by the late Stanford White, the most imposing feature is an array of thirty-six granite pillars, fit for an olympic temple; but they were imported from Vermont and Tennessee; not one was quarried in Quebec.

There is one rare and valuable mineral, found in Quebec, and nowhere else in America—asbestos. This strange salamander of minerals is now indispensable. The fierce blaze of a furnace has no more effect upon it than a ray of sunshine; and we are therefore using it for theatre curtains, firemen's uniforms, furnace coverings, stove linings, and innumerable other purposes. Quebec is now producing eighty per cent. of the world's

supply of asbestos. Most of the thirteen small plants now operated in Quebec belong to Americans; and the whole industry is less than thirty years old. For two centuries the asbestos region was surrounded by farms and crisscrossed by roads; yet not one pound of it was dug up and sent to market.

The fisheries of Quebec, in spite of a government bounty of thirty-five thousand dollars a year, are dwindling. Ship-building is a memory of long ago. The most extensive spruce forests in the world—vast enough to make Quebec the future home of the paper trust—have stood practically untouched until the last five or six years. To-day there are a dozen small paper mills in Quebec; but the greater part of the spruce is still made into pulp and shipped as raw material to the heavy mills of Maine.

When I asked a Montreal member of Parliament about the northern part of Quebec, he threw up his hands with a French gesture, and replied:

"The north! I know nothing about the north. No one knows about it. It is the great unknown!"

After consulting with a number of public officials at Ottawa, however, I discovered some extraordinary facts about this "unknown" region. On the northern slope of the Laurentian Range—a vast tract without a town or a railway—the land is as fertile, the climate is as mild, and the snowfall is as light, as on the southern side. For more than two centuries the French-Canadians have huddled together on their narrow farms along the banks of the St. Lawrence, while north of them lay the treasure-hills, of the Laurentians, and hundreds of thousands of acres that can be had for the asking. For lack of pioneers and empire-builders to lead them, one-half of the population of Quebec have emigrated southward into the New England States, instead of northward into a wide, rich country of their own.

The most urgent need of Quebec is a railroad from the St. Lawrence northward to St. James Bay. This would open up seventy million acres of land, and connect Quebec with

Hudson Bay—that inland sea which is greater than ten Lake Superiors. The summer travel alone would probably enable such a railway to pay dividends, as the whole region is a paradise for sportsmen. Here are wild geese, snipe, plover, otter, beaver, mink, deer, marten, and bears in large numbers. At one camp an Indian hunter recently shot eighteen bears. And as for fishing, there are a thousand lakes and countless rivers in this northern wilderness, all populous with trout and salmon.

"We caught ninety-seven trout in one haul," reports a government surveyor. "In the far north," he says, "we found the pike so tame that we killed them with our paddles."

For those who wish to hunt big game, there are the white whales of St. James Bay. In the good old days of the New Bedford whalers, these monsters were worth a hundred dollars apiece to the ships that caught them. It is said that in forty voyages to St. James Bay the whalers harpooned a million dollars' worth of the blond leviathans.

Instead of being a frozen waste, as most Americans believe, this northern region has a lighter snow-fall than the prosperous cities of Ottawa and Montreal. It is in the latitude of England and Denmark, and farther south than any part of Norway.

"I have bathed in the waters of St. James Bay as late as the 3rd of October," said one of the few enterprising woodmen who had made the journey by canoe.

There is a lonely bishop on the shores of this bay, who has devoted his life to the service of the Indians. For many years he has made gardening his summer hobby; and a surveyor who paid him a recent visit reports that the worthy prelate has succeeded in growing tomatoes, celery, carrots, cauliflower, cabbages, rhubarb, lettuce, radishes, persimmons, beets, peas, beans, and red currants. Yet up to the present time the bishop and his garden are more than three hundred miles from the nearest railway.

This untrapped land will yet be the playground of the continent. Here is the Nottawau, a river two miles wide and four hundred miles long, but not nearly as well known as the Congo. Here is Lake Mistassina, with an area of a thousand square miles, where the splash of the white man's paddle has seldom been heard. And here are the falls of the Hamilton River, which have broken the silence of this wilderness for ages with a wild plunging more terrible than that of Niagara.

To do full justice to Quebec, it should be said that a railway has been begun, from Quebec to the north, and constructed for a distance of two hundred miles to Lake St. John. The magical effect of this railroad is at present the talk of Quebec. Sixty thousand people have trekked northward and settled upon the fertile land around Lake St. John. They are raising wheat and all manner of vegetables. Hotels are being built for American tourists; and a tract of land as large as Vermont has been added to the map of civilization in a surprisingly brief space of time.

There is no hostility to capital in this undercapitalized country. In fact, the most puzzling aspect of the whole situation is this—that while the greater part of Quebec is an undeveloped wilderness, its chief city, Montreal, is the financial centre of Canada, and one of the richest cities of its size in the world.

Montreal is the headquarters of the largest Canadian corporations. The oldest is the Hudson Bay Company, foremost of fur trading aggregations. The first railway into Montreal was the Grand Trunk, which located there and built a line to Portland, Maine, more than half a century ago. Later came the Canadian Pacific—that world-girdling system of railways and steamships by means of which a Londoner can now cross the Atlantic Ocean, the American continent, and the Pacific Ocean on a single ticket. Here, too, is the famous Bank of Montreal, whose total assets reach to a hundred and sixty millions of dollars.

Montreal has capital—hundreds of millions. She has millionaires—forty-two of them, all told, it is said. She has mills and factories—nearly four hundred of all sizes. But the vast bulk of her wealth is invested in enterprises that lie outside of the Province of Quebec. Her capitalists are at present building a railway in Cuba. They hold two million dollars' worth of United States Steel stock; and they have placed large amounts at the service of the Wall Street banks. They are the principal pioneers in the development of electric power in Mexico. They control the street car companies in Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Akron, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Havana, Trinidad, Jamaica, and Rio de Janeiro.

Two notable Montreals—Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen—held a thirty-million-dollar interest in James J. Hill's railways. It was their help, in fact, which gave Hill his first start as a railway builder, by putting the Bank of Montreal behind his ventures. And it is understood that the late John W. Mackay was strongly supported in his cable enterprise by these fur-clad financiers of St. James Street, Montreal.

All this brings money to Canada. It builds turreted graystone palaces on the banks of the St. Lawrence. But it does not develop the resources of Quebec. The total manufacturing capital of Montreal is still less than seventy-five millions; and the average Quebec factory can be bought for thirty thousand dollars. The almost unlimited possibilities of water-power at Montreal might make her a manufacturing center with a world-wide commerce; yet not more than one-twentieth of this power is now being utilized. Instead of making their great river run their factories and

keep them warm, the people of Montreal import soft coal from Nova Scotia and Anthracite from the hills of Pennsylvania. There are, of course, several local establishments of the highest rank, such as the new Singer Sewing Machine Works and the Ogilvie Flour Mills; but, generally speaking, there are few industries in Montreal that are worthy of so rich a city.

In the city of Quebec, which is to be the eastern end of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, there are twenty-seven small factories with four thousand workmen—less than will be found in any one of several of the mammoth cotton mills of New England. On the river front not one ship has been built for eleven years; and the rugged old fortress city seems content to stand gaunt and meditate upon the tragic scenes of her earlier days.

In this attractive land of romance and mystery, nothing is lacking except the man with the business brain, who dares to carry out large enterprises and to organize his fellow men into productive regiments and armies. And so, while the story of Quebec is a poem—an epic—a tale of heroism and adventure, it is also an economic sledge hammer against those who believe that the captain of industry is unnecessary to the growth and prosperity of a nation.

Sooner or later the great leaders will arise in this land of boundless possibilities. Several are now on the spot who show promise of coming greatness; and it is quite possible that this generation may live to see the vast Quebec wilderness tamed by railways, the northern farmlands settled, and the rocky led lifted from the treasure chest of the Laurentian Range.

Acquire Work Habit Early

By Martin Arnold in *Worker's Magazine*

ABOVE the desk of one of the largest employers of help in the country there hangs a carefully lettered sign reading:

.....
GET THE WORK HABIT.
.....

The general employing policy of the firm lives up to the subtle hint of a threat contained in the words, for such persons as do not get the work habit do not remain with the firm any longer than it takes to find them out.

Obviously, the man without the work habit has no place in business. He must be possessed of the habit to a considerable degree even to secure a position, and he must be inoculated with its germ to his last drop of blood if he would succeed. The work habit is something which no workman can be without. Yet the fact remains that there are hundreds of good men turned out of employment each year because they haven't got the habit.

Every worker has one or more of these in his circle of acquaintances—fine fellows, good men, but incapable of holding a position long enough to get into the swing of the work and so make good permanently. They are clever, often brilliant. They are steady, often exemplary in their conduct. But they haven't got the work habit, nor can they get it, and so they fail.

What is the reason? Why can't they work? Because in nine cases out of ten they did not begin to try to acquire the habit early enough. They did not begin working until they were of an age when their dispositions, characters, and habits already were formed and too strongly fixed to permit the acquisition of a new habit in the

degree required to make the work habit effective.

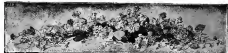
Work is a habit. If a man has not got the habit by the time he is 23 or 24 years old, the chances are that he never will get it. He will have formed other habits or living by suit time which will shut out the new ones. There is one way to get the habit through and through, and one way only.

Start working early. He who begins to earn his daily bread at an early age has at the onset an advantage over the more tardy beginner. He has lots of advantages besides this, but this one is more worthy of attention than any of the others.

He gets the work habit. He's got to get it, because by far the greater majority of those who do begin to work early do so as a matter of necessity, not as a matter of choice; and they either "get the habit" or fall by the wayside at an early stage of the game. By the time they have attained an age where men usually begin to lay the foundations for their careers, if they lay them at all, they have acquired a disposition for working which stands them in good stead for the rest of their lives.

In the first hard years of their working they have acquired the work habit. The other fellow, the fellow who does not have to get an early start, and who does not get it, in these years has been doing everything else than form such habit. As a consequence, when he begins to work he enters into competition with a man who already has learned how to work, and the disadvantage which he labors under is an obvious one. He has to learn to do what the other fellow already knows, and he has to learn while performing, or attempting to perform, the same duties.

Of course he cannot do it; his employer discovers his lack of proficiency and one day when things happen to



go a little worse than usual the late beginner is invited to step in to the private office, where he is told that somehow or other he doesn't seem to fit into his position and that his services will be dispensed with after Saturday. That's what they tell him in the office. What really happens is that he is being removed to make way for another man, a man who got an early start and knew how to work before the other fellow started to learn.

It isn't that the new man can't learn his duties. Of course he can, for often he is brighter and quicker mentally than the other fellow. But it isn't enough that the worker shall know the mere round and routine of his work. The work habit is something quite apart from initiation into duty routine. It is more than knowing how a thing should be done, more than doing it for a day or a week; it is the habit that makes consistent and continued effort second nature to a man and turns him from an aimless, incidental sort of a being into the effective, efficient machine that business demands its successful votaries to be. It is a habit that makes work the great part of a man's life, not a mere incident; that makes other things subservient to it; that makes effort a dead word in his vocabulary, because skill, engendered by the habit, has made the performance of all duties easy.

The man who is forced by circumstances to begin to work early in life

is too prone to sit down and bewail his lack of advantage and to envy the fellows who were able to go through high school and college. If he fails he lays the blame on his early start as a worker. This is false ground. Eight out of ten large employers of various kinds of help have gone on record as preferring to take into their employ the 17-year-old boy with a common school education to the college man of 24. Aside from the question of cheap wages, which is a consideration only in the minor grades, the young fellow at 24 will be a skilled worker, trained to work, well inoculated with the work habit. The older man at 24 will know little or nothing about actual work. His practice in working will be at a minimum. He will know how to think, because he has been trained to that; he will not know how to do, because one learns that only through practice. And it is the man who does things, and does them right, who is wanted in business. Also, unless he differs marvelously from the average college man, he will have learned to play so well that he will only with the greatest reluctance give up his playing for work.

If a man is going to begin to work at all and all men do sooner or later, it is well that he begin early. Then he will get the work habit in its most virulent form; and this is what he needs—though, perhaps, not what he wants.

Hard Work Never Kills

It is a mistaken idea that hard work kills. Hard work never kills. If an individual gets plenty of sleep, and takes good care of his constitution, he is in shape to do hard work.

The man who makes the most in the business world is the man that works hardest, not necessarily doing the most things with his hands, but doing the most things with his brain. The more you do with your brain the less your hands have to do.

It needs hard work to make a success, but you mustn't let worry mix in with your hard work. Hard work brings success, but to do hard work the machinery must be in good order.

Her Chance

By *Ida R. Wyle in Royal*

THE applause died away; the orchestra, wearied by six hours' almost unceasing toil, hastily packed up their instruments and disappeared into mysterious little rabbit-holes beneath the stage; and those singers who had not yet hurried away to change into more modern attire met and shook hands and congratulated each other on a successful evening. For it had been a successful evening—and an interesting one besides. At the last moment, owing to the sudden illness of Herr Edelbert, the part of Guntner had been taken over by a young member of the chorus, and the world had chosen to nod approval at his performance.

Even his more advanced professional brethren were condescendingly appreciative.

"Fine voice!" said the Siegfried of half-an-hour before drawing up the fur collar of his coat. "Has a future before him, that young man!"

And the gentleman with the bass voice grunted assent.

Neither of them noticed a young girl who stood a little on one side listening with eager ears. For she knew who this rising star was. He was her comrade, and they had stood shoulder to shoulder ever since that day, two years ago, when they had met as humble members of the chorus. There had been many sad hours since then—hours when hope and ready money were alike at a low ebb. But they had always helped and comforted each other. This very evening he had been despairing, and she had tried to cheer him with visions of future triumphs. And he had taken her hand unseen in his, and the hardness and bitterness had vanished from his features.

"Ah, if a chance would only come!" he had whispered; "if it would only come, Norah—little comrade. Then things would be so different. Then I shouldn't be gagged with poverty and

failure. Then I could tell you everything that has been on my lips all these weary months!"

And now she stood and waited for him.

Her heart was beating violently, and her hands clasped and unclasped themselves in feverish excitement. For success had come to him—the success for which he had hungered, and whose tarrying had embittered his life. Now his foot was on the first hard-won rung of the long ladder—afterwards the climbing would be easier.

And she was glad, so glad that it seemed as though the dingy theatre had become the golden temple of her dreams, as though the reflection of his triumph had fallen upon her own life and filled her heart with a new warmth. And perhaps, as she was a simple woman, something else mingled itself with her unselfish joy, the hope that now things would indeed be different, and that he would come to her and tell her that which her love had seen already in his eyes.

The crowd dispersed slowly, and at last she saw him walking towards her. His head was uplifted, and his burning eyes fixed straight ahead. Success had swept away all signs of weariness and despair from his clear features. She made a quick step forward and held out her hands. She felt that in this moment they should be nearer and dearer to each other.

"I am so glad," she stammered, her glowing eyes raised to his, "so—very glad, comrade. It has come at last after all this waiting—and now all will be well!"

He looked at her absently, as though his vision were fixed on something afar off. She felt that he hardly knew who she was or what she said.

Then he smiled and nodded. "Thank you, thank you," he said vaguely, touched her hands, and went on.

She watched his retreating form. At the corner of the passage he met the chief singer, an incongruous figure enough, still in her Regency costume, with a modern mantle draped over her broad shoulders.

Norah saw how she stopped Richard and condescendingly gave him her hand. He grew boyishly scarlet, and his lips moved as though in eager thanks.

Norah turned and slipped into the dressing-room. A few minutes before she would not have believed that happiness such as hers could have died so suddenly. Yet it was dead. She scarcely knew why. It was as though an icy, freezing hand had clasped her heart and checked the warm, pulsing flow of her blood. She took down her hat and coat and went out into the street. It was raining hard, but she did not care. She remembered only how tender and thoughtful he had always been, and how at such times he had wrapped her up like a delicate child.

"Think what would become of me if you were ill!" he had laughed.

And now she was going home alone, and a nameless desolation seized her.

"I am tired and foolish," she thought. "Women are weak creatures, after all. I'm crying—and I'm really glad, terribly glad."

She went bravely on, but the lights in the streets swam before her eyes, and the way seemed endless just before she turned into the narrow doorway which led to her dingy dwelling, she heard quick steps behind her, and, turning with a nervous start of alarm, found Richard at her side. By the flickering light of the lamp overhead she could see that he was drenched through, and that there were dark rings under his eyes.

"I thought you'd be surprised," he said gaily. "I saw you in the distance, and ran after you. I'm afraid I startled you, but I couldn't help it. I couldn't wait till to-morrow. I've great news—I had to come and tell you—now when it is all burning and hot, so to speak."

He brushed the dark hair from his

forehead, and she saw that his hand trembled.

"You have good news?" she said. He nodded, and a happy smile touched his lips.

"Splendid! Think of my luck! It just happened that the manager of the Grand Operatic Company was in the theatre to-night. He heard me, and of the circumstances in which I had sung, and afterwards he came round and spoke to me. He asked me dozens of questions: what parts I knew, where I had learnt; and then"—he looked at her eyes brimming over with almost boyish pride and pleasure—"he engaged me. Second heroic tenor, if you please, for his term in America, starting in four weeks' time."

She put out her hand blindly, seeking support. The world had seemed brighter a moment before; now suddenly the darkness and loneliness returned.

"And—you are going?" she said indistinctly.

He looked at her again, this time with a touch of annoyance.

"Of course!" he said. "Would you have me fool away a chance? Aren't you glad?"

"Indeed I am—I told you so—very, very glad," she said, but her voice sounded lifeless. The first flood of her joy had been checked too roughly—it was now raw forced and hollow.

Richard drew himself up. His manner had become cold and formal.

"I must be going," he said. "I ought not to have come. I thought it might interest you. Good-night."

"Good-night," she answered.

Richard raised his hat and walked stiffly away. For a moment he felt nothing but a wounded sense of desertion. He had expected sympathy, and she had given him indifference. Manlike, he had forgotten the warm and eager words which he in his excitement had pushed aside unheeded and unheard.

"She's jealous," he thought. "They say most women are. To-morrow it will be all right again. I suppose I should have felt it, too; and perhaps I was tactless. It's rough to be left

behind; but then, she might have known—my luck is hers."

He stopped under a lamp, and pulling out a pocket opened it. A thin gold ring twinkled in the yellow light, and he smiled at it almost tenderly. It had been bought only a few minutes before, and had cost all his hard-earned savings. But success had come at last, and she was to share it with him just as they had always shared. "To-morrow I will show it her," he murmured. "I will ask her. And then—" He broke off. He was, after all, very foolish and very young, and it was a good thing the street was deserted. He bent down and kissed the humble gold band in its cheap case.

Meanwhile Norah had turned and climbed up the dark stairs to her room. In spite of all her self-control she could not choke back a heavy sob from her lips.

"When we were down in the depths together we stood shoulder to shoulder," was her better thought. "We were comrades—as long as we suffered. A woman is good enough in trouble and misery. She is not needed when success comes."

Her supper stood on the table, but she did not touch it.

She flung herself down on the rickety little bed, and cried out her heart for misery and loneliness.

"I've had my eye on you a good time," the manager said, drawing on his coat. "You have a first-class voice—or will have; and, what's more, you have always been at your post. No silly excuses about headaches and colds, and what not. We managers appreciate that sort of stuff, and now this offer has come, and the season is running to an end, I'm blessed if, out of pure Christian gratitude, I don't give you the chance."

Norah stared at him with mingled doubt and hope. The manager drew out a letter from his pocket, and ran his finger down the lines.

"To start in a week, first-class touring company. Wanted, an heroic soprano as understudy. No pay at first, but all expenses guaranteed. If capable, eventual permanent engage-

ment as first soprano. Can I recommend anyone? That's about the tone of it," the manager concluded. "What do you say—shall I recommend you?"

Norah took a deep breath, and for the first time for many days a smile played about her mouth.

"It's a chance!" she said almost to herself.

The manager chuckled and tapped her familiarly on the shoulder.

"It is a chance," he said. "Warring is a good fellow and will push you if you are capable and worth it. So it's 'yes,' eh?"

"It's 'yes!'" she answered with a short, excited laugh.

For once the man's familiarity did not vex her. She felt above every trivial annoyance in the flood of thankfulness and hope which had burst upon her. She went into the corridor and stretched out her arms like one who had shaken off heavy, humiliating fetters.

Her chance had come, too, and henceforth she stood side by side with those who had fought and won. Her thoughts reverted to Richard, and a hard, more bitter line settled round her mouth. For a week he had not been near the theatre. Everything confirmed her first fears. The successful man had cut himself free for ever from the unsuccessful past.

"We are not comrades any more," she said to herself with uplifted head. "That's done with. But he shall know of this. He shall not think that he has had to free himself from a useless burden."

Later, as she went up the stairs leading to his dreary rooms, she tried to conquer the impulse which had brought her thither.

"Is anyone there?" she called.

A figure arose out of an arm-chair by the empty grate. It was Richard, though for an instant she hardly recognized him, so strong was the contrast between his present weary attitude and the restless, energetic movements of their last meeting.

"Is that you, Norah?" he asked, so quietly that his voice sounded little more than a whisper.

She came further into the room.

"Yes, it most certainly is," she said with a loud, harsh gait. "I'm paying an unconventional visit. Do I bother?"

He had sunk back into his chair with his head in his hands, and made no answer. But her gaze was turned resolutely away from him.

"You see, we have been such staunch comrades," she said with veiled sarcasm. "We have always shared good and ill alike, and I had to tell you. You are interested, aren't you?"

"Yes, Norah, of course," he answered hoarsely.

"It seems as though Good Luck has been busy this week leaving his card on the broken-spirited," she went on. "Think, to-day the manager has made me an offer as understudy for the heroic soprano. Who knows, Brunnhilde may come after all!"

He raised his head.

"I'm glad," he said. "I'm glad the Good Luck you spoke of has been true to one of us."

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

He got up and began to pace restlessly up and down.

"I don't know why I should throw stones at my luck," he said. "It's my own fault—my own folly. That night—you know I was wild with happiness—well, I played the fool. I was drenched through. The next day I had a cold—a mere nothing. To-day my voice has gone."

Norah fell back a step.

"Gone!" she echoed.

"I've seen the doctor," he went on. "He orders me complete rest for a month. I must keep at home. I mustn't use my voice—and I must have every delicacy."

"Well?"

He began to laugh, and it was not a laugh pleasant to hear.

"My old work at the theatre is, of course, done with. If I'm not fit in a month's time the American engagement is cancelled—and the manager isn't the sort to help," he hesitated. "I can't hold out. I have nothing—not a penny."

"You have friends?"

He shook his head.

"No one to whom I could appeal. I can't take from beggars poorer than myself."

There was an instant's silence—an almost imperceptible silence. Then she leant forward so that her face was hidden.

"We have been comrades," she said, but her voice had lost its bitterness. "You will let me help you."

He stared at her incredulously, almost indignantly.

"Do you think I would live on a woman—and a poor woman?" he demanded bluntly.

"I'm not poor. I have a good engagement. But that's not the point. If you won't accept money, there are other ways. I have influence with my manager, and perhaps through him I could get yours to help you over this time—perhaps with an advance on your salary."

"I can't thank you—" he began eagerly.

"There is no need."

"Norah," he stammered. He tried to take her hand, but she drew back angrily.

"There, it's nothing. Don't let us be silly over a business matter. Leave everything to me, and get better." She rose briskly to her feet. "I can't stay any longer. I have a rehearsal to-night. To-morrow I'll let you know what has happened. Good-bye!"

He tried to call her back, but she was already on the landing.

Just for a moment she wavered, and held her hand before her eyes. Then with a steady step she went down into the street.

At the entrance to the theatre she met the manager, and went up to him.

"By the way, Mr. Marks," she said, "I've changed my mind since this morning. I hope it doesn't matter."

He stared down at her. Her eyes were a little red perhaps, but at that moment they were full of merriment.

"You see," she went on, "I don't think the engagement you spoke of is quite good enough. I expected something better." She laughed tremulously.

"A lady in my position needs money. And, besides, I quite like to

lead the chorus. It has its attractions, and I'm afraid this theatre might not get on without me—we are such old friends. So I think—if you'll keep me—I'll just go on with my twenty shillings a week."

The manager stared dumbfoundly at the slight, retreating figure.

"Well, I'm—I" he said under his breath.

Richard paced up and down the narrow room. Physically he was better and stronger than he had ever been. Morally, he felt that the swing of the pendulum from sorrow to joy and from joy to sorrow had been too sudden for him. It left him bewildered, not knowing what to hope and what to fear. True, in two weeks' time he was to take the first great step in his artistic career, but that no longer satisfied him. His mind wandered from thoughts of ambition to the old, oft-asked questions: "Norah, does she care, has she forgotten?" and the only answer which he found stifled down every other feeling of exaltation or happiness: "She has forgotten. Her whole soul is in her work and in her success."

He looked at his watch. It was already five o'clock. In a moment Norah would be here if she kept her promise.

"Whatever it costs I will know if there is any hope for me," he thought, with a tightening of the lips.

The room was in semi-darkness, and going to the cheap lamp he was about to light it when a quick step sounded on the stairs, and the next instant Norah herself entered. She saw him, and came quickly across the room.

"Leave the light," she said sharply. "It's pleasanter in the dark. My eyes are tired."

He laughed and led her to the patched arm-chair by the fire.

"I don't wonder!" he said. "I expect you are blinded."

"With what, pray?"

"They say success blinds people. You see, I know about last night."

She remained silent, and he went on.

"A friend came to me this morning

and told me that the night before he had heard the Walkers, and that owing to illness the understudy was obliged to sing Siegfried. My friend didn't know the name—but then you told me you were understudying the part, so I knew."

Still there was no answer. He looked up, but she drew back out of the blaze of the fire, and her face was deep in shadow.

"It was a great success!" he said gently.

"Yes, a great success."

He leant a little forward.

"I'm glad—tremendously glad. To make one's first big step in London is worth something."

She heard the pain in his voice. She thought it was the ambitious artist in him which she had wounded, and a measureless, comprehending pity seized her.

"You will do greater things than that," she said.

He shook his head.

"Tell me all about it—everything," he begged.

She hesitated. If his whole being had not been strained beneath conflicting emotions, he would have heard how her breath came quickly and nervously.

"Tell me!" he repeated.

Then suddenly she laughed, a sharp, hysterical laugh, and a flood of words poured from her lips. She described wildly the applause, the congratulations of her friends, the approbation of the manager, a thousand and one details. She spoke gaily, almost flippantly. In the end she hesitated, and her voice trailed off into silence. She sprang to her feet.

"I am tired," she said curtly. "Let me go."

He stood up beside her. He had grown very white, as though with suppressed emotion.

"It was you who got the manager to send me all the money," he said, "and I have never thanked you. You stood by me in a bad hour. You saved my career." He broke off. Yet you held out his hands. "Yet you have changed towards me. It's as though a barrier had sprung up between us."

"Can't we go back and be as we were—"

"No, no. That was all folly. Necessity threw us together—but that necessity has gone. We don't need each other now; we stand alone, and our paths have divided. You showed me that, and it is better so, much better."

"Then—it's all over?"

"Yes."

She pushed past him, and he stood like one stricken, and listened to her departing footsteps.

Then he turned, and leaning his elbows on the mantelpiece bared his face in his hands.

During the next week he fought with himself, striving to forget. But it was a vain battle. At the bottom of his heart was the knowledge that he would never forget, and a selfish despair settled on him. Until then he had hoped against hope, but now it was folly to deny the truth so pitilessly laid before his eyes. She did not love him. She loved her art, and her success, and what she had done for him was out of pity for a fallen comrade. Such thoughts as these tormented him night and day. They were with him as, three nights before his departure with the operatic company, he drew up his chair by the fire and tried to tell himself that now his voice had returned he cared for nothing else. But the flickering gleams of the flames fell on a face where lines of pain and hopelessness were deeply engraved.

He raised his head. The door had opened, hesitatingly, softly. He knew instinctively who it was that had entered, yet he did not move, held back by a great and overmastering sense of bitterness and pride. She did not care, and he was no beggar. He would plead no longer for that which she would—could not give him. It may be that in that short moment he realized for the first time all that her loss meant to him, but he set his teeth, preparing to rise and show her a face as cold and indifferent as his own. And yet he did not move, but sat on, listening with a strange fear in his

heart to the slow, trailing footsteps as they drew nearer.

He knew that she stood behind his chair. He could hear her breathing quickly and jerkily as though after a stiff climb. The silence was unbearable, and with an effort Richard shook off the stupor which had held him paralyzed.

"Norah!"

"Yes."

"Have you come to say good-bye?"

"Yes."

A hand was placed on his chair. With a sudden resolution he turned and took it in his own, and felt with a strange tightening of the heart that it was like the hand of the dead, cold, deep, almost lifeless. He drew her round to his side, but she stood upright, her face turned away from him.

"What is the matter?" he said.

"Nothing. I have come to wish you good-bye—and good luck!"

He laughed out bitterly.

"What good luck can come to me now?" he said. "I have lost all that I care to have."

The hand in his shook.

"What is that?"

"That which I meant to come and ask for three weeks ago. But I was bowled over—a wreck—I had no right to ask any woman—and now, when perhaps I have the right, now I cannot—"
"He hesitated—"You have your success—you do not care—"

This time it was she who laughed, and there was something in the hoarse, trembling sound which startled him from his thoughts.

Headless of her resistance, he pulled her down beside him, so that the firelight shone upon her face. Then he sat very still, stricken to the soul with the dumb suffering of that haggard, pallid countenance.

"My God—Norah—what has happened—you are ill—what is it?"

She tried to cover her face with one thin, almost transparent hand.

"Nothing, nothing—I ought never to have come; but I was lonely—and wanted to see you. Oh, Dicky, I have played my part so brilliantly. I have played and played—do you

and so myself, but to-night—to-night the curtain is going down, that's all—"

"Then it's not true? There is no splendid engagement. You mean that—"

"Yes, that's it—"

"My God—why did you do it?"

"Why? Oh, Dicky, you don't understand. We women are so envious, so jealous. I couldn't be left behind—a miserable failure. Just for an hour I wanted to be successful, too. I wanted you to respect me—and so I lied. It was wicked and cruel—and I want you to forgive me—"

He took her face between his hands, and his own voice shook as he answered her.

"Norah—Norah—won't you tell me the truth now? Do you think me so dull—do you think I don't know? It has come to me like a flash of light in the darkness. It was your money

the manager sent me—you have starved yourself for me!"

She tried to answer, but he drew her to him, and her head fell back upon his shoulder. A great weakness stole over her. She felt herself drifting away into a great and peaceful oblivion, through which his broken voice still reached her.

"Then you cared, little comrade? You cared always? Oh, Norah, my wife!"

The ladder of fame is a long and dangerous one, but Richard has scaled it to the end. And all the weary way his wife has stood by him—a comrade in the highest, noblest sense. He knows, and he has told the world, to whom he owes his greatness. But one thing is still hidden from him. He does not know that she might well have stood upon the pinnacle which now is his. He does not know that for him she sacrificed the great chance of her life. And, moreover, he will never know.

Be An Optimist

The optimist goes about in the sunlight looking for beautiful things.

He rises in the morning with gladness in his heart, smiling in his face, and smiles upon his lips. The mere privilege of living and enjoying nature is precious satisfaction to him. He gets good out of life every moment of his existence. He is a man to be envied, if envy is ever allowable.

The pessimist not only warps his mind, but his physique as well, and his influence on others is decidedly bad.

The optimist is in the majority, however, and the world is growing better.

Learn to see beauty in the small things. Study nature. Watch the processes of plant life and animal life. Harrowed yourself with helpful influences—good books, good music, and good friends.

There is no investment a man can make that yields such unbounded returns as optimism.

The Red Geranium

By Helen Porter in Chambers's Journal

DAN BULGER sat up in bed and looked around the infirmary ward with a face of disgust. How weary he was of everything! How tired of the waxed boards, the rows of beds with their blue checked quilts, the tall clock ticking away the hours in the far corner! Nothing seemed altered in the eight years he had been there, bedridden; the only change was in the floating population who drifted in and out; and since old Patsy died, the week before, Dan found himself the oldest inmate.

Close at hand a sick man and a deformed boy were playing cards. "Tis aisy some folks do be amused!" muttered Dan crossly, for the sight annoyed him. He felt so dissatisfied with his surroundings that he had long passed the stage of taking any pleasure in the amusements of his neighbors.

Then, as he painfully drew himself into an easier position, his glance fell on a flower pot on the window sill at the side of his bed, and his whole face brightened.

"Git me a sup av wather, Thady," he called out to a more fortunate patient who was able to walk. "The geranium is mortal dry entirely."

Thady, as requested, went to the bathroom, and returned immediately carrying some water in a cracked mug.

"Tis a grand little plant, Mr. Bulger; sure, 'twud be a pity an it to die." As Thady spoke he winked at one of the card players, for Dan and his geranium were a standing joke.

Such a miserable specimen it was, too! Long and lank, with thick, distorted stalk, and a bunch of leaves at the top—poor, pale leaves pining for fresh air and for sunshine. Almost every condition necessary to plant life was wanting except a loving care, without which it must have died years before.

Dan smiled. No girl at her first ball, no budding poet, was half as sus-

ceptible of flattery as this old man about his only possession. "Tis doin' well," he said; "tis lookin' foine this summer. It has seven leaves more nor last year."

"Does it ever flower, Mr. Bulger?" asked Thady with an air of innocence.

"Is it flower? Why, 'tis a grand red flower! It does be covered wid flowers. Wait till ye see it; ye'll be surprised!" cried Dan hopefully.

"Well, indeed this, Mr. Bulger, ye have a consate av yer own about the plant!" cried a fellow inmate from across the ward. "I've been here goin' on three year now, an' devil the sign av a flower I ever saw on it! Ould rubbish it is, I do be wonderin' the matron doesn't sling it out. Sure, 'tis only to humor ye she saves it!"

"Ould rubbish! Ould rubbish it is?" muttered Dan, shaking with rage.

"Maybe 'tis ould rubbish ye are yerred," Mr. Moriarty! Maybe 'tis yerself she'd be slingin' out in half a shake!"

A defiant snort from the other here interrupted him, but he continued, "Tis an oymment to the ward, that's what it is! Look at the beautiful green av it. An' you an Irishman, too, Mike Moriarty! I'm 'sprised at ye! Barrin' the big branch ye can see out av the far window, 'tis the only bit av greens I've set eyes on for eight year. Greens for the honor av Ould Ireland, sez I!" And after making this bid for popularity, Mr. Bulger looked triumphantly round the ward.

"More power to ye, Dan!" "Right ye are, Mr. Bulger!" "Sorra a bit av him deserves a better!" cried some of the audience, rejoicing, like patriotic Irishmen, in his sentiment, and also as Irishmen rejoicing in even the semblance of a fight.

"Well, I never saw sign av a flower on it, anyhow," retorted Mr. Moriarty, conscious that he had come off second best in the encounter.

"The air av the place don't seem to suit it," said Dan, and there was a

touch of wistfulness in his voice. "Is hasn't flowered this six year; though that's not sayin' it never will," he added, looking sternly at his enemy. "If I had a sup av new mould for it ye'd soon see!"

"Sure, it's too ould, it is, to be doin' any good at all, at all. Faith, 'tis lookin' yerself, it is, Dan Bulger—dyin' av ould age!" and Mr. Moriarty laughed brutally as he turned and drew the blankets about his head.

There is not always much consideration for one another's feelings in a workhouse.

"Dyin' av ould age, is it? Dyin' av ould age! Maybe 'tis better to be dyin' av ould age than av the complaint ye're troubled wid, Mr. Moriarty!" with a scornful inflection on the name. "Me an' me geranium is wather drinkers, which is more nor can be said for all here!" Again Dan looked round for public approval, feeling that he had roused his enemies; but this sentiment was not so well received as the last; while Mike, resembling the allusion to his habits, which were unfortunately beyond a doubt, growled, "Quik yer bladders, man, an' let me git to sleep."

And, satisfied for the present with Mike's discomfiture, Dan turned his attention to his plant.

Suddenly something unusual, unexpected, caught his eye. Breathlessly he examined it. Yes; it was not mistaken. Deep in the heart of the leaves a tiny flower bud was hidden, and, with quite wonderful strength of mind he said nothing about it. What if it should never come to anything after all? Day after day he watched it swelling, admiring its tender green, measuring every fraction of the slender stem on which it rested so proudly.

Happy in his secret, he was so unusually gentle that the matron began to wonder if he might not be unwell. It was so unlike Dan to lie there quietly with never a complaint or a peevish word.

His companions, too, did not understand this new attitude. It was something extraordinary to see the smile

on his face, the look of placid content in the tired old eyes.

When Jim Blake whispered, "Tis not long for this world he is at all, at all; he'll be the next as'll be tuk," he only voiced public opinion.

The day when a thin line of red flushed the side of the bud Dan spoke of it, and from that moment till the geranium was in full flower he and his plant were the centre of interest in the ward. It was a mean enough blossom, goodness knows, but the rarest orchid could not have pleased the old man more as he lay and watched it with rapturous eyes.

Poor Dan! he had almost forgotten what a flower ought to be like in the eight years he had passed in this place. There was no view from his window, nothing but the gray stone wall of the next building; still, by throwing himself a little forward, he could catch a peep of the blue sky overhead. But now he only wanted to lie quiet, for his flower was satisfying enough; he did not need to strain his poor paralyzed limbs even to see the clouds above. Was not all his world there on the high window sill? Silly? Perhaps. Unnatural? Perhaps. A great waste of feeling? Possibly. But to understand how Dan felt to that stunted geranium one would need to change places with him, not for a brief moment, but for the eight long years he had been, like the plant, starved of all that makes life glad.

As he lay there in that curious state, half-waking, half-sleeping, what dreams passed through his mind? One could not say whether he were in the land of dreams or in the land of realities, for his dreams were so real to him, and his thoughts roamed free in the past. He seemed to see the little cabin, with its mud-cramped floor, the dresser in the corner with its row of gaudy bowls, the peg on the wall where the rosary used to hang, the crude photo tacked to the shelf above—the photo of the boy who had died in "Ameriky" half a lifetime ago. He could almost feel the peat-beds breezes as it blew softly through the casement, stirring the leaves of the geraniums which made the window ledge so

bright; he could almost see the bent form of the "miasm" as she watched her favorites, and hear her voice, "Truth, they do be great company the creatinnes. Some hold by cats, an' more by dogs; but give us geraniums, sez I." And the start with which he came back to the present filled his eyes with sharp tears.

The door at the end of the room had opened, and a lady visitor stood on the threshold. In her arms she held a magnificent crimson pelargonium; and as she explained that she brought it "to brighten up the ward a bit," the matron busied herself placing it on the centre table and wrapping a piece of crinkly paper round the pot. It made a rich splash of color in the dingy room, and every eye was drawn to it. Every eye but Dan's, for after the first glance he turned away, his heart torn with jealousy.

"And this is our gardener," said the matron presently, pointing to Dan. "You see, Miss Moore, he has a plant of his own."

The lady said a few words to the old man, which he received in sulky silence; and she, thinking he was merely shy, added kindly, "I'm glad you like flowers too; you'll admire mine. You do admire it?" she asked.

"I admire some flowers, ma'am. I don't hold by all."

"But you like my pelargonium, surely?"

"I'm not carin' for pelargoniums, ma'am, nor any but red geraniums"; and Dan stiffened his lip so that it might not quiver.

"Oh, then, if you are so fond of geraniums, I must get you a new one. This poor old thing is past blossoming; it is too old, you see." Miss Moore spoke kindly, but drew back, startled at the tone of his reply.

"No, thank ye, ma'am. Sure, ye mane well; but my geranium is the very best. A prize wan it was, a quare deal better nor any of yer pelargoniums, or sich-like trash." He spoke firmly, raising his voice so that all the ward might hear; and, his protest and confession of faith over, he lay down and pretended to go to sleep.

"Never mind him, miss; he's not

been himself of late," the matron explained in a whisper as she led her visitor away.

"Was in the eye for you, Mr. Brigger?" excited Miss Moriarty as soon as the door closed. "This airy scold the lady doesn't value yer odd cabbage, surely? She knows what's what. Bad scan to the odd weed! We can be secin' now what a geranium ought ter be."

But Dan was too dispirited even to make a reply, though the taunt went home. Indeed, for the next few days his life was one long misery. None of his companions meant to be actively unkind with the exception perhaps of his avowed foe, Mike; but it was great fun to take a rise out of the old fellow, and they never knew that to him their chaff meant real suffering.

At last he could bear it no longer, and resolved to make an end of it. With great secrecy and infinite care he managed to screw one of the heavy iron knobs off his bedstead, and after the lights were out he rose painfully in bed and hurled it at the offending pelargonium. The crash awakened every one, and it was some small satisfaction to Dan even in the midst of his disgrace to see by the faint light from the night watcher's lamp that his enemy was shattered beyond hope of repair.

"Deed, then, an' I'll tell Miss Moore the next time she comes," added the nurse after a severe scolding. "You are a nasty, ungrateful old man. You might have killed some one with that heavy weight, too."

"I'd be sorry to hurt any, barrin' Mike Moriarty, miss," was the stubborn answer; and, failing to get any satisfaction from Dan, she closed the conversation by tarrying away and leaving the ward in darkness once more.

As the days went on Dan did not recover his spirits. The rival plant was dead, yet the memory of its glories still lingered and furnished a topic for those who wished to tease him; and in spite of himself a feeling of shame for his rash act disturbed the old man. He was conscious, too, that by betray-

ing his jealousy he had made himself ridiculous.

When next Miss Moore appeared he turned away, trying to avoid her notice. She came straight up to him however, holding up a brown paper bag. "Some fresh earth for that plant of yours, Dan," she explained, smiling at him.

"Thank ye kindly, miss" Dan's voice was toneless.

"Shall I report it for you?"

"Don't be goin' for to touch it, miss."

"Oh, I assure you I'll be very careful—I'm quite a skilled gardener myself. Why, where is the pelargonium I left here, by the way? Surely it is very soon over?" She looked round, and several voices broke in, eager to tell her the history of its premature death.

Dan pretended not to hear, and yet every word stabbed him; it sounded such a black episode as related by Mike Moriarty.

Carelessly the young girl studied the culprit, noting the flushed and averted face, and some impulse made her advance to speak to him again. "Why, Dan, how had the poor plant annoyed you?"

The tone was gentle, and the old man looked up startled, for he expected reproof, and as he did so the girl saw that his eyes were misty and ashamed.

"No ways—no ways, miss—only—only"—he stammered.

She sat down on the edge of the pallet, laying her soft, white hand on his head and twisted one.

"Tell me all about it, Dan."

"'Twas this way, miss. They did be makin' a laugh av me an' the wan wee flower on the plim, an' I c'dn't bear it; it made me mad like."

"I'm sorry I brought it if that is so; but you could hardly expect yours to have flowers like mine, which comes from a conservatory and has every care;" and as she spoke she thought there was something a little pathetic in the professional jealousy of an old gardener, for such she supposed him to be.

"Ah, miss, don't be thinkin' that—

leastwise—" He could not explain but added, with a shake of the head, in a voice all broken and husky, "I wasn't only that, miss; but she was powerful proud av the plant."

And at last the girl understood.

"Our wife!" she asked gently. "Yes, miss; an' she's gone to Glory this mornin', an' it hurts me to hear them raise the laugh on what she was so set on once."

It was quite a little time before any answer could come for the painful lump in her throat, and the girl turned and looked at the miserable plant with altered eyes—with eyes, which, like Dan's, saw in it a reminder of happier days, of days which had not always lain in the narrow ward of a workhouse infirmary. The shabby, stunted geranium was the last link to be broken, for friends and home and love had gone, never to return.

"I think I understand," and her voice required quite an effort to steady it. "I think I can see what a very precious plant it is."

Dan had recovered his composure, and at her words a new light shone in his eyes.

"What did ye be sayin', honey? I'm a bit dead the day."

"I said I can see how precious the plant is," she repeated louder.

Dan's glance flew round the ward to see that all were listening, and he answered with a ring in his voice, a new note of pride. "I'm so, miss. I ailers know 'twas a grand plant."

The girl smiled, and, seeing his little maneuver, humored it. In a loud, clear voice she said, "You are quite right, Dan; it would be a beautiful plant if it got half fairplay. But it cannot thrive in such a place. If you will let me have the finest cutting, I'll get my gardener to see to it. I shall be proud to have it in my greenhouse, and will bring it and show it to you next year."

Her words, her kindly glance, seemed to infuse new life into the old man. He was radiant.

"Faith, thin, honey, ye'll have yer cuttin' an' welcome. I'm not wan to refudge anythin' to a lady. It's a

prize plant it is, an' a greenhouse is its proper place, not a dirty hole like this."

So the cutting was taken, and the old stump reported in the fresh mould the girl had brought; and when presently she went away she left a happy, contented Dan behind her.

Reinstated in the respect of his companions, his own conscience at rest—for the girl had freely forgiven him for destroying the pelargonium—his

plant honored and appreciated, no wonder he felt a different creature. It was a pleasure to see him, and as he launched a scathing taunt at Mike Moriarty even that irascible foe had not the heart to insult him.

"'Tis little ye know about plants. 'Twis aisy seein' what a general ye are, Mr. Moriarty. The lady axed for a cuttin'—ay, an' was proud to have it! Put that in yer pipe an' smoke it, Mike Moriarty!"

The Real Cattle-Boat

By Ted Doherty in Windsor

THE cattle boat of fiction and the one of reality are vastly different. For my part, I think that most descriptive stories on this subject have been overdrawn. The stories cling too close to the tragic, many of them are written by those who have petty grievances to air, they are for the most part too sombre, too hopeless, and in a large measure unjust and unfair, for conditions on a cattle boat have undergone radical changes within the last decade. The cattlemen and foremen are of a higher grade, men of more parts and experience in their work, more humane and more intelligent, while cattle shipping has become as important a factor of ocean traffic that the business has been lifted from a comparatively chaotic state to one that is as thoroughly organized as the mail or passenger service. The burden of proof of this advancement lies in the fact that formerly a third of the consignment was lost on a trip, while, to-day on the better lines, the loss of a single bullock is considered a rare thing.

From Montreal, the Dominion Line, the Canadian Pacific, and the Allan cross to Liverpool, while the Manchester Line departs for Manchester. Out of Boston, the Leyland Line, the White Star, and the Warren Line ship cattle to Liverpool, and the Allan Line to Glasgow. Hoboken has one line—the Phoenix, which sails for

Antwerp, and from Baltimore; the Johnston Line runs to Liverpool. Three lines hail from Philadelphia—the Atlantic Transport for London, the American Red Star for Liverpool, and the Manchester Line for Manchester. From New York—the most important cattle port in the world—the Wilson Line sends steamers to Hull, the Atlantic Transport to London, the White Star to Liverpool, the Allan Line to Glasgow, the Bristol City Line to Bristol, and the Lampart and Holt Line heads for Manchester.

The time of passage varies, the fastest boats making the trip in eight days, and the slowest vessels within fourteen. There are also a number of tramp lines of a worse class; they are sort of "renegade" boats, unsafe, of ill repute, and shunned by experienced cattlemen. These steamers carry cattle on the open deck tied to frail pens and exposed to the mercy of every storm. The cattlemen are of most unsavoury reputation—a motley crew of gamblers and deserters from sailing vessels, who are over-anxious to return to England at any cost. So much has been written on this side of the question that current opinion has blackened cattlemen beyond redemption, and listed them as blackguards. The old lithographs of the hungry waves lashing over the tramp steamer, and carrying cattle and men overboard, were

based on boats like these. To the voyager, however daring he may be, I would abjure him not to cross the Atlantic as cattle helper on any of these steamers. Select only those boats where the cattle are stowed under sheltered decks and tied to stationary fittings. The danger of temporary fittings on an open deck is a menace to beast and man, and marine measures should be taken to stop their use.

The worst of their kind was what I held cattlemen in general to be, for I had heard many stories and talked to many people on this subject, with the lamentable result that I had gathered a long tablet of false impressions. I understood that all cattlemen were thieves, that they were beings who preyed by night and cursed by day, and in general were of the scum of the earth. Then I learned that cattle helpers fed the cattle. Just how they did this and at what time of day was not made clear. I was assured that it was the hardest work one could find, and this was the fog-end of my knowledge. Everyone had a different tale, and you can readily understand my absolute bewilderment, for, to say the least, this storehouse of facts was exceedingly indefinite. There was nothing comprehensive or detailed, but I find that my shadowy ideas were not a whit less vague than those of most people who have tried to look into this matter at second hand. There was only one thing to do—find out for myself by actual experience, and set down my observations that others might profit thereby.

I was fortunate in securing passage from New York on a fourteen-thousand-ton first-class passenger and cattle boat. It is my experience on this boat—as typical of the better conditions of the cattle transportation—that I set forth to show the true cattle boat and cattlemen. I wish to be perfectly fair, and give a clear, unbiased picture of what it means to cross the Atlantic as cattle helper on a line of this standing.

The traveler may wish his passage from Hoboken, Montreal, Boston, or Philadelphia, and in some cases be

paid the sum of one pound for services. From ports other than New York, return passage is generally given with no work attached on the return trip, but you must board the same steamer, which means that you only remain in England a few days. Out of New York, no cattle helpers are given free transportation for labor, none are paid for their work, and no return passage is given, for the human transportation on cattle boats leaving New York City is in the hands of agents, who charge an average of two pounds. This sum paid to them gives you the rare pleasure of feeding and watering cattle between that port and Hull, Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Bristol, or London, as the case may be. You are not entitled to return on the same boat or any other boat of the line, nor is it possible to buy your way back as a cattlemen—you must return as a passenger to New York. If you have mapped out a trip, and do not wish to put up with unnecessary trouble, I would advise you to start from New York, pay the two pounds, and return on a reasonably priced passenger steamer. By paying this fee, you can lord it, in a small way, by selecting your line and boat, and you will be with a better crowd of cattle bosses and messmates—there is a different crowd, just as the balcony crowd in a theatre differs from that of the top gallery. You see the same play, it is true, but you are more comfortable and better located—and this distinction in regard to cattle boats is of great import. For every advance in civilization some people must suffer, and the pinched shoe of the cattle helper is this little fee. Ten years ago this condition did not exist, but other conditions more serious than this were common along the whole line of the cattle boat problem. For the great advance in comfort there still remains this one grave imposition, but it is open and flagrant, and what can you and I do? There is, of course, this one recompense—not in favor of it, but as a sort of salve to one's feelings—the two-pound fee raises the standard of cattle helpers. For it eliminates the wharf rats and sailors

loungers—and that is some satisfaction, as the bunks of cattle helpers are all in the same cabin.

The cattle boat agents are a plausible class and have formed a sort of a trust—a mere unbrotherly sort of arrangement, I should say, for they do not seem to trust each other; but against this may be balanced the full confidence placed in them by the unsuspecting seafarer. There are three important agencies in New York—one on Clinton Street, another on West Street, and a third on Lower Broadway, at Bowling Green. They are licensed and carry on business under State laws. You at least have the satisfaction of knowing where you are really going. As this is their means of livelihood, they are prone to enthusiasm. Without a grain of conscience, the agents give one the impression that a cattle helper's meals are as good as those served to the first-class passengers, if not a little better; and as for the bunks, you form an idea that you are to have a private saloon, with a steward detailed to look after your personal comfort. An agent told one of my messmates that all he had to do was to attend to two sheep. Another man was told he would like the work. The clap was under the impression that it would be so nice, he would want to come around every month or so and beg the agent to let him purchase passage on a cattle boat, so that he could have some more of the nice work. And still another of my companions was told that the work was mere child's play.

The boat was due to depart at one o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. At eleven I reported for duty. Outside the pier were wagons, carriages, and automobiles, clustered in the midst of a busy scene of boxes, trunks, provisions, porters, stewards, and the general curious crowd that assembles when nothing extraordinary happens. Within the shed, gathered together in one corner near their boxes I found the cattlemen who were to be my companions. They were a lost, dazed lot, uncertain of their present and their future, and several transportation agents who had made arrangements

for them were busily answering foolish questions. At noon the head cattle foreman appeared—a tall, strong built man with a square jaw and clear, straight eyes, evidently a man of command and of his word. When the purser of the liner came into the little office, the cattlemen were lined up to be filed past his desk, like laborers going out west for a railroad company. Their names, addresses, business (if any), nationalities, and amount of money concealed about them, were tallied in the book, their signatures were affixed, and then they were accredited cattlemen. There were no porters to take our luggage, we had to pile it on the van, push it up to the side of the ship, and the aft engines pulled our boxes up on deck, where we placed them temporarily near the first hatch. We dragged our bags up the cattlemen gang plank and dropped them near the trunks. Then we went to the side to look over, to see the dock again, our friends, the busy street, and dear old New York in the background. Someone warned us to keep our eyes on our goods if we wanted to be sure of them. We decided to take turns in watching, and thus for the first time came into talk and sympathy with one another; for nothing brings one closer than mutual protection, and nothing keeps people apart more than the mistrust of ignorance on a new venture, where your nearest companion may be your first robber. I will remember those next few moments when we stood about in disjointed groups, with the nameless fear of the unknown over us, and the disconcerting reminder of impending departure—the growling pulleys and sharp commands branding into our thoughts the leaving for another land, and our absolute ignorance of what we had before us. We did not know whether we had to feed cows, bullocks, sheep, or hoeses, for there were no signs of cattle. One of the fellows thought we had to drive the cows up in sections of six every day to the main dock, so that the poor brutes could promenade and get a little fresh air, and I recall that we all laughed with a very wise laugh; but

had he asked any of us our duties, we should not have been able to inform him—it was merely ignorance of different shades of all of us, so we waited and wondered.

Of my messmates there were thirteen—three Englishmen, two Americans (both middle westerners), two Germans, two Russian Jews (both very stupid), one Frenchman, one French-Canadian (a real Canuck), one Welshman (we heard him sing), and one Egyptian, who started to sell things from the time we started until we pulled in at the Tilbury dock. It was a mixed gang of various tongues, and those of the same nationality naturally gravitated together.

One of the Americans was an electrical engineer who was working his way over to embark for South Africa. Mohammed Ali, the Arabian, was returning to Cairo to start a coffee-house with his father-in-law, an "Effendi," as he asserted. Mohammed likewise informed us that he thought the "Pyramids was a fine antique." The Canuck was a brave lad who had worked for three months on a section road in the Northwest Territory, and at the end of that time he was not paid, so he decided he would go back to the home of his grandfather in Normandy. He had walked from Winnipeg to New York (it took him six weeks), and the French consul in New York had given him enough money to go by cattle boat to London, where he was going to work his way to the French coast, and foot it to the little village in Normandy. He was shoeless and almost clothesless when he came amongst us, but all of the fellows dug down into their belongings and rigged him out, so that he landed in London a happy and proud Canuck. The Germans were both gluttons, by trade butchers, and they were returning to "Bappy Hamburg." One of the Englishmen was a man of property, he had vast grants, he affirmed, out in Portuguese Africa, had lost his money through gambling in San Francisco, but would have more coin than he needed when his partner met him in London. We thought perhaps he might buy the

boat, but found out afterwards that he did not even pay the cook who staked him to better grub. The second Englishman had some cattle on board, and thought they would be better looked after if he remained near them. The third Englishman was a tinner of a prominent opera company in the States, and was going over to London for the summer to improve himself under the great instructor, Mr. Shakespeare, and the cattle boat was a means to any end—it almost ended him, as his face and arms were so burned by exposure as to cause him pain during the whole of the trip, and gave him a rich, vivid red complexion. One of the widely traveled gentlemen was the Frenchman—he claimed to be Parisian, but his accent savoured of Gascony. He had been out to India as stoker on a P. and O. liner—that was a terrible experience, he assured us; then there were other places, many of them, where he had been, and always he had worked his way; or, yes, it was very hard, but still he concluded that it made a man of him. Then there were the Russian Jews: they were tailors by trade, and unfortunately butts by choice of the whole crowd. It always seems that Jews of this class were born to be hated, and it is with difficulty that cattle foremen can save them from being seriously injured, so great is the general antipathy against them.

Here we were, all gathered in a common caulk, with a nine days' trip of hard work before us, and the first lesson we learned was not to trust the cattle bosses. This came from the cattle foremen, who are only responsible for the lives of the men under them, for up to that point the cattle bosses control things, and it was soon borne upon us that the cattle were far more valuable than we, that their safe delivery was more important, and that while they were animal cattle, we were only human cattle.

At last the hawsers were loosened, handkerchiefs waved in the air, good-byes were heard on all sides, and the great steamer pulled out slowly down the river, through the harbor, past

the Statute of Liberty, and out into the ocean.

The spirit of novelty was over us, and someone suggested that we should take a look at our new quarters. We filed down, and finally pushed open a door, over which we read "Cattle Helpers." There were sixteen bunks—wooden frames, with woven steel bottoms. Two portholes gave ventilation. The cattle helpers looked in dismay at their hard bed—no mattress, no pillow, no blankets. Then someone suggested that as it was summer we should probably have no need of covering, and that we should probably become accustomed to these monastery bunks. Already we were resolved to accept the inevitable.

The widely traveled Frenchman had been on cattle boats, so with his superior knowledge he proceeded to initiate us.

"Someone must stay in here all the time," he said. "We have got to watch over things, for the cattle bosses will steal everything we have. I have known them to kill a man for five dollars," he ended with dramatic emphasis.

We conjured visions of sudden violent death, and being tossed overboard on a dark, starless night.

Three of the cattle bosses entered—it seemed as though this was their cue. They were a villainous-looking lot.

The shortest one bawled out: "Any of you fellows got any whisky?"

One of the Germans intimated that even if he had, he wouldn't give it to them.

"You wouldn't, eh?" was the response, with a leer. Then he turned and addressed the crowd.

"You fellows take a tip from me, and don't let the Dutchman run your show."

Unfortunately, at this moment he saw one of the Jews taking a drink. The poor fellow was sea-sick, and thought it would help him.

"Here, you Judas Iscariot," shouted the cattle boss, "pass over the poison!"

The Jew was frightened and did not know what to do. They took it from him, passed it around, and thanked

him with a kick. This ended the whisky and the incident, for one of the foremen appeared.

"What are you doing in here?" he yelled.

"We've just come in to see how the fellows were getting on," one of them responded lamely.

"Well, you just get out of here! You've no right in here, and I want you to keep out!"

After they had slunk away, he turned to us—

"Don't you trust any of those fellows."

He swung round on his heel and slammed the door after him.

This was our first impression, and we tried to gather its full import.

In the evening the head cattle foreman told us to follow him. We went out past the galley and into the lower deck, where, in pens that extended the length of the boat, were over six hundred head of cattle. Traversing the length of the boat, we emerged through the forward hatch to the main deck, and were doled out two blankets and an eight-foot gunnysack. We scrambled down again, filled it with hay, and carried the bedtick back to the cabin. Things were beginning to look more promising.

We talked most of the night, and at last fell asleep, wondering what the morrow would bring forth. I have an indistinct remembrance of a bar remark from Mohammed to the effect that if a cattle boss interfered with his rights, he would knife him, and much blood would flow. Then I slept soundly to the song of the waves and the thrub of the propeller.

At an unearthly hour the door of our cabin was kicked in violently, and a loud voice awakened us. "Shake a leg! shake a leg!" was the command. I thought I was back in the old logging camp in Maine, and with a jump landed in the middle of the cabin. Those who were to sleep were pulled out feet first, and fell with a thud on the movable floor. Grumbings and mutterings were heard, but in half an hour all were ready, and at five

o'clock in the morning we started the first day's work.

The six cattle bosses each selected two men; we were given pairs, and the bosses stood at the water taps and filled the pails as we came up. Each bullock required about a bucket, and the whole number were watered in about an hour and a half. Then we had to wait an hour for breakfast—biscuits and tea. After a rest of an hour we were again routed out—by this time it was nearly ten o'clock.

The cattle foreman and the bosses divided the men into two gangs for the handling of the cattle. Each foreman had three bosses and six or seven cattle helpers—or "stiffs," as we were called—to take charge of the supply of fodder allotted to his half of the cattle. This equal division was necessary, as the cattle were shipped to England by two companies, who had their usual foreman in charge of the stock.

The morning's work, lasting until nearly ten o'clock, consisted of the men going in the hold and dragging bale after bale of hay to the opening of the hatch, where it was fastened to the tackle, pulled up, swung out, and lugged by the "stiffs" down the lines between the cattle. The wires were then cut, the hay shaken thoroughly from one end of the boat to the other, and tossed by forks into the pens. Bags of corn were also pulled up by tackle and given to the cattle. By one o'clock we were dead tired, and ready for dinner, which was a sort of thin soup and hanks of greasy meat.

At three o'clock the cattle were again watered, and more hay shaken out and fed to them, and the gangway between the pens throughout the whole boat was cleared of hay and swept clean for the night.

This mere chronicle of the general routine of the day does not imply that the work was particularly arduous—and it was not, after several days, when we had become somewhat accustomed to the work.

The first few days were dogged hard. Each bale of hay is no small weight, and dragging it half the length

of the boat was somewhat exhausting. The bags of corn were about one hundred pounds each, and to throw one over your shoulder and walk with it—perhaps two hundred yards—requires strength and skill. The shaking of the hay on a hot day was a bit disagreeable, as a continual dust was caused by it, the stuff getting in your eyes and stifling through your clothes. No one wore more than was necessary, for it was stifling below the deck. The watering of the cattle was the least arduous of all the work. But, despite the hardships, the grumbings, the demand for better food, and the general dissatisfaction that is prevalent when people willingly choose and agree to accept existing conditions and then expect more, the general view of affairs was philosophic.

Of all my companions, the most pleased at the end of the first day was Mohammed. He said that one of the cows loved him, because she had kissed him with her tongue on his face.

When we were accustomed to the routine, things went on very smoothly, and we soon found ourselves taking an interest in the cattle, in keeping our quarters ship-shape, and in working with some sort of system.

The whole length of the lower deck of the boat is used for the cattle. In this section is the galley, and a few cabins for petty officers. The fore-cabin comprised the cabin of the cattle foreman, and that of the cattle bosses; aft boarded the cattle helpers, and aft starboard the stokers.

The cattle pens are formed by shipping boards into iron props which hold them securely in place. The cattle are tied firmly with an eight-foot rope, which is run through a hole in the hickory board, and tied on the outside in a figure eight knot. This board is the headboard, and the cattle are left about three feet leeway after being fastened for the entire trip. As they have a bed of hay, and plenty of food and care, their lot is not hard. There are times in winter when great gales blow up at night, when pens and headboards are wrenched to pieces, and maddened cattle are flung about helplessly with goered sides and

broken legs—then it is a matter of life and death for cattlemen to go among them in semi-darkness, and drive them back and bring some order out of the chaos.

If the "stiff," or "cattle helper," wishes to risk being injured, his assistance is appreciated by the bosses and the foremen; but it is optional—this is not his duty, and he cannot be forced to go among the cattle against his will. Unless a man knows how to handle bullocks, he had better not cultivate their acquaintance under trying circumstances, for he will be more of a hindrance than a help.

It is not often that a storm is so severe as to do great damage, for conditions of cattle-shipping have reached so high a degree of perfection that cattlemen are able to cope with any difficulty. I have seen cattlemen handle bullocks and meet situations that would unnervé a cowboy. There are no horses and lazos, and no chance of escape—only men on their feet, with bare hands grappling with cattle half maddened with fear.

On a large boat with twin screws, a fin keel, and powerful engines, there is only a slight motion, so the wind and storm has little effect. When all the hatches have been closed, and a wave are sweeping the decks, there is hardly any motion on the boat, and the cattle are as peaceful as though in the stockyards.

The cattle bosses have direct charge of the "stiffs." As I have told you, this is the polite name given to all those who occupy the lowest rounds of the ladder in the experience of cattle-shipping. We are called "stiffs" because of our general ignorance and uselessness. Perhaps the name was originated by an ex-under-taker who afterwards became a cattle boss.

I hardly know where to begin and end when speaking of the cattle bosses. They lead a hard life, and as a class are a rough lot. Then I am immediately confronted with half-a-dozen cattle bosses who are delecting on tramp lines somewhere between here and Rangoon—men whom I have known to share their last cent with a

pal, and one man in particular who led as blameless a life as one could wish. He never swore, drank, nor smoked. He was interested in old cathedrals, and, strange to say, somewhat of an authority on Biblical history. At present he is a minister of the Gospel.

I call to mind another cattle boss. He was an Oxford graduate, a man of good family, and in his drunken moods would reel off bits of the "Ars Poetica." He was always courteous, gentlemanly, and considerate. He drank—the demon, if it ever had a victim, had him by the throat. I have seen him fight against it, but it always conquered and it would leave him inert and helpless, and always unhappy. The cattle boat was a haven for him in one respect—for twenty days out of the thirty he could not drink.

Taking all in all, I have seen men far worse in all walks of life, but with this difference. The cattle boss has no chance of a better influence coming into his life, for he does not remain long enough in any one place.

Of a different grade and calibre is a cattle foreman. He must have been tried and found reliable, for the safety of men and cattle fall upon him. He must portion the supply of fodder so that it will last throughout the whole voyage. If any of the cattle become ill, he must know what to do. If the stock break loose at night, the foreman is the head and brains of all the men, and he must stay up until every bullock has been fastened again in its pen and everything is quiet and in perfect order; in a word, a cattle foreman is a captain in the cattle boat.

The foreman must be up at 4.30, and see that the water is fit for the cattle; then he must keep his eyes open and see that they are properly watered, and lend a hand when necessary. You will find, as is usual in cases of greatest responsibility in any business, that the cattle-foreman works harder, than any of the bosses and "stiffs" under him. He is hard at work all day, from early morning until the last thing at night, and there are nights when he has no sleep at all.

The subject of the cattle-boat is a most interesting and complex one. It seems simple, but one realises, when the boat steams up the Thames, and a tender comes out for the cattle, that this is just the threshold of a great enterprise. The cattle gang-plank is fastened to the side of a steamer, the pens are torn down, and the cattle are driven through the gangway to the tender, where they are jumbled promiscuously like so many sardines in a box. Then, when the lower deck is emptied of its animal cargo, and the steamer points nose towards Tilbury, with London Town in front, it

all comes to you with a shock that the work is finished and that the journey will soon be at an end.

As I stood on the open deck, gliding past the lowlands, and coming closer and closer to our journey's end, I thought of the beginning of the trip—New York—nine days back—of my messmates, then strangers, now almost friends, and a thought crossed my mind of the best advice to give to a young man who wishes to work his passage as a cattle helper. It is short and concise and practical, and it comes from a foreman: "Do your work and mind your own business."

John J. Mitchell—Chicago's Monarch of Wealth

By HOLLIS W. FIELD in *Week's Magazine*

WHEN the United States financial world considers Chicago as its second most important unit, the name of John J. Mitchell appears at once as perhaps the most representative of the city's present financiers.

This word "financier" has been undergoing evolution in meaning in the last few years. Wall Street methods have given the color of hardness to it. The personalities of such men as Morgan and Harriman have lent to it something akin to the ramping buccancer. Conscience is a quality which is being eliminated from the type. The ball in the money china shop might be a cartoon representative of the financier as the public is disposed to picture him.

It is out of this popular conception of the modern financier that John J. Mitchell is entitled to proper introduction to that general public which has no dealings with the financier and which seldom even sees, to recognize him a representative of high finance.

Mitchell neither looks, speaks, nor acts the part of the millionaire whose captaincy in industry might be guessed. He wears no uniform of millions. His simple life is little indication of the measure of his means.

A chance companionable fellow traveler would ride a thousand miles with him across a stretch of desert west, delighted with his new found acquaintance, Mr. Mitchell, and experience a sense of shock, perhaps, if a week or a month later a reference to this Mr. Mitchell, of Chicago, should bring him knowledge that he had formed such simple, democratic companionship in the person of a man controlling millions.

Eighteen hours a day of even his working days, millions and business are taboos subjects with this master of money. With his back once turned upon the granite walls of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, that granite wall stands barrier between business and social life. Men have asked only that they might ride with him for business talk the sixty odd miles between Chicago and the Mitchell summer home at Lake Geneva, and have been refused always.

It was in the early '70's, when Mitchell was 19 years old, that he returned from school in Maine to spend summer vacation at his father's home in Alton, Ill. William H. Mitchell, the father, was an old resident of this Illinois town and the boy had been born there. The father was one of

the promoters of the Chicago and Alton Railroad and at the time the road was building.

At the time of Mitchell's return home Chief Engineer Kellogg, of the road was organizing a surveyor's gang for work along the route in Illinois to the east of Hannibal, Mo. Blackstone was president of the railroad and young Mitchell, desirous of seeing and experiencing a little of the work of the world, applied to President Blackstone for a place as chain carrier with Kellogg's gang.

He got the job, naturally. There were twelve men in the gang as it was organized, ranging in position from axmen to the chief of the gang. Mitchell hadn't the slightest idea of surveying, but he wanted to learn. How much he was set upon learning may be understood in one of his experiences of that summer.

The famous Sny bottoms are in Pike county, Illinois, opposite Hannibal, and the route surveyed was through these bottoms. At the time the Mississippi's lowlands were flooded vegetation was at its rankest and the mosquitoes swarmed in countless millions everywhere. One hot day the party struck water so deep that the wagon could not drive through. It was an deep that it was decided to strip to the skin and send all the clothing and traps of the party down four miles where the wagon could cross on a bridge and come back to meet them on the higher ground on the other side.

Naked, in four feet of water, wading through marsh grasses that cut like a knife and in clouds of mosquitoes that stung like bees, the party was in an inevitable position. Hours went by and their condition was serious. By midnight they were in a pitiable condition. But no wagon—no clothes. About midnight the creaking of the wagon was heard coming nearer and there was a rush for clothing and for explanations.

The explanations were that the bridge, four miles down, had been washed out and that the driver had been compelled to go ten miles downstream to effect the crossing.

Before that vacation was over, however, young Mitchell was a levelman and ambitious to become a railroad surveyor. That summer had been his first taste of real life and work, and he had found it hard and exacting. He had taken the coarse fare of the laborer—eaten with him, joked with him, listened to his stories and told stories in kind as they sat about the camp fires, and when night deepened had slept in the same bed with him.

But railroad building he was not to be. Home again, the decision was that he must go back to school, and, protesting, young Mitchell went. Which was the narrow margin by which Mitchell became a banker.

Graduated at 20 years old from Waterville Classical Institute in 1873, young Mitchell found his father's family moved to Chicago when he sought home again. William H. Mitchell had been one of the founders of the new Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, with its capital of \$500,000. The glamour of surveying was dormant and he was persuaded to enter the bank in the capacity of bank manager, but with the invitation to learn the banking business if he would.

Ordinarily the son of a wealthy father, starting in to learn his father's business, rises rapidly. It is expected. Young Mitchell in a sense was no exception. But he was allowed to skip some of the steps by which the young bank messenger under any circumstances rises to a cashiership. To-day John J. Mitchell can go into any man's books or papers or accounts among the 170 employees of his bank and in a few minutes master the technicalities of the man's work.

Only that Mitchell never thinks of doing such a thing and wouldn't do such a thing if he could. "That is what I employ heads of departments to do," he says. "When I can't get heads of departments to do this I can quit banking."

But how thoroughly young Mitchell was schooled in those hard years of the '70s may be understood in recalling one of his experiences in the early '80s when the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank was made receiver

for a great elevator line which went into bankruptcy. In these great storehouses were millions of bushels of grain. To fill the exactions of the courts, every bushel of this grain had to be reweighed. Young Mitchell was 24 years old and one of the qualified and most available men in the bank to superintend the work.

So John J. Mitchell, embryo banker and educated child of wealth, donned his blue overalls and blue jumper, took his tin dinner pail and was ready the next morning at 7 o'clock to tally the first bushel of the millions of bushels of grain that must pass over the scales.

Any man who ever had the experience of leveling grain on a summer day in an ordinary farm granary, will appreciate the work cut out for this young man in a giant elevator. By night he was as black as a Polynesian. Sweat and dust and the prickly beards of grain made existence something that the ordinary laborer in the ditch 10-day would not tolerate. But for two years Mitchell wore his overalls, worked his shift from 7 to 7 o'clock and ate his cold luncheon from a tin pail. Then went back to white linen and banking.

He was needed at the bank. The original \$500,000 capital had been reduced to \$100,000. Deposits had dwindled to less than \$100,000. Directors were gloomy. There was talk of closing the bank.

But Mitchell was and is an optimist. He thought he could pull the bank through the depression. Optimism is contagious. Directors pricked up their ears. "Try it," they said. "We'll make you president—we'll give you a chance."

As president—the "boy president," as he was called—Mitchell framed a Mitchell rule in banking. "Name paper" was persona non grata on the bank's books. Collateral security; easily realized upon, must back all loans. It was an innovation in banking and under its influence business drooped for awhile. But it picked up with better times. In 1884 the capital of the bank was restored to its original \$500,000; it was increased to

\$1,000,000 in 1888, and to \$4,000,000 in 1890. To-day the Mitchell bank is the largest financial institution in the west and its president receives a larger salary than that paid any bank official in America, with one New York exception.

This morning, at his farm, one mile east of Geneva village, on the east shore of the lake, Bank President Mitchell is a farmer in a flannel shirt, enjoying the farmer's day of rest. Mrs. Mitchell for the day is a farmer's wife, and the Mitchell children complete the farmer's family. Boating or fishing, driving or strolling over the 310 acres of the Mitchell stock farm, romping with the Mitchell children or consulting the pleasures of the Mitchell guests of the day—anything that pleases the majority of the household is the order of the day.

There are five of the little Mitchells—Gwendolyn, 14 years old; William H. (after the grandfather), 12 years; John J., 10 years; Clarence B., 7 years; and Louise, "the baby," now 3 years old. It is the father's expression to his close friends that he is getting more out of his little family to-day than he ever will get again.

"It is the way of life; the young cling to the home and to the parent, but they are weaned away. But I have them now in their dependency and affection, and I am making the most of it," is the philosophy of the millionaire banker.

One who knows the tastes and home ideals of this man and who observes the systematic, studied ways and means which he has adopted to protect his family life from the world of business cares and the responsibilities of great wealth must recognize the position of this gentle man as guarding his own against possible influences which only money as it is misunderstood to-day might threaten.

Millionaire John J. Mitchell admits to-day that the possession of great wealth must limit the number of friends—friends worthy the designation of the word in its truest sense. He is alert to the fact that he must guard against a business which would

take him away from his family life if it could. Wealth and financial position have brought his name to the roll of most of the Chicago clubs, but he spends few hours in any of them. And when all is said, his home is of the simplest as home life of the millionaire commonly is measured.

There are lines—many of them—in John J. Mitchell's face to-day that would not have been there if he were president still of the little bank of \$100,000 capital in which his first opportunity offered itself.

Some of the experiences and observations of this man of money have their bearing upon the life of the young men of to-day. It is only a trite repetition to say that from the first money he ever earned he saved a considerable portion. But why he saved has significance.

"Why did you save?" I asked him, bluntly. "Because you liked to possess money?"

"Never. I never saved a dollar which I was not prompted to save as a matter of common sense. If a man assumes the duty of working, he cannot shirk the responsibility of saving. He has not worked sanely if he has not saved a fair percentage of his earnings."

"For he must spend a fair percentage of that which he earns. The 'best citizen' cannot be measured by

what he saves, regardless of his duty to spend. But he owes himself, his family, his friends, and the community in which he lives a sane measure of saving."

Long hours of labor, simple living, and sound, sufficient sleep hurt no healthy man, is in the Mitchell philosophy.

"But long hours at so much of the work of the world," he says, "is not a virtue in the worker, per se. It may suggest only his weakness. To do a man's work in the shortest day possible should be the young man's aim. Then let him learn to do more than the one task that is set before him. This is education and growth. This is a move toward success."

Two months of the inclement Chicago spring are spent by the Mitchell family at their home in Pasadena, Cal. His Chicago home is on Woodlawn Avenue, where his winters are spent. The Geneva farm is his summer resting place, and the week's end always find him there, as do most of the summer evenings in the week. In flannel shirt, old hat, and smoking, accompanied by Mrs. Mitchell and each of the children as will come, Mr. Mitchell is happiest when he has called the dogs and started for a stroll among the cattle, sheep, and chickens.

The bank is his duty. These summer evenings mean home.

The Patience of Job

By J. Wilton Jackson in Overland Monthly

"WELL, Wednesday, at two o'clock, then; and I think my promotion to the superintendency, with fifteen hundred a year, will be one of the wedding presents. 'Good-bye!'"

Wednesday morning had come, and the young engineer looked up for a moment from the drawings on his desk and gazed out of the shack window toward the curling smokes of the far-away city chimneys. There, in the distant valley, was the dearest girl, and within a few hours he would marry her.

Houghton was a fledgling engineer. Away up here in the hill-tops his firm was building a reservoir for the city. It had been a long summer, miles away from the girl; but the reward was coming now, and on this crisp autumn morning Houghton felt the jubilation of maturing happy plans.

He resumed his work with as much industry as his transient thoughts would permit. Just now his mind persisted in dwelling on the coveted promotion. He had found favor with his chief, his work had been eminently satisfactory, and he knew somebody was going to get that promotion very soon. He had no grounds on which to prophesy his own elevation, but the conditions were very favorable.

His meditations and work were interrupted by the opening of the door. Looking up he found his chief standing there.

"Houghton," Mr. Smalley began, and Houghton afterwards remembered that the chief seemed a little embarrassed, "Thornton is not in this morning. I must ask you to finish his drawings. I want you to hurry them through before night."

For a moment, Houghton was speechless. Then, with a sudden sense of relief, it occurred to him that Mr. Smalley must have forgotten the day. Houghton almost laughed to think how funny that was.

"Why, Mr. Smalley," he expostulated,

ed, with a genial air, "you know I go off at noon. This is my wedding day."

Mr. Smalley's brow contracted in a large, sympathetic frown. "I realize that perfectly," he said, with a trace of testiness. "But, my dear fellow, you know the wisdom of work before play. I can't lay off half a hundred men just because the drawings are not ready."

"But," and Houghton's voice rose to a high pitch of protest, as he stood up and faced his employer, "think of my situation, sir. I can't finish those papers before six o'clock to-night, and I am due for the most important engagement of a man's life at two. I simply can't stay here all day. It—it—would be— He couldn't think of any better term at the moment than "highway robbery," so the sentence broke in the middle.

"Very well," Mr. Smalley commented, easily. "If you think it is out of the question, I have nothing further to say. I can command you only so long as you stay in my employ. You understand."

Mr. Smalley turned to the door, leaving Houghton in a figurative heap beside his desk, his mind troubled with a drowning man's lightning-like review of the situation. Only Sunday he had said that he hoped one of the wedding presents would be a promotion to the superintendency at fifteen hundred a year. Now he was on the verge of throwing over a situation at ten hundred. True, he felt justified in such a course after the preposterous demand; but—could he think of marrying without a situation. Love in a cottage was all very well; but a thousand dollars or fifteen hundred was much better. He was just about to plead for a little time to think when his employer forestalled him.

"Better take a little time to make up your mind, Houghton," Mr.



Smalley suggested from the doorway. "Then if you feel that you can't stay, say so."

Houghton went savagely to work for an hour before he allowed himself definite thought on the subject. He knew, however, that it was useless to think of finishing his task at two o'clock, and at the end of an hour he threw down his pencil and considered the situation.

"Great Scott," he moaned, "where did I ever get the notion that Smalley had any milk of human kindness in his heart? And as for giving me a raise, he is as likely to cut my salary in pure contrariness. But I can't help myself. Nettie will have to wait till I can get there, after the work is done."

He drew a sheet of paper over on top of his drawings and wrote enough of the story to indicate an unavoidable change of the wedding hour from two to eight o'clock. "Believe me," he concluded, "I can't help myself."

He took the letter into the office of Mr. Smalley, and found that ogre busy at his desk.

"I've decided to finish the drawings," Houghton coldly explained.

Mr. Smalley merely nodded, without turning his head.

"May I ask you to have this note sent over to the town, sir?"

Houghton laid this note as he spoke at Mr. Smalley's elbow. There was no acknowledgment, no word. Apparently it was too trivial a matter for the attention of such a great man. Houghton stood by irresolutely an instant. He was half-minded to take the note back, put on his hat and coat, and then leave the office. If he could have telephoned, there would have been no need of a note, but the only means of communication with the city was by carrier.

Houghton ended in leaving the note on the desk. Then he went back to work. For several hours he lost himself in the intricacies of lines and plotting; but after a while a dispirited mood took possession of him.

"To think of a man's wedding being spoiled in this fashion," he told himself, "and Smalley supposed to be

a close friend of Nettie's father. Ugh! He makes me sick."

The hour of two struck as he came to a point in the drawings where some blunder had been made with the figures. There was a short-line telephone in the office, connecting with the work on the reservoir; and he crossed the room to call up the field for the necessary figures.

He was just about to explain his difficulty, after receiving an answer to his call. Instead his lips closed with a snap, as if he had been struck suddenly dumb. He was unable to speak until the voice at the far end again demanded his attention.

"Thornton, what the dickens are you doing over there? I thought you were home, sick. Who sent you there?" and there was both vehemence and undisguised irritation in Houghton's tones.

"Say," came back a good-natured drawing voice, "how long you been boss on this ranch? You don't mean to say that old Smalley's died since this morning and willed you his job? Otherwise you better change the tone of your commands, or I'll flick you the first chance I get."

"I beg your pardon, Thornton" Houghton murmured over the wire, too ruffled to be gracious. "But I was so surprised by your voice. Smalley won't let me off! I said you were not in and that I would have to do your work; and here you are down in the superintendent's berth. What does it mean?"

Thornton's voice was heard chuckling in unfeeling amusement. Houghton clenched his disengaged hand as he listened.

"Sorry, Houghton," Thornton drawled back, complacently; "I really thought you were going to get this. Imagine my astonishment when the old man sent me here and told me to say nothing about it. I haven't said anything, either, mind you." But Houghton waited to hear no more. With manifest irritation he preferred his request for the needed figures.

The long afternoon dragged out. It was not until half past six that Houghton breathed a sigh of relief

and muttered another malediction on the head of Mr. Smalley.

Gathering up the drawings he took them into the inner office and laid them on the chief's desk in front of the empty chair. They were well done, he knew; at least there was that satisfaction to redeem the spoiled day.

"When I get a chance to work for a more reasonable master," he muttered, "I'll take advantage of it and spoil your miserable career. Your conscience will smite you for losing such a talented subordinate, see if it doesn't."

Smiling grimly at his own vanity and somewhat refreshed by his apostrophe to the empty chair he was about to leave the office when his eye lighted upon a familiar object. It was the note he had written at nine o'clock that morning!

"By all the furies," Houghton ejaculated; "this is the limit of endurance. Not another stroke of work will I do for this man!"

He snatched up the note with a half-formed determination to seek out his chief and wreak out a satisfying vengeance.

"Before I take my tools away from this place," he promised himself, Smalley shall hear from my lips what a low down, miserable creature he is. The demons take him, if such a small soul is worth the trouble!"

He had torn the note into a hundred pieces and thrust them into his pocket. He threw on his coat with an angry gesture that nearly ripped it up the back. Jamming his hat on he passed out and sprang into the waiting carriage.

"Drive!" he commanded; "drive as if the No!" he mentally thundered to himself; "I won't swear on my wedding day. I haven't lost my temper yet, either; though I will when I meet that conglomerated caricature of a—Oh! what a poverty stricken language this is!"

He gave himself up to speculation. What must the people think of him; what must the poor girl be enduring all this time? "Due for a wedding

at two o'clock. Here it is nearly seven and—and—neither of us married yet," he concluded, lamely.

All this personal preparations for the wedding had been made before he left the office. When the carriage drew up at the house he jumped out and ran up the steps without loss of time.

There were no acclamations. He was admitted, without any fearful demands for an explanation, shown to his room and left alone.

After a little while he was ushered into the presence of the waiting guests. The unruined minister was there; so was the fiendish Smalley. Unconscious of the damning denunciation that was to come when there should be time, the wretch posed as an honored, happy guest.

Then came the bride on her father's arm; and the radiant picture drove from Houghton's mind all unsmooth and untimely thoughts.

It was long after the ceremony, before leisure and quiet came to the young people; and meanwhile Houghton, the hypocrite, had sniffingly acknowledged the congratulations of the hard Smalley.

But now they were alone and Houghton allowed himself to look into the blindest eyes. They met his with the fullest reciprocation.

"Dearest," she said, "wasn't it too bad the Bishop should be delayed and have to telegraph us that he couldn't be here until evening? You must have been dreadfully disturbed when Mr. Smalley gave you my message."

She stopped for a moment to compensate him.

"See," she added, then, holding up an envelope: "a wedding present that we haven't opened. Let's look!"

It was a business letter she had, dated and so forth. But the girl was:

" It gives me pleasure to enclose a check and a two months' leave of absence for your husband. I have taken the liberty to test him; and I know he will make me a good and patient superintendent. I am keeping the place for him."

And it was signed by that comphible caricature of a Smalley.

Houghton sought an adequate ejaculation, but the poverty-stricken language proved as ineffective as he had found it earlier in the day. Like

the brave, patient man he was, he took refuge in action.

"You'll make a sterner-looking superintendent with your mistake shaved off"—was her irrelevant observation.

Red Rock's Free Library

By George Fushell in *Poplar Magazine*

For sale? No, sir, I just reckon that mare ain't for sale. Not by a long way, she ain't. That there mare, sir! I guess she's the most intelligent critter goin' on four legs and up and between this an' Frisco. She once saved me from the direst calamity as ever happened, or nearly happened, in my administration as mayor of Red Rock Camp.

Wouldn't 'a' thought I'd been a mayor—eh? Yon bet I was; elected by the poplar vote of able-bodied gun-carrin' citizens, and you can finger your last dollar that there was no recounts in that there city. Method of election? Well, stranger, I just called that I was the most able citizen to look after the affairs of that town.

'Cos why? Why, Cook Scream like used to think he was all creation round that camp, an' acted accordin', until one day I demonstrated to the poplar satisfaction an' beyond dispute, that when it came to beat' quick and straight like was too slow to catch a cold compared with yours truly.

He was a crook, like was, an' on the strength of his hardness had killed more men than justice called for. So after the funeral I says:

"Boys, in the interests of law an' order, I guess I'll be mayor of this town, an' if any brother objects let him walk right up an' git measured."

Yuh bet nobody objected, so says I: "All those in favor come inside an' celebrate." And if there was a wicker-bearn' animal in that camp as didn't accept the invitation, I didn't know him an' he wouldn't have cared to know me.

Well, sir, I begun at once kinder fulfillin' the duties of my office. I instilled into the reluctant mind of Slick Sam that there only ever or could be but one ace to each suit in a pack, an' that if he tried to make a new rule ag'in he'd better have a seat booked somewhere for his immortal soul. Further, I persuaded Pete Schucks that brass filin' really had no honest connection with gold-dust, an' made Job Joseph understand that somebody else's pocket was not the correct place to warm his hands in. I tell you square, there was a moral reform wave swept over that city, sir. Yon bet a man remembers his Sunday-school lessons when he knows that forgettin' 'em might show him the business end of a gun just long enough for him to know about it.

An' so it was at a very unhealthy time for him that a feller came around tryin' to fake the poplar!

We was havin' a friendly game in "The Blue Bear," the principal an' only hotel in Red Rock Camp, when in walks a cove as said he had just got off old St's coach, which coach passes by Red Rock without enterin'. He said he was from Washington City an' had come to see somethin' of life out West.

The biggest curiosity he had was a lot of new money, which he said was straight from the Treasury, and had never been used. As a kind of introduction, the stranger asked every mother's son to drink at his expense, an' we had quite a jolly kind of a time. Bye-bye the time comes for him to pay up, an' the tenderfoot

plunks out a brand new twenty-dollar bill.

As I said before, new bills was a curiosity out there, so Tom, the bartender, passed it round for the boys to have a look at. Soon it came to me, an' I examined it mighty close.

Then I lifts my eyes to the tenderfoot an' says, kinder innocentlike: "Do they always make twenty-dollars bills by pastin' two sheets together now?"

He was prompt, sir, but before his hand was half-way there he was lookin' into the chief executive gun, an' for a tenderfoot, his hands was up pretty slick. The bits of silk was in the note, all right, but they were not on the surface in the registration manner, an' a tiny corner of the two sheets which formed the back an' front of the note had just lifted the least kind of a shudder, an' give the game away.

We found about fifteen hundred dollars' worth of stuff on him. The boys was for hangin' him, but I never cared for takin' life promiscuous, so I said we'd hand him over to the sheriff, who honored with his residence the exorcistence called Slow Creek Town, ten miles up the road.

As luck would have it, who should walk in but the sheriff himself, after the man we'd got, havin' had a full description of him from old St, the coach driver! But the man wasn't all the sheriff wanted; he also wanted the fake dollars, an' that was what I was not goin' to let him have.

Says I: "That collection, sheriff, is reserved for the Municipal Museum of Red Rock Camp, an' will repose in the municipal safe in the mayor's office on the first floor of this hotel, at which office the mayor resides an' will receive inquiries at any time. However, for purposes of prosecution we'll let you have five hundred dollars of it."

The sheriff opined that all counterfeit money was the property of the Government, and called 'd'd have to git a warrant out for my arrest. I told him the Government had better come an' git it, then, an' as for arrestin' the mayor of this town, I

figgered up he'd have to bring a pretty big Slow Creek squad to do it. To which the citizens guy their united assent.

So the sheriff thought the best thing he could do was to levant with his prisoner, becoss the boys was gittin' kinder restless; an' off he git.

Well! p'raps a matter of two weeks passed uneventfully, when another stranger lit into our town an' asked for an interview with the mayor.

He was the queerest cuss you ever put eyes on. Your first impulse was to look for his number an' description, an' your second was to hold him until the keeper came. He was small an' slender, an' had a short nose, gold-rimmed spectacles, an' a snuff-colored voice; but he had a way of lookin' at you that made you feel that what the cove missed wasn't worth a tinker's coss.

To introduce himself he handed me his ticket, an' I saw that he was labeled: "Leonard Cuttall, secretary to Mr. Adolph Custis."

He said that Mr. Adolph Custis was the guy who was donatin' free libraries all along the line to deservin' townships, an' that he had heard of the splendid administration of Red Rock Camp, an' wanted to help on the cause of law by the aid of education an' refinement.

So he'd sent Mr. Cuttall to say as he'd put up five thousand dollars for a buildin' if the boys would put up another thousand for the books. Well! I 'lowed that the boys needed education an' refinin' some, an' I was dead in for reform, an' wanted to leave a lasin' testimony of my administration, so I guessed we'd have a library, an' on behalf of the township I accepted the offer.

Then I called a meetin' of the boys to consider the proposition. The upshot of the matter was that the boys to the number of one hundred agreed to pay over to me two dollars a week each until the amount was gathered, an' then I was to pay it over to his secretaryship.

In the meantime, to stimulate their enthusiasm an' git them into literary

tastes, he thought it would be a fine idea to start a magazine an' run it on our own. He said we could put in the general happenin's of the town, an' some of the boys could contribute somethin' in the way of fiction an' poetry, while I could edit the magazine, an' he would do the printin'.

I cal'lated that judgin' by most of the journals that struck our city I could manage the editin' all right; so we roosed out Old Bartholomew's printin' outfit that hadn't seem high since he died five years before an' opened shop. The stranger he distributed some circulars called "Hints on Writin' Fiction," an' the boys sat up nights studyin' 'em an' dreamin' of future greatness.

A few days later, when the editor was sittin' in his office writin' up the general happenin's the fiction began to come in.

First of all in walks Long Fred with a cautious look an' a yarn about a beautiful gal in South Carolina who had fell desperately in love with him. That was fiction, all right, pure an' unadulterated. I looked at him more in sorrow than in anger, an' he edged toward the door.

"Fred," said I, "what we want is fiction that has some foundation, an probability, even if not in fact, an' any idiot knows that no beautiful gal would fall in love with a long-legged, cross-eyed——"

He thought I was feelin' for some weapon, an' didn't seem to have no kind of interest in the remainder of my advice. After that the fiction came in pretty smart, an' I had to lock my gun up in the safe or I would have depopulated the entire town. My only relief was in language an' portable furniture.

The private secretary was in his own room, next to mine, with the printin' outfit waitin' for matter. The besikest trade he did was printin' slips which began "somethin' about "The editor regrets." An' you bet the editor did regret.

We closed office about three o'clock an' held a conference, at which we decided we'd wait the magazine pro-

position until the multitude had got some education an' refinement.

So Mr. Leonard Cuttall just nosed round an' got acquainted, an' accidentally, I got acquainted with him.

At last the time arrived, an' when we had paid the thousand dollars over to his secretaryship an' he was ready to start he offered to buy my more for a hundred dollars. I accepted, and off Mr. Cuttall started with the thousand in his pocket an' no doubt with thoughts of philanthropy in his mind.

That evenin' I called a meetin' of the boys, an' made a speech. I told 'em how I'd gone into the dude's room seekin' him one day, when I ran across a letter he was writin' to some galoot ess tellin' him that he expected to get away with the wealth of the camp on such a date. "So," says I, "I fixed the guy, all right. I giv him the dummy money, which'll git him arrested 'fore he knows where he is, an' sold him my mare for one hundred good dollars. The contributions of this camp repose peacefully in the mayor's safe, an' if you'll excuse me one minute I'll fetch 'em down and divide." An' off I went upstairs for the dollars.

Somethin' seemed to be wrong with the lock of that darned safe; the handle wouldn't turn neber, so, after a lot of foolin' I gits hold of it in a temper, an' pulled. Well! When that safe door came open you could have froze water an' melted it agen on my face in three seconds; but when I looked inside it nearly roasted a gwanie-battery to keep my heart beatin'.

For there, lookin' exasperatin'ly clean an' innocent nestled them darned spoof notes, an' a neat little note on top informed the mayor that Mr. Cuttall felt it would be unkind to rob the city of its museum, so had taken them dirty old notes instead.

I went down stairs an' tried to look cool while I broke it gently to the boys.

You bet there was a circus. There was some of the remarkablest suggestions you ever heard, an' some of the finest flows of profanity you'd ever want to.

For the first time in my career as

mayor I was talked back at by one man for more than two consecutive sentences. In fact, all the boys piled it on, though 'twas more in sorrow than in anger toward me. They felt a kind of personal grief that the mayor of that camp should have been cooked so brown.

But for Leonard! Gee! if Leonard could have been there for two minutes, you'd have thought from the conversation that it would have paid a big dividend to work him as a lead-mine afterward.

Somebody said that as the mayor seemed so stunned to act he would suggest a pose. "Pose?" I says, sarcastic. "Much good a posse will do when the shamp's been gone six hours already. Why don't you send a wireless telegram askin' him to return?"

We was a mad but dejected group, an' I was the maddest an' dejectedest.

Suddenly, when I had nearly got my speech of resignation framed in my mind, an' it was so touchin' it nearly brought tears to my eyes to think of it, we hears a rattle of harness, an' a big kick on the door accompanied by a somewhat high-strung voice exclaimin': "What in thunder's the name of this place, anyhow? Are all these darned camps made by the same——" By this time the traveler had got inside, an', by Jupiter, if 'twasn't Mr. Leonard Cuttall!

We was flabbergasted, an' Leonard was the first to recover. Before you

could say "Damn!" two guns was shinin' in the tenderfoot's hands. Tenderfoot, indeed! Well, his smile was a study for the poetry department of the late lamented magazine. "Hands up, gentlemen!" he says, an' the boys didn't need tellin' twice.

"Mr. Cuttall," says I, "how'd you git back here?"

"That darned mare er yours," says he, "twisted me around till I didn't know whether I was in Arizona er Manchuria."

"Just as I trained her too," says I, "an' as I knowed she would when I sold her to you, though I didn't know you'd gone me one better on the boodie. An' for that reason I've been playin' soft to the boys all night, an' for the same reason I doctored your ammunition before you started, so——"

He pulled, but there was only a click, an' when he started for the door—Well, Mr. Leonard Cuttall had a final relapse beyond all hope of recovery.

He was a game little cuss, anyhow, so we sent a messenger to the sheriff givin' him all particulars, an' askin' him to come over for the counterfeit wealth an' bring the parson along. We giv him Christian burial, an' if some of the things the parson said didn't exactly fit in that what we knew about him—well, I guess they was 'bout as near as the average, an' there was only the difference between succeedin' an' failin', anyhow.

No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down, in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent—Chastity

Building a Farmers' Monopoly

By James L. Nash in *The World Today*

WITH the avowed purpose of absolutely controlling all the necessities of life required by eighty millions of people as well as effecting tremendous political and economic changes, an organization unique in its character has sprung into existence and is rapidly spreading over the country. Without a cent of capital stock it may eventually become the most powerful monopoly ever known. Its membership already includes half a million capitalists and laborers, and its leaders plan to augment this vast host until several million are enrolled. The name of this potential organization is "The American Society of Equity" and its members are nearly all farmers.

The day of individualism in the industrial world is passing. The age is one of co-operation and combination. One the one side capitalists have arrayed themselves in mammoth corporations and trusts for the control of manufactures and the arteries of commerce; on the other side laboring men have banded themselves together for mutual protection and betterment. Thus two great powers have dominated the industrial world. Now a third mighty power composed of the men who own and till the soil which furnishes the products required by both capital and labor has entered the field.

Like all great movements this one had its inception in the brain of a single man, J. A. Everitt, an Indianapolis seed merchant. Spending the first twenty-five years of life on a farm, Everitt gained by thorough and practical experience the knowledge which he is now using in promoting and directing the new organization. More than twenty years ago he went to Indianapolis and entered the field of trade. But he was not content simply to sell goods. He was a botanist as well as a merchant. He was also a student of industrial conditions. His business brought him into

close and continual contact with the men of the soil and he took a deep interest in the farmers' many complicated problems, particularly those connected with the business side of farming.

What impressed him most was the fact that the farmers, though far more numerous than the men of any other occupation and producing the greater portion of the nation's wealth, were entirely under the domination of the non-producing classes. The price of farm products was determined not by the natural law of supply and demand but by the actions of a handful of speculators in the great market centres of the country.

Feeling that there must be a remedy for this condition, Everitt set out to find it. He made a study of the question in all its phases and came finally to the conclusion that the farmer should fight fire with fire, combination with combination. Individually the farmer was weaker than either the laborer or the capitalist because he was a member of the largest industrial class and consequently suffered more from competition by his fellow workers; combined, the farmers, because of their numbers, would be stronger than any other organization in the industrial world. Holding this belief he formulated the plan upon which the organization of the American Society of Equity is based and became the leader of the farmers in their struggle for industrial freedom.

His plan was simple. It was merely to apply to farming the same methods which have been successfully applied in other lines of trade and industry. The farmers should unite for self-protection and with the object of securing greater returns for their investment and labor. With this in view he proposed to organize a national society composed of farmers in all parts of the country. The first and chief object of this organization

should be to establish and maintain profitable prices on all products of the farm, orchard and garden.

Two years Everitt devoted to working out the details of this plan. Then he laid it before several other men who had been thinking along similar lines and they urged him to take steps at once to put it into operation. The fruit of their advice was the formation in the little town of Plainfield, Indiana, fourteen miles from Indianapolis, of the first local union of the A.S.E. From this primal unit which came into existence February 1, 1903, the spread of the organization has been rapid.

Almost immediately the new society took strong root in Illinois, and the first forty thousand members were secured before a single organizer had been sent out. C. O. Drayton, of Greenfield, Illinois, who is now at the head of an important department of the A.S.E., was among the first to become interested and it was in the vicinity of his home that the society had its largest early growth. At about the same time, H. B. Sherman, the present national organizer, who was a veteran of the Civil War, had been both a farmer and a lawyer and was then representing Decatur County in the Indiana Legislature, began to take an interest in the movement. He soon became enthusiastic over Everitt's idea and has been very active in superintending and directing the work of organization. The remarkable progress made by the new society has been largely due to his efforts supplementing those of its founder.

The result of the labors of these men and other enthusiasts is seen in the rapid dissemination of the "Equity idea." The American Society of Equity now has county organizations in every state in the union except four. There are state organizations in Virginia, New York, Kentucky, North Carolina, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas. Several months ago the total membership of the society had passed the five hundred thousand

mark and many new members have since been added.

At first glance it would seem that a business organization so vast as to include several million partners, each controlling absolutely a portion of the product, would be impracticable, or at least very complicated. But it is both simple and practical, and every individual in the great society has a voice in its government. First, there is the local union, composed of individual farmers. Above this is the county union, comprising three or more local unions. When there are five county unions in a state, a state union may be formed. Then there are section unions, each including several state unions, and all the section unions combined form the great national union. These are the fundamental parts of the big machine.

Every year at the national convention which meets in October a board of directors is chosen. This board fixes the price to be asked for all farm products during the ensuing twelve months. Its decisions are not, however, iron-clad and may be either approved or amended by a vote of the delegates attending the national convention. In fixing prices the board does not act blindly nor rely on the judgment of its members. The price determined upon is regulated on the safe and sane basis of supply and demand, care being taken to see that a profit is assured the producer.

Each member of the society reports to the headquarters of the local union just what crops and how much of each he will have ready to market at a given date. From this information the officers of the local unions are enabled to compile figures showing the produce which is for sale in particular districts. The result of their work is reported to the county union headquarters. From reports received from the different local unions the county union officers determine the total amount of produce which the farmers of the county are ready to sell and this information is forwarded to the section union headquarters. Each section union in like manner compiles a

report and forwards it to the headquarters of the national union.

In a similar way will the demand for farm products be estimated when the system has been perfected. Representatives of the A.S.E. will be stationed in the principal market cities throughout the country, and it will be the duty of each representative to discover what products and how much of each is wanted at each point. The agent will make his report directly to the section union headquarters and the reports of all the agents will be sent to the national headquarters.

Thus the board of directors at the national headquarters will have daily before it figures showing exactly what the farmers have on hand and what the consumers need. Statistics obtained so directly should prove much more reliable and accurate than those furnished in government reports or based on the estimates of so-called crop experts, and with their aid the board should be able to fix an equitable price which at the same time would be favorable to the farmers.

Granaries, warehouses, elevators and cold storage plants are to be established on the farms, in the principal market cities and wherever necessary, so that the farmer may be enabled to hold his products for an indefinite period in order to obtain the price fixed by the A.S.E.

These society storehouses are also to serve as banks and loaning agencies. In case the farmer finds himself in financial straits and obliged to dispose of his crop as soon as it is harvested instead of holding it for the price fixed by the society, he can bring his produce to the receiving station where he will be paid whatever may be its market value at the time. The produce will then be sold at the receiving station until the market advances to the minimum figure set by the society, when it will be sold and the profits turned over to the original owner.

This is the ideal plan outlined by Everett and his co-workers and it is one which has proved successful when put into operation on a limited scale. Whether it will work smoothly when

applied on so huge a scale as will be necessary to extend it throughout the country and enable the farmers of America to control the marketing and dictate the price of their own crop, is a question which can only be definitely answered after it has been given a fair trial.

It is not necessary for the A.S.E. to control the entire visible supply of a product in order to fix the price. If it controls the surplus of each crop it can regulate the price, and the surplus is a comparatively small portion of the crop.

In the past few years, since the society has been earning prices on farm products, it is claimed that but three of the principal crops have failed to sell up to the stipulated price: the potato crop of 1904, and the wheat crops of 1905 and 1906.

To obtain control of the wheat crop is now the chief aim of the leaders of the movement. With this in view they are bending all their energies to effect strong organizations among the farmers of the great winter wheat-growing region of the Northwest, "The World's Bread-basket," as it has been aptly called. Their efforts are meeting with considerable success. In Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and South Dakota strong state organizations have existed for some time and a few months ago one was formed in North Dakota.

A vigorous campaign is being conducted all through the northwestern states and Canada, and those who are engaged in the cornucopia product that before harvest the society will have enough members in the wheat-growing region to control the price of the great cereal. Dollar wheat is the slogan which is attracting the farmers of the Northwest to the A.S.E. banner and it is proving a popular rallying cry. The board of directors of the organization has fixed that figure as the minimum at which the 1907 wheat crop is to be sold.

In speaking of this, H. B. Sherman said:

"On the general level of farming it is impossible to raise wheat profitably for less than 80 cents a bushel and that is what the farmer of the

Northwest actually gets for dollar wheat after the freight and reasonable charges for handling have been deducted. Each year the world needs twelve million bushels more of wheat than it required the year before, so it should not be difficult for the farmers to name their own figures once they are effectually organized in all parts of the country."

Should it be found necessary, members of the society stand ready to curtail the production of wheat in order to obtain the desired price. They will plant a smaller acreage and the consequent short crop will bring an advance in price. They insist that there must be no over-production.

"It is not the big crops that make money for the farmers. The largest crops we have ever raised have brought the smallest returns, while our short crops have been money-makers," said a farmer of long experience at a recent state convention, and he voiced the opinion of the majority of practical agriculturists.

So while the professors of agricultural colleges, officials of the agricultural department and government experts are busy instructing the farmers in the best methods to be employed in increasing the productivity of the soil, the shrewd and hardheaded among the farmers are planning to adopt the same method employed by the manufacturer, that of deliberately reducing the production when the market falls below a certain price.

But though the primary purpose of the American Society of Equity is to protect the farmer, this is not its sole object. The organized farmers are not merely to fight their own bat-

ties. They are to help the great mass of the American people to secure more general equitable conditions. In seeking to obtain better returns for their investment of capital and labor they are not to force the poor to pay more for the necessities of life. Rather they are to assist them in securing food and clothing at lower rates by squeezing out the middleman with his fat profits. Products are to go directly from the producer to the consumer, so far as possible. The A.S.E. has formed an alliance with the American Federation of Labor and the two are co-operating in the establishment of distributing stations where farm products may be sold by the farmer to the consumer without the intervention of a third party. Such stations are already in operation in Chicago and other places.

According to the plans outlined, the activities of the society are to have a still wider scope, extending beyond the mere control of the marketing of the fruits of the soil and touching many phases of the nation's political and economic life. Once thoroughly organized the farmers of the state with ten million votes would be a political power irresistible, a power before which the politicians at Washington and at the many little Washingtons throughout the country would bow. When the farmers wanted laws enacted Congress and the legislatures would be quick to respond, for it would not be the confused and faint cry of individuals scattered on isolated farms over the lonely prairie but the full-voiced and united chorus of a body of men who know what they want and are not slow in demanding it.

Canada's Excuse For Existence

By Douglas Hall in the World To-Day

THE ultimate ground for the continued separate existence of the English-speaking nations which have this continent is that progress will be better served by two experiments in democracy than by one. Were Canada to consent to scrapheap the heritage of her past and merge for destiny in that of the republic, America would be poorer rather than richer in the forces that make for civilization. With both nations facing much the same problems, but working them out on different lines, the chances of successful solution are doubled.

This is the theory: what is the practice? To take the less familiar side only, has Canada anything to contribute to the joint stock of American democratic experiment—anything to teach her bigger neighbor? Her own modest but unanimous opinion is that she has. For years her statesmen, while deploring the comparative slowness of her material development, have insisted complacently on the superiority of her political organization, the greater flexibility and economy of her banking methods, the greater security of her judicial system.

Eight or ten years ago Canadians became tired of waiting for something to turn up, and began to turn up some things themselves. Their success was magical, and the proverbial outside assistance to those who help themselves has followed. The rise of the new imperialism focused British attention; the filling up of the free American West gave the prairies of Saskatchewan new value in the eyes of American farmers. For the past five or ten years Canada has been congratulating herself on an industrial and commercial expansion relatively unparalleled. Prosperity has brought the self-confidence and the initiative that were lacking during the long lean years. It has brought, too, the problems for the new spirit to tackle.

Take the eternal transportation problem, for instance. To meet it the Government has adopted a threefold commission policy. First comes the transportation commission, a board of experts, whose task it is to lay down a broad and comprehensive policy for the future, after a careful study of all the water and rail routes, sea and lake ports possibilities, and similar data. Such important questions as the practicability of the Hudson Bay route, the improvement of the St. Lawrence channel, the advisability of making the chief sea and lake ports national harbors, free of all dues, have been considered by this commission, which has recently completed its report.

The more thorny task of controlling the existing roads is entrusted to a board of railway commissioners, which consists of three highly salaried members appointed for life. The board at present consists of Mr. Justice Killam, formerly of the Supreme court; Professor Mills, of the Ontario Agricultural College, and Hon. M. E. Breanier, formerly minister of inland revenue. The board has its headquarters in Ottawa, but holds sessions throughout the whole country, to hear complaints and give judgment.

The powers of the commission are wide. It controls construction, rates and operation. The location and construction of new lines and stations, bridges and tunnels must meet with its approval. All freight schedules are filed with the commission, and it has power to change any rate on proof of discrimination in favor of large shippers or between different localities. The classification of commodities is also subject to control. As to operation, it may regulate speed and control the allotment of cars to different districts. The commission is given practically a free hand, and so far and common-sense have been its decisions that it has not been necessary

for any litigant to invoke the appeal to the privy council provided as last resort. Thanks to a constitution which does not make a fetish of the separation of judicial, executive, and legislative powers on a basis of equality, the commission is little troubled by fear of "judicial review."

The success of the commission led the Government in its last session to give it the same control over telephone construction and rates, and thus meet the complaints of excessive charges and refusal to connect with local independent companies, brought against the Bell Companies which control the long-distance lines.

The third organization is the National Transcontinental Railway Commission, a board of a more temporary nature, charged with the construction of that half of the new Atlantic-to-Pacific road which lies between Moncton, New Brunswick, and Winnipeg, and which the Government is to build and own, but to leave to the Grand Trunk Pacific for fifty years. The commission has already let the contracts for about \$30,000,000 worth of work.

Akin to the problem of government regulation is that of government ownership of railways. The latter policy has until recently been in bad odor in Canada. For thirty years the Government has operated the one thousand five hundred-mile Intercolonial, and for thirty years the fruits have been deficit upon deficit, and political corruption. Much of the trouble was honestly chargeable to the political management; useless employees were foisted on the pay-rolls in return for political service, shipping rates were lowered below cost or unnecessary stations built to influence doubtful constituencies; the pass evil was rampant. But more was really chargeable to other considerations.

The road was built for national and strategic rather than for commercial purposes, to bind the Maritime Provinces to Ontario and Quebec. So it was laid out along two sides of the triangle caused by Maine jutting up into Canadian territory, instead of being run straight across. For hun-

dreds of miles the country is such that it originates no traffic, and for through traffic the railway must meet the competition not only of the Canadian Pacific running along the base of the triangle, but of the water route afforded by the St. Lawrence. And again, thanks to too little government ownership rather than too much, the road was left stranded in Quebec, and kept from its natural outlet on the Great Lakes by the influence of the private competing roads.

In spite of these handicaps, the Intercolonial has at last begun to pay its way. The credit is largely due to Mr. Emmerson, the late minister of railways, and his very efficient deputy, Mr. Butler. Under their management political evils have been reduced to a minimum and economies introduced all along the line. The country was agreeably disappointed this year by the announcement of a surplus.

At the same time that the Intercolonial is ceasing to be regarded as a white elephant, the cause of national ownership has received a powerful fillip from the success of a newer experiment, the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario. Built two years ago, by the Ontario Government, largely as a colonization road, it has justified the faith of its promoters by making money from the start. The road is being pushed north to connect with the Grand Trunk Pacific, and probably will be eventually extended to James Bay. Both the building and the operation of the road have been entrusted to a commission of three well-known business men, whose management, save for one charge of nepotism in a lease, has been warmly praised on all hands for independence and efficiency.

The Dominion Government has not had a monopoly of progressiveness. The new Whitney Provincial administration in Ontario has just adopted two radical extensions of state activity. The Province of Ontario, Limited, is going into silver mining at Cobalt, and into transmission and sale of electric power from Niagara. Cobalt, the scene of the Government's projected mining activities, is

now well known as a camp remarkably rich, both in silver and cobalt, in the Lake Temiskaming district of New Ontario. Early last year it was found that some of the richest deposits existed on what is known as the Gillies limit, a block of land a hundred square miles in extent adjoining the Government camp, and it was expected that the Government would either throw the limit open to prospectors or auction it off. But Mr. Whitney decided on a bolder policy. The Government will retain the deposits and work them for the benefit of the province. Present indications are that the experiment will be as successful as it is novel—novel on this continent at least.

The other project, the development and transmission of hydraulic power by the province, is the outcome of the demand of the municipalities of western Ontario for cheaper power for industrial and traction purposes. Coal is high-priced and exposed to all the contingencies of strikes and tariffs, while the hydraulic power hitherto developed in Canada has been retailed at almost prohibitive figures.

After a thorough investigation into the hydraulic resources of the province, the Government decided to appoint a power commission of three members to act as a joint agent for municipalities desiring electric power. The commission was given power to negotiate with the existing development companies at Niagara and elsewhere for the amount of power required, and if reasonable prices were not offered, to expropriate an existing plant or erect a new one. With the big stick of expropriation in its armory, the commission has just succeeded in making a very favorable contract with the Ontario Power Company—an American corporation by the way—for twenty-four-hour power at \$10 per horse-power at Niagara. It will provide for the transmission of this power and its transfer to the municipalities, which will retail it to local industries at cost price. As a guarantee that the cheap power thus secured will reach the consumer and not stick in middle-men's pockets, the

commission will have power to regulate electric light, power and heat rates made by local companies.

The plan, which is due in great part to the enthusiastic advocacy of Hon. Adam Beck, the young "Minister of Power," and the head of the commission, will apply not only to Niagara, but to the vast water powers in the eastern and especially in the northern part of the province. With water-power resources unmatched in the world, and with careful provision made for their freest unobstructed development, Canada's hopes for future industrial primacy may be considered to have very strong foundation.

Labor problems, from which the country has hitherto been comparatively free, are now coming in prosperity's train. A serious strike last year in the coal mines of Alberta which caused widespread suffering brought home the necessity for more stringent legislation than the existing voluntary arbitration laws. Accordingly a bill was passed this spring which, though stopping short of New Zealand's compulsory arbitration measure, is the most radical piece of labor legislation on this continent. The act provides that no strike or lockout can be declared in any mining industry or public service utility prior to or pending investigation by a Board of Conciliation, on penalty of a fine of from \$10 to \$50 a day for employees and \$50 to \$1,000 for employers. At the request of either party to a dispute the Minister of Labor appoints a board composed of one member chosen by each side and a third co-opted or named by the minister. They will investigate, with full court powers, and issue a report. Their finding, however—and here the measure differs from New Zealand's law—is not binding on either party; they are at liberty to reject it and, if they desire, to declare a strike or lockout to enforce their demands. It is felt, however, that in ninety-nine out of one hundred cases, the cooling of passion by the compulsory delay and the force of intelligently directed public opinion will lead to the acceptance of the award. The act has already been

invoked in several instances, but it is too early yet to decide whether it will be possible to enforce its anti-strike clauses in face of a widespread and determined strike. It is at least a courageous experiment, well worth watching. The credit for the bill is largely due to the Deputy Minister of Labor, Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, a trained economist gifted with tact, energy and enthusiasm. On him will fall the chief responsibility for the bill's success or failure.

In industrial combination Canada is comparatively backward, though recent investigations have shown an unexpectedly wide extent of trade arrangements for control of business. But in combination in another field, the religious, the Dominion bids fair to lead the world. The competitive waste of denominationalism has been brought home to Canadian churches in accentuated form by two consequences of the industrial growth: the difficulty of securing enough suitable men to man the existing pulpits in face of the attractions of business life, and the need of greatly extending operations to cope with the flood of immigration pouring into the west.

About two years ago negotiations were begun between representatives of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational churches looking to a union of forces. Conference after conference has been held; committees on doctrine, administration, polity, ministers, and church law have been formed, and the governing bodies of each body have deliberated on the interim reports. A tentative plan has been sketched for the formation of an organic—not a federal—union under the title of the United Church of Canada, with a mild Presbyterian confession as doctrinal basis, and on the administrative side of a combination of the Methodist general conference, the Congregational council, and the Presbyterian presbytery. The matter is now to be thrashed out in the local governing units of each denomination. So far as can be judged at present, the tide of opinion, both lay and pulpit, runs strongly in favor of the new

movement, and makes its ultimate success highly probable.

Turning to the political field we find that an interesting step in constitutional development has been made in giving a legal status to the leader of the opposition, with a grant of \$7,000 a year salary in addition to the usual sessional indemnity. The position of the opposition leader has long been an anomalous one in all parliament-governed countries. An indispensable cog in the machinery of party government, loaded down with work, almost as responsible as the premier himself for economical and effective administration, he has hitherto had no recognized standing and no reward but a fleeting hope and an inverted honor. Some fears were expressed that a salaried opposition leader might feel hampered in his criticism, but so far as Mr. Borden, the present leader of the Canadian opposition, is concerned, the fear seems groundless. During the past two sessions he has been gaining steadily in parliamentary dexterity and in control of his party, and has given the Government many an uneasy hour.

But perhaps Canada's greatest problem is the working out a new form of imperial organization. Can a plan be devised whereby the great haphazard British empire may endure, now that the younger nations are arriving at years of discretion? It is a problem never yet successfully solved. Colonial empires there have been, but either the colonies grew strong and broke from leading strings, or else were weak and stagnated in burdensome dependence. Alliances, federations, there have been, but of states contiguous in territory and bound by common interests. The world has never yet seen an enduring empire or federation composed of states at all the earth's ends and divided by all seven seas. To-day the bubble of imperial federation has burst. That solution at least is hopeless, in the face of the colonies' reluctance to surrender a jot of their present rights of self-government.

To Canada belongs the credit for the proposal and the steady upholding

of the new basis of unity, and in Canada chiefly to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the late Principal Grant. Slowly there has dawned the conception of an Empire—British, but not Britain's, a "galaxy of independent nations," in Sir Wilfrid's phrase, a league of equal independent states, owing common allegiance to the one king but not to the one parliament. Complete autonomy in home affairs with co-operation in matters of common imperial concern is the new idea.

And in both parts of the program the Dominion has set the pace for the empire. On the co-operation side, it was Canada which led the way in cheap interimperial postage, Canada which proposed and carried through against opposition the all-British Pacific cable, Canada which initiated the preferential tariff movement. On the side of autonomy her example has been as consistent. She declined to concur in the British proposal of a colonial contribution to an imperial-manned navy. She declined to assent to the British war office suggestions of a uniform military system and foreign service for colonial troops. She recently ended the arrangement, fertile in discord, by which an imperial officer commanded the Canadian militia. A few months ago she took over the complete control of Halifax and Esquimaux, and the last British soldier on the continent sailed from her shores. And after the Alaskan boundary settlement she announced her intention to demand treaty-making powers, the only shred of independence yet ungrasped. Finally, at the recent Colonial Conference, it was Canada, in the person of shrewd, eloquent, picturesque Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which dominated the proceedings and held the Conference steady to the principle of all-round autonomy. Piquantly enough Sir Wilfrid was even forced to champion the mother country against the zealous interference of the narrower-gauged premiers of Australia and the Cape, who sought to bulldoze Britain into granting a colonial tariff preference

against her will. For in his new conception of the British Empire even Britain is to have some rights of self-government.

A free alliance of equal rights—this is Canada's solution. It may not work; independence within the empire may eventually prove less attractive to the colonies than independence without it, but at least it is the only solution which seems to have a possibility of success.

It follows from the new attitude taken up by Canada that her relations with the continent to which she belongs will henceforth be more in her own hands. The circuitous mode of negotiating which now exists, from Ottawa via London to Washington and from Washington via London back to Ottawa, seems fated to give way to more direct communication. With a high commissioner at Washington as now at London, Canada will be able to take part in the American concert.

Significant in this connection is the changing attitude toward the Monroe Doctrine. Years ago, especially during the Venezuelan estrangement, it was hailed as a piece of American arrogance. To-day it is coming to be looked on as a guarantee of continental protection. The Canadian minister of militia recently assigned that guarantee as one reason why Canada need not contribute to the imperial navy. A distinguished Canadian publicist, Professor Adam Shortt, draws a still further deduction: "Plainly we must accept the policy of the Monroe Doctrine as an integral part of our national inheritance. But in so doing, we must adopt the equally necessary position that, as a self-governing nation representing the British empire on this continent, we have a vital interest and a sound right to assist in shaping the future of that policy." Soon that most vague and flexible of policies, the Monroe Doctrine, will not be recognized if met in broad daylight by its own father—whenever was its father.

Patsy Moran and the Orange Paint

By Arthur Sullivan Hoffman in Everybody's

"I HAVE no great them' for thim meself," said Patsy Moran, skilfully lighting his pipe from the one that Tim had silently handed him and settling back comfortably on his end of a Central Park bench; "ye 'twas only me good luck saved me from bein' wan of thim."

The phlegmatic Tim smoked peacefully on without comment, but Patsy, who required no other response from Tim than his presence, continued reminiscently:

"Yis," he said, "but for good luck and a bit of me own good judgement I'd be tremblin' for me job on the polayce force this mornin'—dependin' for the rint on whether I could git it from Himsey for not seein' his place was open Sunday mornin' whin I was takin' a drink over his bar, or whether me sergeant had already took ivy-thing Himsey had for the offense of havin' it, tellin' him he might keep the rest if he would report me for drinkin' on duty. Sure, and in the place of that I'm me own master of meself, livin' free and comfortable by industrious burglin' and drivin' the polayce distracted, may the devil dance on the blue books of thim—hiven forgive me for sayin' so!"

"But they was a time whin I was tempted into wartin' a job on the force, and this was the way of it. 'Twas in me early twinties, and faith, it's the fine, nystandin' I had I was in thim days, with all the women gittin' beyond themselves entirely over me, and me that careless and go-lucky. It was only me good luck saved me from wan of thim the same day it kept me from throwin' meself away on the polayce force, and if iver a man made his way with a woman with ivy-thing ag'inst him—well, I'll be tellin' ye."

"It was me and Dinah O'Toole with the eyes of the two of us on the same polayce job, good friends as we was—sure! I loved him like a bender and

be treated me like wan, had cess to him! But we was frinds thim, and whin the word come to us that the man holdin' the wires to the givin' of that job was old Michael O'Grady up in Westchester County, Dinah comes to me and says he, with wan of thim lady-trust-me looks from the big eyes of him: 'Patsy,' says he, 'it's frinds we are first, and wan of us is a polayceman afterwards,' he says, noble."

"Yis," says I, swellin' with pride at bein' so honorable.

"We're playin' fair and the best man wins," he says.

"Yis," says I.

"Thim," says he, "let the two of us go up together to old man O'Grady's place in the country and settle it wanst and for all like gentlemen, lettin' him choose atween us. Are ye with me?"

"I wouldn't be lettin' ye go alone for worlds," says I, still feelin' honorable and turnin' cold at the thought of him givin' to O'Grady unbeknownst to me. "It's the true frind ye are and I'll not be goin' back on ye!"

"Will it be this afternoon, thim?" he says.

"Sure," I says, takin' quick thought of the new clothes I was wearin' and knowin' Dinah couldn't raise the money by afternoon for better than the shabby was on the back of him.

"So up we went. O'Grady, havin' made his pile, was livin' comfortable on his own place in the country and addin' to it, bein' a capacious man, by keepin' his hold on politics on the East Side. He was so rich his home was a matter of a mile from the station and we went the way on foot, takin' no sorrow of it, for the sun was shinin', the flowers bloomin' ivy-where, and the bees hummin' soothin' and pleasant-like—and the country's a fine place to go to whin ye can come back ag'in."

"We was trudgin' along through a

bit of woods, nayther of us talkin' much by reason of thinkin' how he could git a medal from O'Grady for bein' fair and honorable whilst he was makin' the other look like the last words of a drunken man afore he falls into the ditch and quits speakin', whin who should we be meetin', drivin' along in his bit of a cart, but old man O'Grady himself!

"We stops him, both talkin' to want, but afore we could tell our business he says he must goin' on after the mail and for as to wait for him where we was and ride home with him whin he comes back. Which we done, or begun to do, only by this time we was so nervous about each other that Dinnis wandered around in the woods and I stretched out on the grass by the roadside.

"I was watchin' him, suspicious, but pristinly I rolled over and went to sleep, with the warm sun shinin' down on me back, knowin' me wits would carry me through with O'Grady if I didn't wear him out with usin' him aforehand.

"It was Dinnis woke me, and the eyes of him was bulgin' out like eggs. "Tare and ages!" he says, "what's happened yer?"

"Me!" says I, blinkin' me eyes. "Who's done this to ye, Patsy?" he goes on, fairly yellin' at me. "What the devil has been at ye whilst I was away? Oh, wirra, wirra, man, if O'Grady iver sees ye now it's more like he will be killin' ye than anything else! 'Here,' he says, 'roll over agin' and let me see to back of ye want more. Holy saints, look at that, now! "Down with Tammany!" across your shoulders! And rumm' crooked down from it—hold still but was minute—no true Irishman iver dose that—"Bless Borne Water!" And down wan leg is "Ireland for the English!" and along the other "Down with the Pope!" and startin' from your hip-pocket is a blasphemous suggestion to the potayce! I very letter of it all in orange paint! Och, man, if O'Grady ever sees but wan letter of that ye're lost entirely, and by the powers here he comes now, jantin' along in his bit cart, though he ain't

seen us yet! Keep your face to him—no, they's no time to be lookin' at it now—and crawl back where ye can sit with your back agin' this tree and your legs flat out along the concadin' ground, and don't move annythin' but your tongue whilst he's with us! I'll do what I can, but for the love of hiven, sit tight!"

"With the first words of him me brains threw the sleep from him and me heart stopped beatin' with the sicknin' fright of what he was sayin'. I could see immediate that them words painted on the back of me would murder all me chancs with O'Grady—and me fine new suit, besides! Young as I was, I seen it was no time for mere thinkin'—me wits was quick to tell me that—and in less time than it takes a potay to roll into a barrel I was scrunchin' and wormin' and wiggin' along on me back—alanna, them poor clothes!—and was sittin' tight agin' a big tree with me legs flat out along the ground and niver was of them yellow letters showin', praise be.

"And with that, old man O'Grady, havin' come close by with his head down a-studyin', looks up and sees us. "Whoa!" says he. "Well, gentlemen, here I am and ready for ye. Will ye be gittin' in with me, or has your frind changed his mind, Mr. O'Toole?" he says, put out over a young man like me showin' him no more respect than not to git up with him be come.

"Well, sor," says Dinnis, "it ain't his mind he's wantin' to change. Ye see, sor," he says, givin' me a black eye right in the start of it and leavin' me no chance to tell me own lies, "it's not over strong he is—Moran's the name, sor, Patrick Moran—and the walkin' was a bit too much for him. The sun makes him this way, sor, but he gits all right agin' whin he can rest his back agin' something for a bit."

"Did ye iver hear the like of that from wan that was a frind! It made me so blunderin' mad that niver a word could I say except to take off me hat polite, prayin' the saints they was no orange paint on the back of me arm, and not dairin' to move from where I sat!

"Sure," says Mr. O'Grady, "and that's a pity. What can we be doin' for ye?" he says, gittin' down from his cart.

"There was me chancet and I took it. 'Mr. O'Grady,' I says, 'sure, it's troublein' ye too much I am, sor, but if ye could just be settin' down and talkin' to me soothin' a few minutes I'd be right agin' in no time. It ain't want a year I git these spells, and thin only from eatin' pickled beets with horse-radish on them,' says I, knowin' they ain't no chancet for invalids on the potayce.

"Och, it's meself will do that same," says Mr. O'Grady, 'and little enough."

"Just a minute, sor, and axin' your pardon," puts in Dinnis. "Patsy, Patsy," says he, kinder as a woman, the devil snatch him!—"don't ye mind how Dr. Ryan says the way ye're not to do whin ye're this way is to talk with anybody whatever!"

"Ye lie, ye dirty blackguard!" I says, bein' bold of meself, but keepin' posted to the tree. "I niver want to Dr. Ryan in me life, and they ain't anny such man annyways! Don't I know what—"

"Patsy dear," says Dinnis, like it was hurtin' him, "quiet yourself! don't! Och, come away, Mr. O'Grady, sir! It's killin' him we'll be after doin'." If ye'll be takin' me into your cart I'll be acceptin' your kind bid to go home with ye where I can be settlin' the business the two of us come out for, with no trouble to me frind. It's what the doctor says is best for him—to be left left quiet by himself!"

"Now the black curse of Shideygh on ye, Dinnis O'Toole!" I yells at him, bein' beyond meself, though not movin' me back and legs. "And if iver—"

"Don't be ragin' at him as is doin' their best for ye, Patsy dear," he says, still lookin' scornful, "for if it's much worse ye're gittin', I'll have to ask Mr. O'Grady to help me roll you on to your stummick and pound your back like Dr. Ryan said!"

"It's a wise man that knows whin a fool has the best of him. I give up; besides, the two of them was already movin' toward the cart. I commenced

callin' Dinnis all the evil names that came to me—which was all they was—but I seen him touchin' his head with his finger and whin I shut me mouth to listen, he was sayin' to Mr. O'Grady, says he: "Och, no, sir, he don't mean nothin' by all that. 'Tis only the fit that's on him and they's no offense to be took. Other times he's a daycent man, though—"

"And with that they climbed in and away they went, leavin' me blind and chokin' with me anger.

"I was so busy cursin' to meself that it was some minutes afore it come to me to look at them blasted letters on me back. And thin, so help me, I was afraid to look! Sure I was that it was Dinnis himself put them on me—it stood to reason no one would be wanderin' round the country with a can of orange paint waitin' for some Irishman to come along and go to sleep on his stummick so he could paint nefarious writin's on the innocent back of him! At the thought of him I fell to swearin' agin' prodigions, and was just goin' to draw up wan leg and read it whin I heard some wan singin'. A woman's voice, and a sweet one, it was—and I begun prusin' me headlines to the ground closer than iver.

"Thin I seen her through the trees comin' down a bit of a lane into the road, and faith, few is the women I've laid me eyes on afore or since could equal that wan! Her hair was blacker than annything else except her eyes, and the red cheeks and lips of her would 'a' made the berries in her pail look like they was snowballs. And as sassy as ye please, she was.

"She spoke to me social as she went by in the road, bein' nayther afraid nor too much the other way, and I could see the looks of me was by no means burtin' her.

"A fine afternoon to ye," she says, goin' right along on her way.

"Sure," says I, 'and if ye'd said that same afore ye come, 'Id 'a' been answerin' that it was not like to be!'

"Och," says she, laughin' a bit of a laugh that made me heart feel like a repeater. "But is it in trouble ye are?" her voice fillin' out with kindness so

I nearly forgot the point that was keepin' me where I was.

"I was till you come," I says, laughin' back at her, "and now I'm like to git in it worse than iver," I says.

"Och," says she, "go long with ye! Can't I be stoppin' long enough to be civil but ye must becom' blarneyin' like ye'd knowen me all me life long?"

"Sure," I says, still settin' tight ag'inst me tree and all the earth me legs could cover, "I've knowed ye iver since I first met ye, and that's all anny wan has done. And as for blarneyin', was they iver a man laid eyes on ye without tellin' ye what he saw?"

"Yoursilf," says she, laughin', with the damples comin' all over the face of her.

"Mesilf indeed!" says I, and I could see she was bein' drawn to me by the way I was settin' there indifferently whilst she stood in the road. "Wasn't I just sayin' I saw a worse trouble for me than anny that have gone afore?"

"She give me a look out of them black eyes of hers and set me strainin' at the tree-trunk I was leanin' on back ag'inst. 'Meanin', says he, 'the trouble of gitin' up on your feet with a lady speaks to ye!' she says, tossin' her pretty head and leadin' me on.

"Faith," I says, "I'd be up on me feet and down on me knees the same minute if—" says I, if—"I says, surprised at where I'd got mesilf to and carolin' round for anny kind of sensible reason for bein' a bit of stickin' plaster on the face of the earth when they was a girl like that callin' to me from the road.

"Ye seem to be in trouble ag'in," says she. "It's like to become a hobin with ye, and where's the gift tongue was waddin' so easy a minute gone?"

"It ain't me tongue's at fault," I says, meanin' to blame it on me heart and quiet the poor girl, only just then I begun noticin' how many of them big black ants they was crawlin' around the ground and wanderin' over me helpless form. It's me that hates bugs worse than the blessed St. Patrick hates snakes and 'twas me immediate intuition to jump straight up

in the air, brushin' the little devils off me with all me hands and feet, but I raymbered them murderin' yellow letters printed up and down the back of me, and callin' up all me will-power, I set where I was. Mind ye, it was fair wild I was with thim—they was eight of thim animals on the wing leg of me—but such will the pride in him do for a man, and the love of women! And good come of it, for it was wan of them bawdy ants scormin' up the toe of me shoe and down the sole of it, not havin' sense enough to go around instead of climb-in' over, that give me a idea; and so quick was all this that 'twas but a second after she was done askin' that I outs with the answer.

"It ain't me tongue," I says, wan eye on her and the other wan on the biggest of thim ants what was bally-hootin' round the bottoms of me trousers, debatin' would he be explorin' inside. And heven knows it ain't me heart that's keepin' me here, but me foot," I says. "I sprained me ankle on that store foinst ye in the road and would ye mind throwin' it as far as ye're able into the woods?" says I.

"Och, ye poor man!" she says, comin' toward me as I knowed she would. "And why ain't ye takin' off your shoe afore your foot swells in it?"

"Bring a stick with ye!" I says, the wan big ant havin' disappeared from me view and another wan startin' to hunt for him.

"Do what?" says she, but doin' it. 'Be careful of yoursilf there!' she goes on, for I was movin' me legs back and forth like they was pendulums, but keepin' thim tight to the ground and not alarmin' the ants to speak of. 'It's gone' for help I'll be,' she says, still comin' toward me.

"At thim words me stomach collapsed with fright of me bein' picked up on her readin' thim moortifyin' letters on and me, and right on top of that she come close enough to see it was low shoes I was wearin' and both me ankles as trim and tidy as iver they was.

"Ye big general, ye was lyin' to me!" she says, stoppin' short.

"'Ye, I was,' says I, 'but in the name of heven give me the stick!' I says, the second ant havin' gone over the ledge of me trousers' leg. 'And what might your name be, so I can be thankin' ye?' I says, reachin' for the stick. 'And won't ye set down and rist yoursilf?'

"Take it!" she says, throwin' it at me. 'And it's none of your business and I want no thanks from the likes of ye and I won't!' says she, answerin' everything at wanet.

"Thank ye annyways," I says, beatin' me shins with the stick without movin' me back from the tree, 'and ye will and what is it?'

"The saluts in glory be among us!" says she, watchin' me whippin' me silf. 'What ails ye?'

"It's punishin' mesilf I am for lyin' to ye," I says, 'but I misdoubted would ye believe me if I told ye the truth.'

"Ye might be tryin' the truth want to find out," she says, forgittin' to stay mad from bein' a woman and curious, and lookin' prettier ivry minute.

"Will ye set down friendly-like, thim, and what was it ye didn't say your name was?" says I, brushin' an ant off me shoulder and shiverin' at the thought of him gitin' down me neck.

"I'll be stoppin' a minute, havin' time on me hands," says she, her curiosity killin' her, 'and me name is just what ye said I didn't say it was, me not knowin' yours anyway,' she says.

"Oh, mine," says I. 'The last of it it's Moran,' I says, tellin' her the truth by reason of knowin' she wouldn't believe it, 'but that don't matter since it's just like ivry other name—your own at the word from ye. Me own name is Patrick,' I says, 'but Patsy's easier. And I'm not wantin' the last of yours the day, soon as it's not likely to stay so unless all the single men loses the power of speech and can't make signs. And if I'm not knowin' your own sweet name,' I says, wonderin' was it the old granddadd ant ticklin' me over me knee, 'there's naught left but to call

ye mavourneen and other things that come out of the heart of me," says I, givin' her a look and sighin' painful.

"It's Katy, thim," says she, dimplin' so I had to keep me eyes on me own back to raymberin' thim paragonical letters on it, 'and ye needn't be beatin' yoursilf anny more with that stick,' she says, 'if ye'll be tellin' me the real truth intirely.'

"Niver mind that, Katy dear," I says. 'I can't forgive mesilf for lyin' to ye and it keeps the bugs off, but will ye be offendin' at the truth if ye have it?' I says, me wits furnishin' me with a splendid reason for bein' a porous plaster.

"If ye can stand tellin' of it wanten' it's me will be tryin' to put up with the hearin' of it," she says, smilin' at me and showin' the white teeth of her so I was minded to git up with all that outrageous printin' on me and take me chance of lookin' a fool.

"Thim here it is," says I, solemn and trembly-like, 'in three words. I've seen the world, Katy darlin', and the most contemptible creature in the whole of it is him that makes a fool of himsilf remainin' round after a woman, beatin' like a sheep when she takes notice of him, and squandin' like a litter of pigs when she pretends she don't. It was but the makin' of a man when I took me solemn oath that if iver the heart of me went out to a good woman and a pretty wan, divil the step would I be traipsin' after her, leaveways till she'd come to me first. Lad as I was, I knowed 'twas only a good woman would have sense to see that belike I was the better man for not bein' a fool afore marriage, and the less likely to be a divil afterwards. 'Twas a big oath I took, and niver in all thim years was they need of it, but this day, Katy darlin', I says, makin' me voice rich and sweet, and lookin' at her in a way I'd learned was worth doin'. 'but this day, Katy darlin', the time has come on me! The minute me eyes was blissed by the sight of ye comin' down the lane I begun sayin' over and over to mesilf, 'Patsy, me boy, Patsy, me boy, if ye move but wan inch from where ye are, ye'll spind all the rest of your life after

ye're dead in purgatory!" And meoff answers me back immediate. "And if ye let that girl go by, ye'll spind it in a worse place, and God pity ye!" Faith, Katy dear, I'm cursin' the day I made that big oath, for it's glad I'd be to put me face in the dirt at your little feck, mavourneen," I says, thinkin' right in the middle of it what the bedivilled back of me would be lookin' like if I was to do it, 'but I know ye'd not be havin' me break me oath and I'm too much of a man for that, anyways,' I ended up, sighin' tremendous.

"It was a long speech, but a good was, and it made the pretty face of her red as thim red flowers, whatever the name of thim is, and her lookin' at me like she was tryin' to see into me heart itself.

"Are ye a lymptic?" says she, gaspin' for breath.

"Yis," says I, shakin' wan of thim devil-chasin' ants off me bare hand, 'but not tell ye come,' I says.

"And thim she comminted to laugh, though I couldn't be tellin' was it from the quick wit of me answer to her or just by reason of her bein' a bit hysteric over the man's strength of me courtin'. But me own face I kept lookin' mortal sorrowful, though the whole of me was squirmin' all over with the ants I could feel on me, and was they real or not I don't know, but they might as well 'a' been.

"But not all of it—thim armies of bugs and thim foot paintin' on me back that kept me nailin' down to wan spot like I was a lid to it—wasn't holdin' me from makin' me way with a woman. She was prettadin' to be a bit proud at the first, but I explained to her how me settin' still was but a compliment to her and if she would be humerin' me oath for the wan day, after that I would be crawlin' around for her like all thim other fools did, which suited her complete and tremendous. It wasn't long afore she come over close enough for me to be holdin' wan of her hands, me still usin' me free wan to knock off thim odious ants.

"And now, Katy darlin'," says I, 'It's business I'll be havin' in these

parts to-morrow and belike after that, and, I says, 'ye didn't git all the berries they was, did ye, mavourneen? Couldn't ye be comin' by here after more of thim to-morrow?' I says, squeezin' the soft hand of her, encouragin'.

"And do ye think Katy O'Grady has no more to do than go wanderin' about waitin' for some wan that will forget he lver met her?" says she.

"Whin I heard 'O'Grady me blood quit circulatin'.

"Do ye think that?" she goes on, lookin' at me, pleadin'.

"I ain't thinkin'," I says. But I was, and at wan't me writs told me that if she was old man O'Grady's daughter, here was me chan't to beat Dinis out after all by workin' on the poor girl's heart and nakin' an alley of her.

"And is it Mr. Michael O'Grady is your father?" I asks, careless-like.

"The same," says she, 'and do ye know him?"

"Thin I told her as much of the truth as I thought would be doin' her no harm, but also narratin' impressin' how Dinis had been after persuadin' me to take a bit of a nap, me bein' tired from workin' so hard, and thim writ and slipped off to the old man, tellin' him I was just a friend who'd come along for company, which would 'a' been true if it had happened, and maybe it did.

"Anyways, I want to work in earnest and if I'd been makin' love to her afore, after that I fair drewed the heart out of her. It was almost like makin' love to old man O'Grady himself, though the face and wimin' ways of her was enough in themselves. I'm not the man to be beatin' of such things, but it was but a short time till I could see meself in a polycayman's uniform arrestin' Dinis for bein' alive, goin' home ivry night to me father-in-law's sumptuous residence in the country and sendin' out the servants to kill all the ants they was on me estates.

"Thin ants was wonderful rlistless, and by this time I could feel crowds of thim scramblin' round all over me underneath me clothes, playin' they

was Coney Island and Wall Street and elietion night all to wan't. I aiver knowed they was so many ants, and ivry wan of thim was barefoot and diggin' his toes in. The cold chills run up and down me back and me stummick felt like it was a Charlottee Roose. Ivry wan't in a while was of thim would bite me, meann' no harm, but just investigatin'—and me all the time nailin' down to the seat of me own trousers be thim paintin' and blasphemous letters I was settin' on, niver durin' to move me back from the tree for all the ants nor all Katy's inticin' ways. Ammy other sean would 'a' run screamin' and clavin' from the place, but me will power is me strong point, and I stayed where I was, makin' love to a woman and the polycay force, and lyin' like the father of all lies to prove all thim I'd told afore and was intindin' to tell later on. But I will say this: If I was thrown into the tortments of hell this minute I would but wave me hand easy-like and make enemies on ivry side by findin' fault with the feeble way they was doin' things.

"Katy was makin' it no easier for me. 'Give ye a kiss, is it?' says she, replyin' to wan of me suggestions I'd made whil't tryin' to separate two of thim ants what had met on a street corner and was havin' a free-for-all on me bare skin. 'Come over and give ye a kiss, is it? And ye settin' there mumblin' about a oath ye took whin ye was drivin' the pig home in the Old Country! And did ye take anny oath about makin' the woman do the runnin' after? Och, Patsy dear, if ye was meannin' the half of what ye've been sayin' to me—and faith, twould not be ruinin'—after me to move over but the few feet they are atween us!"

"Can ye guess bein' put like that, and me with the back of me lookin' like a plate of alphabet soup! And wouldn't Down with the Pope and Tammany! be a fine card for the daughter of Michael O'Grady, and her blushin' and waitin' for me to come and kiss her!

"At the sound of some wan comin'

along the road I began givin' thanks to all the saints, wan by wan and all together, and Katy came to her feet, grabbin' up her berry pail, but afore she could reach the road she give a little squeal:

"Och," she says, stoppin' in her tracks, 'it's me father himself!"

"And him it was, and Dinis O'Toole, walkin' arm in arm as thick as ye please.

"I'm glad of that same," says I. 'Now do ye be leavin' it all to me, Katy darlin', and we'll give Mr. O'Toole what he's deservin', lad, scran to him, and me oath would 'a' been busted to smithereens if they'd waited but the wan minute more!"

"Just thin old Mr. O'Grady claps his eyes on her. 'And what are ye doin' here, now,' he calls out to her, 'gabbin' with a man what's a stranger to ye. If I wasn't knowin' him too sick to move, I'd be boxin' both thim ears of yours!"

"Sick?" says she, lookin' first at me and thin at him.

"Yis," says the old man, close to her by now, 'he was so sick in the head of him that his frind Mr. O'Toole—had to leave him here like the doctor said, till he come to. And are ye feelin' a bit better, Mr. Moran, and no offense to ye? says he, lookin' down at me ag'in't me tree.

"Sick!" says she ag'in', disgusted, but barely noodin' to Dinis, who was bowin' and scraggin' to her with the eyes of him sickin' out of his head. 'Why,' says she, 'he was tellin' me he'd took a oath—I was bit passin' the time of day to him as I wit by,' she says, seein' she was makin' trouble for herself. 'He said he'd took a oath to—to—but—"

"Oath?" says Dinis, laughin', the spalpeen! 'Faith, I'm bettin' all me hopes of Paradise I can be gassin' it was wan of two things! Come, now, Patsy me boy,' says he, actin' like he was payin' me a frindly compliment, 'which wan was it? Have ye been swearin' off ag'in' on gallivantin' after the girls, or is it the liquor ye put your oath on this time? 'Sure,' he says, turnin' to the others, 'It's his tender conscience makes me like him, and if

the girls would be leavin' him alone and he wasn't no good-lookin', he'd make less trouble for the hearts of them. As regardin' the liquor, now, I'm sayin' but what—"

"Ye're a murderin' liar, Dinmis O'Toole! I yell at him when I could catch me breath from the treachery of him, mixin' the truth with black lies to ruin me charact with Katy and the old man! 'If I could be gittin' on me feet I'd break ivry bone in your snake-in's body!' I says, chokin' with the rage that was on me and cursin' the point on me back that kept me from killin' him.

"'Oh, says he, swellin' up the chest of him, 'words is easy things, but I'd be makin' ye eat thim ye've just spoke if ye wasn't out of your head with the sickness, and can't ye take a bit of jokin' from a frind?' he says. 'And what is the matter with ye, annyways?'

"'Hell was hiven be the side of that minute. Here was that big lyin' gornach insultin' me and spoilin' me last chaset with Katy and the polayce force, and me growin' in the ground like I was a toadstool! I could see she was talkin' to Dinmis a bit from spite, believin' I'd been desayvin' of her and thinkin' me a coward and a lunny besides that, and O'Grady himself, the old spuncelled goat, was regardin' me like I was two lunnies and drunk wans at that. Dinmis, the wretch, was sellin' wans of thim sweet smiles of his and whisperin' to Katy confidential, seen' himself on the polayce force foriver by reason of bein' married to O'Grady's own daughter. And that act bein' enough to torment me, I begun feelin' thim ants ag'in crawlin' all over me, furious.

"'All to want me quick wits and me good judgment come back to me and I seen that havin' nothin' to choose from they was but wan thing to do. I couldn't in anny way look more of a fool than I was lookin' already and I might as well be showin' Dinmis up for another, and maybe, by destroyin' his charact with the both of thim, I could build up me own ag'in. And annyways, whin ye've felt from the

elivinth-storey window they ain't no more can happen ye after histin' the ground.

"'Listen, Mr. O'Grady, and you, Miss O'Grady,' says I, lookin' up at thim, and with the sound of me own voice I seen how fine me plan was and that Dinmis was as good as done foe. 'I'll tell ye the whole truth from the beginnin' and ye can judge aween the two of us!'

"'At want Dinmis quit whisperin' and want a bit white in the face, but I wint right on, keepin' me eyes on all three of thim and tellin' thim all of it—how Dinmis betrayed our agreemint and painted thim blasphemous letter-in's on me, so he could ruin me with his lyin' tongue whilst I was helpless—me Irish pride keepin' me from movin' so anny wan could see me back—clean down to the lies just off the oily lips of him, but omittin' about Katy and wan or two other things.

"'It done me good to see O'Grady beginnin' to scowl at Dinmis as I wint on with me story, though Katy laughed a bit wanset or twict. As for Dinmis himself, ye couldn't tell what was goin' inside him, but his face was red and his lips twitchin' so I thought he was on the edge of cryin'.

"'But the impudence of him! The minute the last word was out of me mouth he steps up to old man O'Grady, bold as ye please, though his mouth was still trinklin' round the corners.

"'Mr. O'Grady,' says he, his voice shakin', 'whin ye are through listenin' to me I excited frind Mr. Moran. I'll be askin' another word with ye about whin I'm to join the force. And at the same time, sor,' he says, sinkin' his voice so Katy couldn't hear him, but I could, bein' nearer, 'and at the same time, sor,' says he, easy and cheerfull, 'I'll be askin' your permission to pay me court to your daughter!'

"'Old man O'Grady spen round on him and give him a look like he would bite him, and Dinmis turned his back and run, throwin' himself down on the ground a little ways off and rollin' about with his face covered with his hands and his body shakin' like his

troubles was murderin' him. The old man turned to me wanset more:

"'Git up, thim, and let's see thim letters on ye, me frind,' says O'Grady.

"'Faith,' I says, blushin', 'they're that humblaytin' I ain't seen thim me-self, but the same's none of me own for all that, though I'm wishin' Miss O'Grady would be lookin' the other way,' I says, gittin' up slow by reason of wans of me legs bein' asleep, and turnin' me back round to him.

"'Just thim Dinmis let out a laugh like he was a lunnytic entirely and the nixt minute O'Grady busted out himself and Katy joined in with thim, laughin' so it made me weak with the shame of it!

"'I made wans grab at me coat, tearin' it off me and twistin' round at the same time to see the backs of me legs, and—so hup me hives, they wasn't a mark on me!'

'Tis Even So

Colin's Weekly

Our fool treatment of Canada is another illustration of what our legislators can accomplish. The Dominion has now made up her mind to treat us to as harsh laws as can be devised, and her decision is wise and right. For a quarter of a century she has waited patiently, while one President after another, and one Secretary of State after another, devised treaties intended for the mutual benefit of Canada and the United States. Every time the Senate, imagining itself to exist for requesting benefits desired by the well-intrenched, has protected its clients against the administration and the people. Calmly, at length, Canadian leaders have seen that no fair measure of reciprocity could ever pass the Senate, and she has decided to do all in her power to stop trade with us, to develop it with England and her other colonies; to favor all Europe against the United States, to develop her own incalculable resources. We wish her well. What-ever harm our ass policy brings to us has been fully and painstakingly deserved.

What Men of Note Are Saying

"Canada has come to the conclusion that it is useless to consider longer the possibility of establishing reciprocal tariff relations with the United States. The Government has always felt that it would be to the mutual advantage of the two countries if more favorable tariff relations could be established, but with the well-outlined high tariff policy of the United States, from which policy the Government apparently does not intend to swerve, and the low tariff policy of Canada, there seems to be an insurmountable barrier. If the high tariff party of Canada were in power there might be some concessions on both sides, but as long as the two governments are so diametrically opposed on the tariff question we deem it futile to make any attempt at reciprocal relations. It has been practically settled for a long time in the minds of the Dominion Government that Canada should no longer look to the United States for a market. Having arrived at this conclusion Canada looked for a desirable market elsewhere and she had no trouble finding it. Now she feels independent and perfectly able to get along without the United States, although I would hardly say that Canada would, if favorable opportunity arose, refuse to meet this country half way."

J. J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, gives words of counsel concerning our business enterprises.

"Every healthy man should be an optimist. When a man has something wrong with his liver he sees the world awry. At the same time recommends caution in respect of business enterprises. We have been upon the crest of the wave now for about eight years; we may expect reaction. We may look for shrinkage. There should be no rash undertakings. There may be three men looking for the job which only one can have. I do not pretend

to be a prophet, but this is to be expected."

John D. Rockefeller believes that the opportunities for acquiring wealth in this country are greater than ever before. The present prosperity, in his opinion, will continue and increase. That was his message in Chicago. Here is his message to a party of young men whom he recently addressed: "I want to tell you that systematic saving and self-denial, with a good deal of hard work, form the foundation for every large fortune. That has been my experience. The opportunities for acquiring wealth or a simple competency are greater in this country than ever before. The improvement of transportation facilities, advancement along scientific lines, the development of machinery and system and organization all tend to increase general prosperity. The average citizen of to-day is enjoying the luxury of the rich man of yesterday. The average citizen of to-morrow will be enjoying the luxuries of the wealthy man of to-day. Prosperity will continue and will increase."

Goldwin Smith, on the situation in Russia—"One of the most signal warnings of history seems to have been disregarded in the Russian Government. In France, on the eve of the Revolution, in the case including the financial part of it, was far from desperate, and might have been successfully met if the King had called around him his best advisers and with their guidance used his power, which was sovereign, in the inauguration of practical reforms. Instead of that he summoned an elective assembly, which was sure to contain all the revolutionary elements, and instead of co-operating with him in a policy of reform, to wrestle with him for the supreme power; his army having failed him with fatal success. As Europe feels at this hour the Czar in granting the Duma made the same mistake,

and as a matter of course the Duma, like the national assembly instead of co-operating in practical reform, commenced a struggle for the supreme power. Luckily for the Czar, his Cossacks have proved more loyal than the Gardes Francaises, and Russia has been so far saved from a republic of dynamite. Few can think that she is at present fit in any respect for democratic institutions. A crash would not be limited to Russia. The world is far more electrical than it was a century ago. A dynamiter butchering not only his political enemies but numbers of unoffending people, with this powerful missile, is surely an enemy not of the Czar's Government, but of the human race."

Mr. Andrew Carnegie confesses that it is difficult to distribute money so that it would not do more harm than good. "The true use of money is to help those who help themselves," he says. "I see men and women like Lucifer holding their heads above water, rejecting anything like charity and determined to swim themselves, but some are unfortunate from accident or other exceptional circumstances, and assistance to that class deserves the title of philanthropy."

Sir Alfred Jones, who began life as a ship's apprentice, but is now a very extensive shipowner, gives the following suggestions concerning success in life: "I would advise any man who wants to be really successful, to be a retotaler, an early riser, and

to go early to bed. If you want to be successful you must be ahead of your neighbors everywhere, and you can only do this by enthusiasm and activity. Enthusiasm begets activity, for no one who is keen in his work can ever waste much time. Plenty of self-confidence is another valuable asset, for if people see that a man thoroughly believes in himself they will be much more inclined to believe in him. Another thing of primary importance is that a man should start early. Many men waste years of their lives at expensive schools instead of working at the profession for which they are intended. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that after the age of 16 any time spent otherwise than in the work of his profession a man is wasting. All the education necessary to the practical affairs of life can be obtained by that time. Such studies as Latin and Greek are of no real use in everyday matters; it would be far better to devote the time instead to French, German and Spanish. A certain amount of outdoor exercise is essential, but the young men of to-day devote far too much time to football and cricket. They lose sight of the fact that games such as these are only a recreation, a diversion, and not part of the serious business of life. Success was never reached by putting play first and work afterwards. And, after all, the pleasure of work is greater than the pleasure of play."



Other Contents of Current Magazines



In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. □ □ □

ARMY AND NAVY.

Saving the Militia *Spectator* (June 15)
The Yuma Expedition of 1878. Gen. H. A. Brown. *Atlantic Quarterly*
The Crushing of the Derivates. Walter Wood and Geo. Hamilton.

..... *Royal*
The Alabama Veterans. Willis J. Abbot *Munsey's*
Awakening of the Chinese Giant. Owen MacDonald. *Technical World*
A Position of Peril *Spectator* (July 6)
The South's Cure for Her Confederate Veterans.
Wm. H. Glasson. *Am. Monthly Review of Reviews*

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

American Scenery *New England*
Debony and Other Questions *Saturday Review* (June 15)
Indian Pottery. R. F. Chisholm *Atlantic Quarterly*
Dumier's Caricatures. Elizabeth L. Cary *Putnam's*
The Story of Salt Glaze. Mary H. Northend. *Good Housekeeping*
Art of Mr. Ralph Peacock. E. C. Trafford *Winifred*
The Work of Kenyon Cox. Minna C. Smith *Int. Studio*
Essex County Court House *Int. Studio*
Louis Potter's Bronze Groups of Alaskan Indians *Int. Studio*
Weaving as a Hand Loom. M. T. Friedman *Int. Studio*
Mr. E. A. Hornell's Paintings. E. R. Dibdin *Int. Studio*
The Venice Exhibition. A. S. Covey *Int. Studio*
Colored Stone Drawings of Ludwig Jungnickel *Int. Studio*
Twentieth Summer Exhibition of the New Gallery *Int. Studio*
Royal Academy Exhibit of 1907. Paul Naumann. *English Illustrated*
The Art of Spain. Havelock Ellis *Contemporary Review*
Children as They are Portrayed. Sidney Allen *Cosmopolitan*

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.

The Twin Cities of North Texas. Frank Putnam *New England*
Great Work of Irrigation in the West. C. J. Blanchard. *Travel*
Cotton in British East Africa *Atlantic Quarterly*
Butter versus Soap. Arthur Grime *Grand*
Huddling a Butterfly Dam. Wm. Hard *Technical World*
Smoking Steel by Electricity. Henry Hale *Technical World*
New City Built on a Jersey Marsh. Theo. D. Richter. *Technical World*
Old Fort Still Sits Wonder. Philip S. Bush *Technical World*
Making Cloth from Paper. Frank N. Baskett *Technical World*
Piping Mine Debris. Dennis H. Stovall *Technical World*

Steel Hardening Minerals. Jas. W. Hall *Technical World*
Foods Made in the Laboratory. Elizabeth H. Westwood.

..... *Good Housekeeping*
The Emergency Contract. Daniel V. Casey *System*
The Spar of Business. Jas. L. Roberts *System*
Retaining the World Over—Japanese Stores *System*
Records for Handling Business. David Lay *System*
A Salesman with Initiative. Daniel L. Harwood *System*
Clean Air as a Money Saver. Hugo Detmer *System*
How to Prepare Newspaper Advertisements. T. A. DeWesse. *System*
Putting Orders Through for Shipment. Wm. E. Wilson. *System*
How Credit Information is Gathered *System*
System for Safeguarding Bank Loans. Wm. B. Lavina *System*
Indexing and Filing Business Documents. R. C. Hammett. *System*
Organizing a Correspondence Department. C. L. Parnesant. *System*
The Age of Consent. Chas. N. Codriss *System*
What Irrigation is Doing for Spokane. Fred Lockley. *Pacific Monthly*
Rubber as a World Product. Wm. M. Ishis. *Am. Monthly Rev. of Revs.*

CHILDREN.

The Problem of Child Idleness. Theo. Speed Mosby. *N. Am. Review*
Enemies of the Baby. Emma E. Walker, M.D. *Good Housekeeping*
Mother's Sacrifice to Baby. Ellen L. Talbot *Good Housekeeping*
School Children in Lock-step. Wm. J. Shesser *World's Work*
Office Boys I've Met. Montague Glass *Savage*
Spinners in the Dark. Edwin Markham *Cosmopolitan*

FICTION.

Complete Stories.

Lorena of the Cape. Chas. Clark Munn *Smith's*
Patens; Detective. Eden Philpotts *Smith's*
The Bedeviling of Cheerful Charles. Holman F. Day *Smith's*
The Lumber-jack Guide. Henry M. Hyde *Home Magazine*
With the Help of the Neighbors. Olive Hyde Foster. *Home Magazine*
The Mission Box that Scandalized the Village. F. Greenwood.
..... *Ladies' Home Journal*
White Iris. Mary Fanella *Everybody's*
The Fifth Wheel. O. Henry *Everybody's*
Titania. Margie Beaton Cook *People's*
Katie of the Bonnetmakers. M. Worth Bolwell *People's*
In Storm. W. C. Morrow *People's*
Hillings. Hobbs. Edward S. Plowright *People's*
Mr. Simpson's Transgressions. Campbell MacCulloch. *People's*
The Ingredients of Kismet. Melville Chater *Smart Set*
At the Eleventh Hour. Louis Joseph Vance *Smart Set*
The Skelton Stakes Parls. Wm. Hamilton Osborne *Smart Set*
Seeing Boston. R. Starnell *New England*
After Seven Years. Harriet Gaylord *New England*
A Gay Deceiver. Mabel S. Merrill *New England*
When Spring Comes Late. Marie Van Vorst *Lippincott's*
Cousin Christopher. Johnson Morton *Lippincott's*
The Cousin from Paris. Elizabeth Duer *Alma's*
The Automobile and the Pig. Elliott Flower *Alma's*
The Specimen Numbered Four. Carolyn Wells *Alma's*
Jim's Wife. Leo Crane *Alma's*
The Power that Failed. Fred V. Green. Jr. *Argosy*
A Sky-scaper Homeowner. Jules Verne Des Valgnes. *Argosy*
His Broad-new Game. Albert E. Ullman *Argosy*
Vanzimmer's Right Wagon. T. Jenkins Hazen *Popular*
The Man and the Motive. Scott Campbell *Popular*
The Flour-de-Lis Jockey. Chas. S. Patterson *Popular*
"Syllable" Sings. Francis Whitlock *Popular*

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| Reviews the Year Round. W. A. Pryor | Garden Magazine |
| A New Wood Killer. F. K. R. | Garden Magazine |
| Peep o' Day Corn. E. D. Darlington | Garden Magazine |
| August Among the Strawberries. A. Honor Balfour | Garden Magazine |
| \$13.31 From Fifty Hens. H. S. H. | Garden Magazine |
| Restoring a Worn-out Field. M. Earl Carr | Garden Magazine |
| Cucumbers in a Garden. Hak. T. Avery | Garden Magazine |
| The Worst Enemy of the Elm. Phineas Nott | Garden Magazine |
| Modern Homes: "Huntingford." T. R. Davison | Idle |
| Newport Cottages and Gardens. Elizabeth O. Toombs | Idle |
| The Hall and its Approaches. Frank C. Brown | Good Housekeeping |
| A Study of the Overalls. Edward F. Bigelow | Good Housekeeping |
| When and Where to Plant Evergreens. Rolt. Cassman | Suburban Life |
| Orchard Surgery. N. S. Stowell | Suburban Life |
| The Scot's Furnace. Ian Maclearen | Window |
| The Sanitary House. Claudia Q. Murphy | Success |
| Three Inexpensive Log Banglows. J. Darlington | Success |

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| Household Ventilation. Ralph A. Blake | Am. Homes and Gardens |
| The Ideal Mountain House. Wm. R. Smith | Home and Garden |
| Home of a Noted Author. Seymour Coates | Home and Garden |
| Cost Involved in Building a House. Hy. A. Smith | Home and Garden |
| How they Furnish Town and Country Houses in France. M. S. Hall | Home and Garden |

HUMOROUS.

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| The Victoria Spoon. Carolyn Wells | Lippincott's |
| Willie. Edward Marshall | Popular |
| Easy Money. A. M. Chikolm | Popular |
| Genius and Hair. Ernest A. Bryant | London |
| The Truth About Summer. F. Richardson | London |
| Lutheran Law. T. C. Bridges | Grand |
| The Grandfather of the Revolution. Nelson Lloyd | Serious |
| The Perambulating House. Edith Flower | Success |
| The Sims of Sims. Ellis Parker Butler | Campanian |
| The American When He is Abroad. H. Yackington | Everybody's |

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

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| Silhouettes of Life. Wm. Hard | World To-day |
| Inducing Swedes to Return to Sweden. Louis G. Northland | World To-day |

INVESTMENTS AND SPECULATION.

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| Fashionable Feminine Financiers. Marilee Mortimer | Grand |
| How to Invest Small Funds | World's Work |
| The Money Market. Jno. P. Ryan | Moody's Magazine |
| American Capital in Mexico. W. D. Norwood | Moody's Magazine |
| Is Unity Wrong? Daniel Kiefer | Moody's Magazine |
| Gold Supply and Railroad Stocks. Carl Snyder | Moody's Magazine |
| Quaker City Good to Investors. F. D. McLain | Moody's Magazine |
| The Stock Exchange Game. Alfred H. Lewis | Success |
| The Wireless Telegraph Bullfinch. Frank Fayant | Success |
| Depression of Securities. E. G. Prentiss | Saturday Rev. (June 29) |
| The Middle West and Wall St. Chas. M. Hanger | Am. Monthly Review of Reviews |

LIFE STORIES AND CHARACTER SKETCHES.

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| Charles Anderson Dana. M. W. Hamkins | North American Review |
| Mark Twain. W. Lyon Phelps | North American Review |
| The Husband of Celebrity | Everybody's |
| Captain Whitehouse. Frank West Boling | New England |
| The Light-keeper of Old Segovia. Chas. E. Allen | New England |

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| The Self-Revelation of a Sovereign. Lillian de Crespigny | Empire Review |
| Copper and Wm. Hayley. Edward Dowden | Atlantic Monthly |
| Thomas Nelson Page. Edwin Mims | Atlantic Monthly |
| Lady Hamilton. G. S. Street | Putnam's |
| Poe's Love Affairs. Myrtle Reed | Putnam's |
| A Colonial Democratic Leader. H. A. Bruce | Putnam's |
| An American Painter. Mark Solby | Putnam's |
| A Famous Copperhead. E. N. Vallandigham | Putnam's |
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| Theodore R. Shute. Mariel Beaman | Railroad Man's |
| A Group of Great Humanists. M. H. Silliman | London |
| A Feminine Humorist. Helen M. Winslow | Good Housekeeping |
| When Henry Frick was Twenty-four. H. N. Cannon | System |
| Taft: A Career of Big Tasks. E. P. Lyle, Jr. | World's Work |
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| Enrique Cuel. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay | World To-day |
| Faustine Bloisfeld Zeller. Wallace Rice | World To-day |
| Career of a Great Promoter. Chas. F. Spence | Moody's Magazine |
| Francis Wilson. Earl Webber | Suburban Life |
| The Last Witness of Lee's Surrender. A. Dangerfield | Pearson's |
| Jno. Watson. Sir Edward Russell | Elmhurst Journal |
| Lincoln in Everyday Humors. David H. Bates | Century |
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| Humorists Twain | Saturday Review (June 29) |
| Paderewski. Arthur Symonds | Saturday Review (June 29) |
| Joseph Knight. Max Beerbaum | Saturday Review (June 29) |
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| Getting Away from Town. Helen Winslow | Home Magazine |
| Seeing Washington Through a Megaphone. Geo. Fitch | Home Magazine |
| The Mystery of Bird Flight. Harold Holce | Everybody's |
| Nineteenth Century Journalism. Edward H. Clement | New England |
| The Partisan "Gamin." Mrs. Jno. Van Vleet | Lippincott's |
| In a Silken Cradle. Jennie Brooks | Lippincott's |
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| Is the Breeding of Horses an "Exact Science?" | Recreation |
| Outlaws of Yesterday. Major G. F. MacMunn | Cornhill |
| At Large. Arthur C. Benson | Cornhill |
| Impressions of Germany and German People | Empire Review |
| Canadian Sketches. Dr. Miss E. K. Sheld | Empire Review |
| The Dine Novel in American Life. Chas. M. Harvey | Atlantic Monthly |
| School Reform in Boston. David Spencer | Atlantic Monthly |
| The Spirit of Old West Point. Morris Schaff | Atlantic Monthly |
| Cor Window Botany. Lida F. Baldwin | Atlantic Monthly |
| A Day in the Life of an M.P. R. Lacey Everett | Royal |
| From an Observation Car. H. M. C. | Idle |
| Contentment. A. C. Benson | Putnam's |
| Liberal Culture. Dr. Schuman | Putnam's |
| If Napoleon Had Won. Thos. E. Woodson | Munsey's |
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| Rest for the Weary Railroad | Railroad Man's |

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| Mainly About Railroad People | Railroad Man's |
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| The Romance of Civil Engineering. A. Williams | Grand |
| Times Before Me. Shelia E. Braine | Grand |
| To Check the Gazing Sea. Chas. F. Carter | Technical World |
| Importing Feathered Souvenirs. Rene Bachs | Technical World |
| Fire, Axe and the Oregon Fir. Day A. Willey | Technical World |
| Life Saving and Swimming Hints. Montague A. Holbrook | Technical World |
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| The Breeding of Pot Dogs. Joseph H. Adams | Good Housekeeping |
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| Guaranteeing a Nation's Milk. W. S. Harwood | World To-day |
| An American Dinner for Germany. Walker L. Beasley | World To-day |
| An Open and Above Board "Trust." Ivy L. Lee | Moody's Magazine |
| Fire-A Municipal Cause. F. W. Fitzpatrick | Moody's Magazine |
| Gulls. Dr. Henry van Dyke | Scribner's |
| The Shetland Pony. E. I. Farrington | Suburban Life |
| Good Reads. Henry Douglas | Suburban Life |
| How One Friend Decided the Vacation Question. Rev. J. H. E. Schullis | Suburban Life |
| Common Sense Treatment of the Family Horse. Dr. G. M. Twichell | Suburban Life |
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| Summer Weather on Sumner Downs | Spectator (July 6) |
| The Delights of a Camping Holiday. Chas. E. Branch | English Illustrated |
| Some Famous Castles. Arnold Foreman | English Illustrated |
| The Lost Land of King Arthur. J. C. Walters | English Illustrated |
| Hindu Tales and Fables. Henry Frazee | English Illustrated |
| The Journalistic Tour in Germany | Contemporary Review |
| Another Prehistoric City in Crete. A. N. Janakiev | Contemporary Rev. |
| Optimism or Pessimism? Geo. Barlow | Contemporary Rev. |
| Mia and His Brother. Countess M. Caparese | Contemporary Rev. |
| Comparative Criticism of Scientific Literature. G. Gray | Contemporary Rev. |
| The Next Cruise. Chas. B. Loomis | Century |
| Breaking Horses With Kindness. Mary K. Mauls | Century |
| The American of the Future. B. Matthews | Century |
| I Had a Friend. Orison Sweet Marden | Success |
| Brain and Body. Wm. H. Thomson | Everybody's |
| Three Hundred Years Ago. Eugene Wood | Everybody's |
| A Summer Camping Colony in the Heart of the Catskills. W. Douglas | American Homes and Gardens |
| A Boy's Summer Camp. Phoebe W. Humphreys | American Homes and Gardens |
| House Boating in America. Albert B. Hunt | American Homes and Gardens |
| The Choice of a Dog. Hago Erlensson | American Homes and Gardens |
| The Philadelphia Country Club. Mabel T. Priestman | American Homes and Gardens |
| Finished. Jack London | Commonplace |
| The Chemical House that Jack Built. T. Watson | Commonplace |
| A Defense of Style. Fyeter Gurnett | Pacific Monthly |
| A Summer Playground of America. Frank C. York | Pacific Monthly |
| Where Did You Get it, Gentlemen. Chas. E. Russell | Everybody's |
| My Audience With the Tashi Lami. Sven Hedin | Harper's |
| Moods of a City Square. E. S. Martin | Harper's |
| A Year of Delayed Harvests | American Monthly Rev. of Reviews |

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| New World for Old. H. G. Wells | Good |
| A New Relief to City Traffic. Harry W. Perry | World's Work |
| Pennsylvania's Palace of Craft. C. H. Davidson | World's Work |
| How to Keep Government Efficient. Wm. H. Allen | World's Work |
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| Government Ownership Unnecessary. H. R. Montgomery | Moody's Magazine |

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| The Lumber Trust. S. C. Hutchins | Scrib's |
| The South and the Presidency. A National Democrat | North American Review |
| State Valuation of Railroads. Chas. Hazel | North American Review |
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| Men and Affairs at Washington. David S. Barry | New England |
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| Representation of India at Imperial Conference. Arnold Ward | Asiatic Quarterly |
| The Visit to India of the Amir Habi Bullah Khan. Leont-Col. | Asiatic Quarterly |
| Recent Commercial Legislation in Australia. H. C. Yate | Asiatic Quarterly |
| Government by Impulse. Samuel P. Orth | Atlantic Monthly |
| The Power that Makes for Peace. H. S. Pritchett | Atlantic Monthly |
| Political Outlook in Russia. Isaac A. Housevitch | Atlantic Monthly |
| The Mantle of Roosevelt | World To-day |
| The West and the President's Public Land Policy. Francis P. Elliott | World To-day |
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| The Land Question and the Rating Problem | Spectator (July 6) |
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| Australia's Plan for Preference. H. Morgan-Brown | Contemporary Rev. |
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| Morocco the Dilemma of Diplomacy. Wm. G. Fitzgerald | |
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| First Railroad Across the Continent. C. F. Carter | Railroad Man's |
| A Week-proof Sleeping Car | Railroad Man's |
| Railroad Man's Primer No. 5. Herman Da Costa | Railroad Man's |
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| How Our Railroad Moved the Freight. Ivy L. Lee | System |
| The Railroad Conquest of the Mountains. C. M. Keys | World's Work |
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| The "Alma-Vaivrya" and the Logos. Prof. L. Mills | Asiatic Quarterly |
| The Revolt from Family Ties. Alvin F. Sanborn | Good Housekeeping |
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| The Ghost Hunters. Jas. Creelman | Pearson's |
| Immortality. Prof. J. Royce | Hibbert Journal |
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BUSINESS DESK BOOK. Curtis, Gardner & Co., Limited, London. Paper, 2d. (4 cents). This is a little paper covered booklet, full of information of the kind that might be needed any moment by a business man. Tables of weights and measures, profit and discount tables, interest table, foreign exchange rates, and many other subjects of everyday use are treated concisely in this little "tuppenny book."

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Travel.

TRAVELERS' PRACTICAL MANUAL of Conversation in English, French, German, Italian. E. Marlborough & Co., London. 1s. This little book, which fits into the breast pocket of a coat, is for the convenience of European travelers. Part one contains information as to customs, mode of travel, etc., in Germany, France and Italy; information regarding coinage systems of these countries; pronunciation and

articles of the French, German and Italian languages. Part two is a collection of colloquial phrases in the three languages. Part three, numerals and fractions, and weights and measures. Part four, dictionary.

MAN OF THE WORLD, THE. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. \$1.25. This book, with its sub-title "The Sinner," is the second in order of three famous books. The author follows up the development of character in Paul Maironi under the social, religious and political conditions of modern Italy. An ascetic by temperament and of a deep religious nature, Maironi finds himself out of touch with these conditions. A domestic cloud envelops him through the insanity of his young wife. Temptation assails him in the person of the beautiful Jeanne Desalle. He seeks safety in retirement and "The Sinner" becomes "The Saint."

HILL OF DREAMS. By Arthur Machen. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston. \$1.50. A study after the manner of De Quincey. The author has depicted a character of morbid and introspective temperament dominated by the imagination as one under the influence of a drug. The tone throughout is pessimistic. A life

of dreams tends to alienation from his kind and closes in loneliness and failure.

Spotting.

WELLCOME'S PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPOSURE RECORD AND DIARY, 1907. New York: Burroughes, Wellcome & Co., 45 Lafayette Street. This is a little book useful to amateur photographers. It contains information as to the development of negatives, and particularly as to the proper exposure of plates or films. There are 120 pages of reading matter, and 140 pages of specially ruled paper for the purpose of recording particulars of any piece of work and the peculiar circumstances surrounding it. There is a celluloid disc on the inside back cover, by means of which the operator can find the correct time for the exposure necessary for any kind of subject. The book is pocket size.

COMPLETE BOXER. By "Gunner" James Moir. London: Health and Strength Library. Paper, 1s. A book of instruction in the art of boxing by the champion heavyweight of the British army. It is illustrated with numerous drawings, showing the principal operations of the science, and seems to be full of instruction for those interested in boxing. There is a list of heavyweight world champions from 1719 to date.

Miscellaneous.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS. By Robert Luce. Boston: Clipping Bureau Press. Cloth, \$1. This is a comprehensive manual for the use of all people interested in literary work of any kind. It is somewhat unique in form, as it is without division into chapters. It starts out with instructions as to the size of copy paper, and more or less completely deals with every branch of knowledge entering into newspaper writing and book-making and publishing. It contains also a use-

ful glossary of terms peculiar to the publishing world. It is now in its fifth edition.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM.

By Richard L. Metcalfe. Lincoln, Neb.: The Woodruff-Collins Press. Cloth. This is a volume of essays, taking its title from the first one, which is upon the subject of children and their influence upon mankind. There are 37 other short essays, upon kindred subjects, drawn from life. The book is replete with the soundest of moral and humane precepts, written in the free and unrestrained style of a man who feels what he says.

ORTHODOX SOCIALISM.

By James E. LeRossignol. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Cloth, \$1 net. This is a text-book on the subject of socialism, and is written with a view of examining that creed. The first chapter quite dispassionately defines the creed and traces the rise of socialism. Following this, the writer enters into discussion of the theory of value, the law of wages, surplus value, the use of machinery and its effect on labor, panics, strikes, and all the other topics which a discussion of socialism naturally gives rise to. The method of treatment is as well suited to the general reader as to the student of economics.

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Humor in the Magazines

The late Dr. John Watson ("Ian MacLaren") used to relate an amusing story with regard to bogus degrees. A sweep prosecuted a resident in the suburbs of Edinburgh for debt. The presiding judge called the sweep to give evidence, and the first question he asked him was, "What is your name?"

"James Gregory, L.L.D., sir."

"What? Doctor of Arts? And where on earth did you get that distinction?"

"'Twas a fellow frae an American university, an' I swept his chimney three times. 'I canna pay ye cash, Jamie Gregory,' he says, 'but I'll make ye an L.L.D., an' we'll ea' it quits.' And he did!"

An old couple who had spent their lives in a small country village recently determined to pay a visit to London. Their friends gave them much advice, principally on the ways of the wily "shopper." So the old people set off on their journey, determined to look out for these men.

On the way, the old gentleman got off at a junction to get some lunch, and the train went off without him. It was a terrible mishap. The last he saw of his wife, she was crawling out of the carriage window, shouting something reprehensible at him which he couldn't hear on account of the noise of the train. It happened that an express came along in a few minutes later. The man boarded this, and got to London nearly half hour before his wife's train was due. He was waiting for her at the station when she arrived. He ran up to her, and seized her bag.

"Well, Jane," he said, "I'm glad to see ye again. I thought we was separated for good."

But the old lady jerked the bag from him indignantly.

"No, ye don't, Mr. Sharper," she cried. "I left my husband at M. Junction. Don't be playin' any of yer confidence tricks on me, or I'll call a policeman."

A famous scientist, whose early home had been in a country district, had long promised to visit the scenes of his boyhood, and deliver a lecture in aid of a local institution. At last the lecture was given.

At its close he was congratulated on the facility with which he made his rather technical matter clear to his unskilled audience.

"Oh," said he, by way of explanation: "I invariably fix my attention upon that member of the audience who strikes me as having the least intelligent face, and I continue to explain any subject upon which I touch until I see by that person's expression that he understands it."

Almost directly afterwards, the leading public official of the little town came into the room and made his way to the scientist.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "you cannot possibly conceive how much real pleasure you have given me to-night. It seemed to me all the time as if your eye was never away from me, that you spoke to me alone, and that your whole wish was to make me understand every word you said."

The big-hearted, eminent physician had consented to see the patient without making any charge. There was a lingering doubt as to whether this was altogether a deserving case; but, as usual, the patient was given the benefit of the doubt.

"There," he said, when the examination was finished, "take this prescription to a chemist; he'll make it up for you for eightpence."

"Thanks, doctor," was the reply. "Oh, by the way, would you mind handing me the eightpence?"

The medico bent a stern gaze upon his unprofitable customer.

"Give me that prescription book," he said. It was handed back, and a swift deletion made.

"There," he said, handing it back, "you can get that made up for six-



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perce. The drag it crossed out was for nerves, but it seems to me that your nerves are pretty healthy."

...

A Scottish grocer engaged a boy to run messages, and, after a week's trial, dismissed him. His mother called to ascertain the reason, and was informed that he was far too slow and lazy.

"Weel, sir," said the woman, "he walks in his sleep—he's what they ca' a somnambulist—an' he's so' as strong as other boys; but—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the grocer, "that's all right. I could perfectly well do with a lad who walks in his sleep, but what I can't do is to put up with one who sleeps in his walk!"

...

"My good man," said professor of sociology, "you seem to be happy; would you mind telling me the reason of your happiness?"

"Oh wad nae, sir," said the Irishman. "I hae just done three good deeds, and every man who has performed three goods deeds has reason to be happy."

"Indeed he has," said the professor; "and may I ask what three goods deeds you have performed?"

"Well, nae Oi was coming past the cathedral this morning, I saw a woman wif a wee bit infant in her arms, cryin' that hard it would melt the heart as a stone. I asked her what could be the matter. She answered that for the want o' five shillin's to pay the fees she could not get the doctor and medicine for the child, an' it was a sickly child at that, an' liable to die soon. I felt that bad for her I pulled out the only sovereign I had, and told her to go and get the child what was needed and bring me the change. She went inside rejoicin', and soon returned wif her face all smiles, give me my change, and went away hapin' blissin' on my head. Now, ain't that enough?"

"That's good," said the professor; "now, what were the others?"

"Others," said the Irishman; "that's all."

"I understood you to say you had performed three good deeds."

"And so I did, don't you see? I dried the widow's tears—that's wan; I saved the child's life—that's two; and, lastly, I got fifteen good shillin's for a bad sovereign, and if that wouldn't make you happy thin you are hard to please."

...

Two gentlemen were traveling in one of the hill counties of Kentucky not long ago. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing.

It was very still. The hogs lay sleeping in the sun, the thin mule grazed round and round in a great circle, and one lean, lank man reclined against a tree and let time roll by.

"Wonder if he can speak?" said one traveler to the other.

"Try him," said his companion.

"How do you do?" said the man in the gig.

"Howdy?" remarked the Southerner, hesitantly.

"Pleasant country," said the interregator.

"Fur them that likes it."

"Lived here all your life?"

The Southerner gazed pensively round.

"Not yit," he said.

...

Great was the rejoicing in the suburban terrace when the Jane's were at length compelled to move, for it had long been a grievance against them that they tried to keep up appearances above their station, and would have little to do with their neighbors.

Whilst the furniture was being brought out, some difficulty was experienced in removing a pianoforte from an upper room, and some one proposed getting it through a large window and sliding it down.

Then came a suggestion from the Jane's next door neighbor, who had long fostered the deepest animosity towards them, though until now she had attempted to conceal it.

"No," she said acidly, all her pent-up bitterness at last showing itself in her tone; "let it come out as it went in—on the installment system."

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Last (leaving Southern great with disgust on passing advertising board)—"Ah, I see you agree with me that these vandals should not be allowed to spoil this lovely scenery by putting up such hideous things."

Savior—"Nay, it wasn't that. But she's as' a gude whuskey!"—Punch

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

Truly the schoolboy essayist has at times an unconscious humor all his own.

In one of the secondary "knowledge factories" in the north quite lately, a patriotic young lady teacher set her class of boys the task of writing an essay bearing on "The Hero of Trafalgar."

After wading through the records of fatuous commongplaces which marked the bulk of the parallel efforts, the gentle school "mum" came across the following gem:

"Beave Nelson took to himself a wife and married in 1784, after which the Hero fought many a severe battle."

Two ladies were being shown through the State Hospital for the Insane. As they entered a ward, one turned to the other and said, "I wonder if that clock is right?"

An inmate standing near overheard her and instantly replied, "Great Scott, no! It wouldn't be here if it was!"

A Britisher was recently aroused whilst enjoying his beauty sleep in a Parisian hotel by a loud knocking at his chamber door.

"Here, here! What's up?"

"The place is on fire," replied the agitated porter.

"How far along this corridor has it got?" demanded the Britisher, sleepily.

"The flames have reached No. 28."

"Oh, I'm all right! My number's 100. Wake me when they reach 97," came the answer from the bed.

Telephone mistakes may have their serious sides. A man who wanted to communicate with another named Jones looked in the directory and called up a number. Presently came through the receiver a soft feminine "Halloo!" and he asked: "Who is that?"

"This is Miss Jones."

"Have you any idea where your husband is?"

He could not understand why she rang off so sharply until he looked in

the book again and discovered that he had called up the residence of a widow.

A young Japanese student, who had been brought up with the national love of cleanliness, came to London to attend certain lectures. As he was a stranger to the city, he had to select his own lodgings.

His first choice was not happy. The hall was very dirty. This the newcomer resented, but said nothing.

One rainy day, however, the maid servant put up a notice:

"Please wipe your feet."

The Japanese student seized his opportunity. He wrote underneath:

"On going out."

Pat and Mike were good friends, both given to boasting.

One day, while walking towards the place where they worked, they were discussing the marvelous leanness of their senses, when Mike declared:

"I tell you, Pat, my eyesight's that good that I'll defy anyone to see as far as we walk. Pat, d'ye see you church steeple in the distance?"

Pat raised his eyes and looked away to the distant spire.

"Well, now, Pat," continued the other, "kin ye see that old that's crumpled around the middle at it?"

Pat raised his head to his brow and gazed intently for a moment. Then a happy smile lighted his whole countenance, and he raised a warning forefinger, as he replied:

"No, Moffin, but I kin hear his footsteps."

"The feelings of woman are far deeper and finer than those of man," cried the lady orator in a fiery tone. "We are told by those who style themselves the stronger sex, that we are much inferior. Is that so?"

A loud chorus of "No" from the ladies greeted this question, and the orator went on:

"I say that woman feels where man thinks—"

"Is that the reason your husband is

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held?" inquired one of the few male members of the audience.

It was lucky for him that he got two seconds' start in the race for the door.

Bridenbott had prospered since his arrival in England, and had just set up housekeeping in a more aristocratic neighborhood than that in which he had just made his shod.

With great pride he showed his friend, Mickleff, over his establishment.

"Oh, yes," said Mickleff, "it is very nice place, but, my friend, there is no bathroom."

"Not shall do matter?" answered Bridenbott. "I had only take do house on a three years' agreement!"

"Now listen to me," said the school-

master, addressing his class during the geography lesson in a school in Liverpool. "The population of China is so great that two Chinamen die every time we take a breath."

This information made a deep impression on the juvenile scholars, and the master was particularly struck with the uncomfortable appearance of one small boy at the foot of the class.

His face was flushed, and he was puffing furiously.

"What is the matter?" inquired the schoolmaster, with alarm. "What on earth are you doing, Tommy?"

"Killing Chinamen, please sir," was the answer. "I don't like them foreigners nor me dada calls them, so I'm getting rid of just as many as I can!"

All Done by Personality

Successful business men more and more insist on the importance of a pleasing personality to the young aspirant for success in the business world. The keener competition becomes the more certain is it that the man or woman with an objectionable or indifferent personality will not even be given a chance to show what he or she can do.

One of the great merchants in the country and a man noted for his broad and kindhearted as well as for his shrewdness, says—

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"The reason is a simple and natural one. It would be impossible to give a hearing to half the people who approach me with schemes, therefore, as I must reject the great majority of projects offered me, I reject without a hearing all those that are not represented by people who have an agreeable manner and good address."

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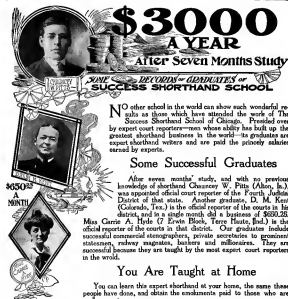
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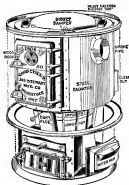
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